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KALAUPAPA: THE LEPER SETTLEMENT ON MOLOKAI

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. K. BONINE

TO begin with Kalaupapa on the note of comedy sounds perhaps strange; yet there was comedy, of the serious sort, in our approach to it. Nor would it be easy to translate that complicated adventure without some hint of the states of mind we encountered and traversed. We had not long been on the shores of Oahu—the scent of the *maile* wreaths still hung about us—when we discovered that our desire to visit Kalaupapa (the leper settlement on Molokai) was going to make us unpopular. Decent citizens, unless they belong to the autocratic and efficient Board of Health, do not think about Kalaupapa. They prefer not to. If put with their backs to the wall, by the innocent and tactless *malihini*, they deliver themselves of language which in its mingling of beauty and blasphemy is Apocalyptic, no less. They tell you in flowery words that the Settlement is unbelievably beautiful (which it is); that there is not a happier group of people in the world than the Kalaupapa lepers; that their well-nigh painless existence is compounded of "movies," ball-games, horse-races, and lotus-eating idleness; that it is with the utmost difficulty that any of them, if paroled, are induced to leave. So far, so good; and they are very near the truth. Why, in that case, should the decent citizen so resent one's interest in this paradise? Just as one is putting that question to oneself, it is answered by the decent citizen. They don't like to think about leprosy; it is not a nice subject; they wonder at you for liking to talk about it; hang you, why can't you take their word about Kalaupapa without preposterously and morbidly wishing to go there? Nobody goes there except on business; the lepers don't like to be made a show of; the Islanders don't want it written up; they have trouble enough now with fools on the "Coast" who think the whole Hawaiian soil a sort of culture for the disease; and, anyhow, there are more lepers in Minnesota than in the whole Territory of Hawaii. (I was quite unable to substantiate this, later, in Minnesota.) Nothing would induce them to visit Kalaupapa: not because they are afraid, for there is no danger; not because they do not wish to look upon horrors, for there are no horrors to look upon; not because they are afraid of sympathetic suffering, for of course the lepers are happy; chiefly, one is forced to infer, because they themselves are "nice." The next inference, about oneself, comes all too quickly. Even the mild mention of Stevenson does not justify one before men. And the result of the last cartridge one has to shoot—"Why, if there is no horror, don't you want the rest of the world, stirred up by Stevenson and others, to know it?"—is the mere sulky re-statement of the fact that they do not want the rest of the world to know anything about it at all.

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Whatever may be said of the sorry logic, the jumbled, contradictory replies, of the decent citizen, he produces his effect. Far from exciting in one a mulish desire to visit Kalaupapa in spite of him, he nearly persuades one that it is better to stay away. If, with all mitigations, it is so bad as that——!

The plain truth is, I believe, that Island people are afraid of leprosy, though they are perfectly aware that their fear is groundless. They are probably justified in resenting the easy association, in the mind of the world at large, between leprosy and Hawaii. They feel rightly that they ought not to be made to pay for the fact that they are taking magnificent and notorious care of their lepers, while, in the backward Orient generally, no such strict tactics are adopted. "We segregate them and people talk; elsewhere they run about freely and no one pays any attention," is a fair enough complaint. They are sensitive, not without reason; and one does not wholly blame the Promotion Committee for omitting, in its excellent series of maps, any map whatsoever of Molokai —though the omission is inconvenient. Other factors have entered into their sensitiveness. Stevenson, to begin with, did them a bad turn by focussing the attention of the reading public on that remote promontory; doctors, of all people in the world, have sometimes been inconceivable cowards; there is always in every one's mind the rare case of the respectable white man or woman who has contracted the disease, God alone knows how. And underneath all is the fact that investigators are still sailing cautiously an uncharted sea. No one knows the whence, the wherefore, and the cure, for this disease. It is small comfort to know that typhus is transmitted by body-lice, because in a stricken country body-lice are not easily guarded against; but it is some comfort. Leprosy is difficult to get, and is probably contracted only by inoculation—yes: the difficulty lies in the "probably." Careful physicians will not speak of cures, only of "arrested cases." You cannot be very comfortable about anything so uncertain as all that. And, finally, though we all know how much greater is the menace of tuberculosis than that of leprosy, tuberculosis has not staggered down to us, a very metaphor for all that is horrible, from the pages of the Bible. The only thing that the *malihini* may reproach the *kamaainas* for, in this connection, is ignorance of their own merits. By playing the ostrich about Kalaupapa they lose the finest chance in the world of being praised.

By our initial plea, before the Island attitude was clear to us, we had set in motion benevolent machinery that it would not have been good manners, by the lightest touch, either to accelerate or to stop. Some sporting instinct prevented us from ever quite saying, "Don't take any further trouble"; even as etiquette precluded any impatience over the unwinding of red tape. By the time the red tape was all unwound we could only, in decent calm, await the event we had invited. We could not have refused to go to Kalaupapa without presenting a rare spectacle of inconsistency; nor could we have gone with any silly sense of triumph, as importunate tourists who had at last got their way. It should be recorded here and not later that the visit was in the most solemn sense a great adventure, and that our thanks are eternally due to those who procured and those who gave the permission. One comes away with a desperate desire to pay tribute, and to cry out concerning many people that they have foully lied. From the little comedy of our gradual introduction to the scene we came to the very noble human drama enacting itself lonelily on the remote stage of windward Molokai.

To most Americans who have had no direct relations with the Hawaiian Islands Molokai automatically suggests Father Damien and Stevenson's incomparable "Open Letter." To rake up old scandals is caddish work; but not necessarily if the object is rehabilitation. One may tardily defend a dead man; and I fancy I am not the only person for whom Damien needed more defending than he got from R. L. S. In Honolulu, where the truth always co-existed with gossip, Damien has his rights. His name is no household word, but at least he is not, I fancy, scandalously thought of. But for a wider circle, Stevenson and the unfortunate Doctor Hyde, between them, have managed to malign Father Damien almost beyond redress. Most of us know about Damien solely from that unhappy controversy. It cannot be too firmly or

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too often reiterated that Damien suffered an unmystical and truly glorious martyrdom without breaking one of his priestly vows. Dirty he was, apparently, as Stevenson says repeatedly in his magnificent polemic. Certainly he did not carry a bottle of lysol in his pocket; if he had, he would doubtless never have been, in the technical sense, a martyr. He worked incessantly for the health of the Settlement: for pure water, for clean houses, for sanitation, as any one not an expert could have understood it in the '70's and '80's. Damien, remember, was the first member of any religious body to concern himself with that purgatory—for no one pretends that Kalaupapa was a paradise then. And because there was no toil that he disdained, he worked with the lepers to build them houses, running the constant risk—a risk that in some unknown, unrecognized moment fulfilled itself fatally—of inoculation. The "torn and bleeding fingers" of the carpenter-priest encountered, over tools and timbers, the stumps and sores of his flock; and for Damien it can always have been only a question of time—only a question of time before that memorable day when, after a difficult exploration of the cañons of the great cliff (in search of pure water-supply for the Settlement), he drew his shoes off his tired feet, found one heel bleeding and lacerated, *and felt no pain.*

There is no need to go at length into the question here. Damien's own reports to the authorities, the long report from Mr. Reynolds (the contemporary superintendent of the Settlement) on Damien's work —called forth by the Stevenson-Hyde controversy—tell the tale quite clearly. Any one to whom the royal and Territorial archives are inaccessible can find enough for purposes of conviction in the appendices to Mr. Alexander Johnstone's book on "Stevenson in the Pacific." No one with taste can regret Stevenson's "Open Letter"; it is one of the finest polemics we have. But it is a pity that Stevenson's hero should have been also his victim, and ironic that Stevenson, in the end, should have seemed to agree (for I think most people read it that way) with Doctor Hyde and "the man in the Apia bar-room." Stevenson makes us all feel with him, for the moment, that even if the scandal is true it does not matter; but from the moment that the scandal is not true it does matter immensely. There is all the difference in the world between a good man and a saint; between excusable human frailty and superhuman self-control. The leashes are off, the bars are down, then, for our enthusiasm, and Damien's very grave, hushed and shaded and small, beside his Kalawao church, becomes a different thing.

To the sisters, too, Stevenson's is but a squinting tribute. Catholicism was never dear to him: whenever he comes face to face with Rome, whether it is François Villon writing the "Ballade pour sa Mère" or the Franciscan sisters disembarking at Kalaupapa, his admiration halts, his mouth is wry. He thinks them saintly poor-creatures; he boggles over the "pass-book kept with heaven." To him who does not love, it is seldom given wholly to see. I do not question the authenticity of the "ticket-office to heaven." It sounds like many a mild convent joke that I have heard from the lips of nuns. The most devout nun will talk with familiarity and gayety of the things that are most important to her; homely metaphors are on her lips for the most reverend facts. Religion is her business, and all her practical business, for her, is religion. The Pauline or the Miltonic mind may not find the Catholic practicality alluring, but the Catholic practicality is not for that any the less Christian. Of Mother Maryanne, Stevenson had nothing but good—in a little poem—to say. I love R. L. S. as much as one can love any man for style alone, and I am not tempted to quarrel with his "horror of moral beauty" that broods over Kalaupapa, or even "the population—gorgons and chimæras dire." But things have changed greatly since '89 and the days of the monarchy. In point of fact, at the present day, the moral beauty is without horror, and the "gorgons and chimæras dire" do not bulk big in the visitor's vision.

And now I have done with Stevenson. I have mentioned him because his scant pages have so long been, for many of us, our only document on Molokai. Scant though they are, they are the pages of a master; they are the best we have or are like to have; and it is fair that they should thus isolate themselves. The other unofficial accounts that I have seen or heard of—and they are not more than two or

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three—are beneath contempt, and, justly enough, virtually unknown: written from the safe haven of Honolulu and puffed out with hearsay, or else in the full panic of a visit that turned out to be precisely as bad as it was firmly expected to be. The California journalist who wrote that hands and feet, toes and fingers, were free in Kalaupapa for any one who would stoop to pick them up; the man who recorded the terrors of a twenty-four hours' stay—inventing them presumably from the superintendent's *lanai*, from which, in point of fact, he could not be induced to stir during his visit—are among the chief causes of the present difficulty of getting to Kalaupapa. A great work, physically, socially, morally, has been achieved there; and the quiet heroes who do not boast are very shy of being lied about. They are even shy of being talked about at all, and (though the official *personnel*, and, of course, the whole form of government, have changed since Stevenson's time) I do not make out that Island people are, even now, very enthusiastic about the Damien letter. Stevenson cannot have been popular in Honolulu. His constant tendency to stand by the Polynesian instead of the white man would not have made him so. His attack on Doctor Hyde kicked up a Kona storm in the old missionary aristocracy; and even those who had no personal affection for Doctor Hyde had much more admiration for him than for Stevenson's reprobate friend, King Kalakaua. It was probably the gutter gossip of Kalakaua's intimate circle that gave Stevenson his obvious misgivings about Damien's morality. Certainly he would have liked, if he could have done so, to contradict Doctor Hyde. Whatever one's political attitude to annexation, there can be no doubt that Kalakaua was, in feminine phrase, a "horror." One is not by way of reproaching R. L. S. for preferring him to the "missionaries," but one could not expect the "missionaries" to feel that Stevenson had chosen delicately. I fancy the traditional objection of the patriotic Islanders to having Molokai "written up" may have begun with Stevenson himself. This is, however, the merest inference of my own.

The technique of leper-segregation in the Islands is admirably sane and simple. The great majority of the lepers are Hawaiians, though there are some Chinese, some Portuguese, some Japanese, and usually a very few whites. All officials of whatever sort throughout the Territory—including policemen—have, as part of their regular duty, to report cases or suspected cases to the Board of Health. Many cases so reported are, of course, not leprous, but if the suspicion exists, examination is made. Obvious, or even doubtful, cases are then taken to the receiving-station at Kalihi (near Honolulu) and are kept there under observation and treatment for six months. If they are declared non-leprous, they are returned to their homes at government expense; if the disease is clinically present, they are sent to Kalaupapa. Kalaupapa, even, is not the exile terminable only by death that it has been called, for every year a number of patients are discharged from the Settlement itself. While it is unwise as yet to speak of cures, it is certain that the disease can sometimes be arrested, so that the patient is once more a perfectly harmless member of society. In such a case he is discharged on parole, his only duty being to report to the Board of Health once a month. The babies born at Kalaupapa are removed from their parents at birth to a well-equipped nursery, and come into no sort of contact with lepers thereafter. If, after a year, they are still "clean," they are taken to Honolulu and placed in the homes there provided for them (one for "non-leprous boys," one for "non-leprous girls"). They are cared for, educated, and prepared for self-support. If, when grown, they are still "clean," they go out into the world and live their lives among their fellow beings. The system of removing babies at birth was entered on only seven years ago, and it is too early for positive statement; but so far, with one possible exception (this being a baby under observation at Kalaupapa when we were there), the children removed from their parents at birth have not contracted the disease. That Doctor Pratt and the Board of Health have succeeded in developing in Hawaiians a sane attitude to the disease is shown by the fact that hardly a week passes when some native does not enter Doctor Pratt's office in Honolulu and ask to be examined for leprosy. Gone are the days of Koolau

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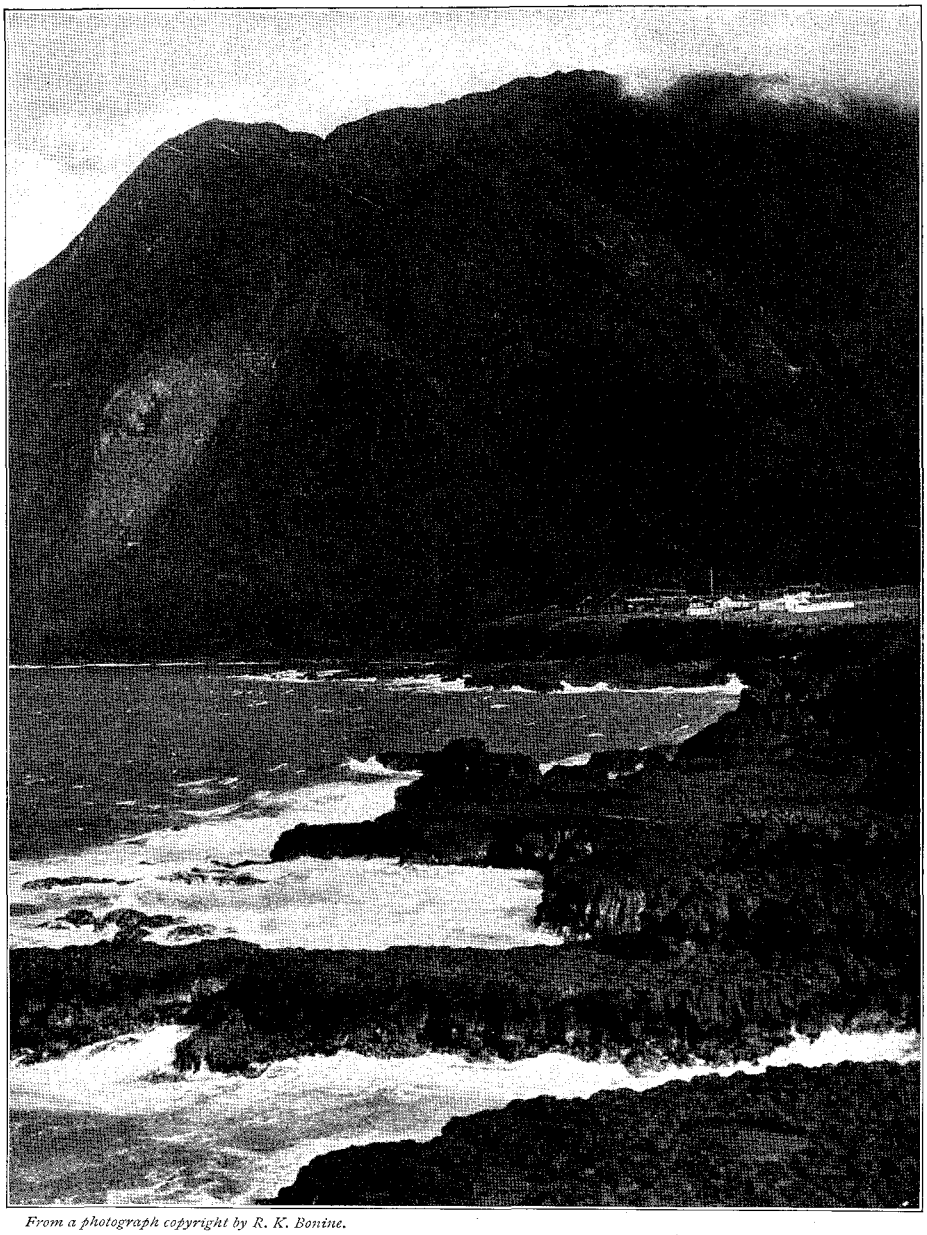

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Distant view of the federal experimental station, Kalawao.

That land of miraculous shore-lines . . . that melting-pot of tropical color.—Page 8.

the leper who intrenched himself in the Kauai cañons, defying the law.

At the Settlement itself there are two villages: Kalaupapa, the larger, on the western side, and Kalawao, three miles across from it on the east. The official purpose now is to concentrate all the activities of the Settlement at Kalaupapa, which has the boat-landing. Lepers are no longer allowed to build houses at Kalawao, and cottages there are razed as they become useless. Except for the United States leprosarium at Kalawao and the federal lighthouse, everything is under Territorial jurisdiction. To the settlement at large the federal government

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contributes nothing. The study, care, and treatment of leprosy in the Islands are financed by the Territorial government and carried on by the Territorial officials —notably, of course, the Board of Health, the resident physician, and the superintendent. All of these have faithfully worked together to the superb results that are there; more especially, perhaps, if distinctions can be made in such a devoted group, is credit due to the superintendent, Mr. McVeigh, who is lord of the domain. He is directly responsible for it all: provisioning the settlement, erecting new buildings, condemning and destroying old ones, making life sanitary, comfortable, practicable, for eight hundred souls—the brothers at the Baldwin Home, the sisters at the Bishop Home, the helpers and servants, as well as all the population of lepers themselves. He must arrange for every detail of life—no simple task in a community so cut off from the world. Landward the single trail over the *pali* behind is a dangerous one to mount or descend; and seaward the Kalaupapa landing, even for ships' boats manned by amphibious Kanakas, not always safe. Kalaupapa has been known to go six weeks without the possibility of communication by sea.

All responsibility for the Molokai lepers is, as I have said, assumed by the Territorial government. Houses are built for them if they wish it; a semi-weekly ration is issued to them; they need do no work whatever unless they choose, and if they do choose they are well paid. Those who have money of their own may have their own houses built to suit themselves. If the leper has a non-leprous husband, wife, or relative who wishes to come to the Settlement to live and care for him or her, it is permitted. There are some fifty-odd of these *kokuas* (helpers) who, though well themselves, make Kalaupapa their permanent home. (Men have been known to have two or three leper wives successively, women to have successive leper husbands, and still themselves remain "clean.") Friends of the lepers are allowed to make the journey to Kalaupapa to see them—talking with them, of course, only in a specially appointed house through a glass screen that prevents any contact. The life of the inhabitants of Kalaupapa is as normal in every way as it can be made. If they choose to work in their gardens, the climate soon gives them a verdurous little paradise all their own. Those who can afford it, and desire it, may have, Hawaiian-fashion, beach-houses. The rough land between Kalaupapa and Kalawao is over-run by four hundred horses and donkeys, owned by lepers who scarcely ever mount them—pasturage, of course, free. Medical treatment is not obligatory, but is offered to all, and nearly all take it. Such, briefly, is the régime that science and pity have collaborated to produce. Arid it may sound when formally set down, but nothing so rigid was ever so little terrifying or institutional.

Of Wailuku and Lahaina I have spoken elsewhere, but my keenest "sense" of Lahaina perhaps came on that evening when we waited, after all the town had gone to bed, for the *Mikahala* to whistle for us. By the courtesy of the Inter-Island Steamship Company the *Mikahala* was to change its schedule (a wild, Conrad-ish schedule of minor ports and smaller islands, where docks are not and landings are made by the grace of God) and make a special call for us that night at Lahaina. It has come to seem to us that a perceptible portion of our lives has been spent at Lahaina waiting for steamers, and I fancy that the sense of long time thus spent comes chiefly from that imperishable evening. The long beach-front was dark; the Jap boys in the hotel had gone to bed; not a sampan showed a light; even the children, who apparently are the last to sleep in Lahaina, had forsaken the shore, and there was no sound of yellow and brown babies splashing out of the sea to croon strange syllables to the tune of "Tipperary"—a game they will keep up as long as there is a single light left on the dock. The only people up and dressed in the tropic night were we and the English proprietor of the hotel, who, with Arabian courtesy, beguiled our vigil with tales of longer vigils of his own in the Klondike rush.

A little after midnight the *Mikahala's* whistle came, and in due time a boat swept darkly across the lapping waves, through the slit in the reef, and finally to the landing-stair. The Kanaka purser had come with it; I stretched out my hands, and to him and the boatmen I

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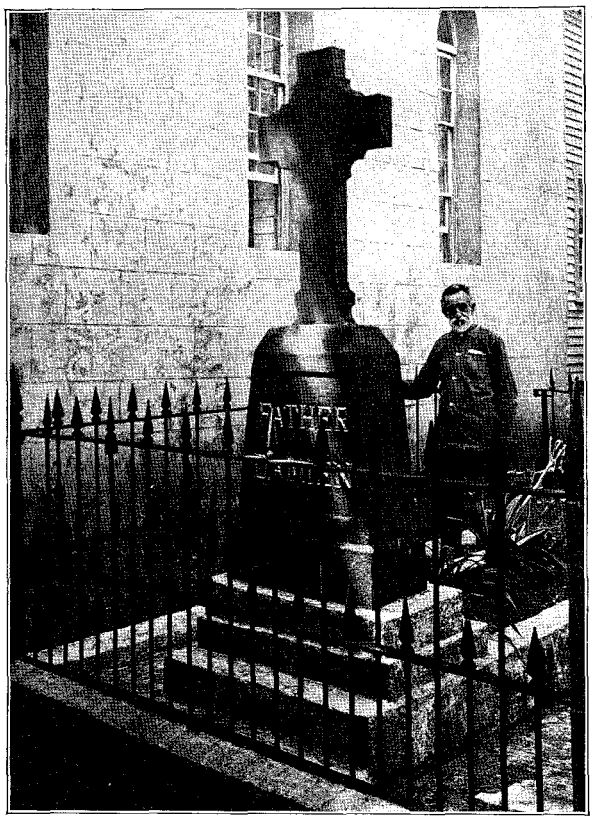
committed my stiff and helpless form. "The Kanakas will take care of you" is an Island formula for landings, and it is impossible to take it too piously. By sheer instinct I drew my hands away from



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Brother Joseph Dutton at the grave of Father Damien.

Damien's very grave, hushed and shaded and small, beside his Kalawao church.
—Page 3.

G. and the hotel-keeper, and thrust them out to whatever brown paws would grasp them. We reached the *Mikahala*, and soon she began to bob towards Molokai. Too much cannot be said of the utter "niceness" of the Inter-Island officers and crews. Our stateroom being positively unnavigable for smallness—one hit the wall at every motion of the ship—the purser offered us two "apartments," which we accepted. Then he retired, doubtless to take off the white shoes that he always ceremonially donned when near a port. At sea, he went beautifully barefoot.

I am grateful, eternally grateful, to the *Mikahala*, to those who own and those who sail her; but her motion is the motion of an egg-beater, and identically the same whether she is "under the lee" of something or in mid-channel. She may or may not run to seven hundred tons; she hoists a schooner sail when the Kanaka captain feels like it; she is never empty of sugar and deck-passengers; and her delightful morale does not prevent her from inevitably smelling to heaven with a smell that I swear no pen can describe. I am always seasick on a small boat, and I got no wink of sleep that night. I was tired beyond my fatigue record, and under the lee of Maui I had time to reflect a good deal on the decent citizen and the multitudinous sharpness of "I told you so." Thanks to the Medicean mule of Haleakala (who had hated me at least as much as I hated her) I was sore in every joint; and though I felt vaguely that I was being a "sport," there is no moral tonic in being a "sport" in spite of oneself. I knew I was acquir-

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Sunday morning in Kalaupapa.
Sisters and girls returning from church.

ing no merit. One thing, and one thing only, sustained me: the remark of a commercial traveller who had shared our motor the evening before from Wailuku to Lahaina. "Have you ever seen a leper?" he asked, knowing, as all Maui knew, that we were bound for Kalaupapa. "No," I confessed. "I have, hundreds of 'em—fitted 'em to shoes, heaps o' times." Blessed be "Windy Ben"! He flung sunlight into my mind. Yet, even so, it was not a cheerful night, and I hardly knew, when at 6 A. M. the Jap boy knocked on my latticed door and murmured "Kalaupapa," whether I was hearing the crack of doom or the flutes of heaven where there is no more sea. At all events, the *Mikahala* had stopped beating eggs, and I dressed and greeted G. with something of relief. G. had been over to the port side while I finished preparing myself, and came back reporting Kalaupapa "awfully interesting" from the roadstead. With that, and a cup of coffee drunk standing by the deck-rail, I was fortified, and we scrambled down into our little boat, a mere stone's throw, it seemed, from the concrete jetty where we finally landed. The Pacific was as calm as its name that morning, but that same concrete jetty, I am told, has a great gift of smashing boats to splinters.

The leper settlement is, as every one knows from Stevenson, a low-lying shelf projecting beyond the forty-mile cliff of windward Molokai. It is, in G.'s phrase, "of the shape of a strung bow"; it is not more than three miles across at its greatest width; the taut string is the great *pali* that is Molokai's northern wall—fifteen hundred to two thousand feet of sheer rock, insurmountable along its whole length save by one difficult and dangerous trail. The shelf is thus surrounded on three sides by ocean, and at the extreme curve of the bow the federal lighthouse faces the Tropic of Cancer and the North Pole. It is "the shore that hath no shore beyond it set in all the sea." The first glimpse of windward Molokai is so beautiful that one scarce believes it, even in that land of miraculous shore-lines. Mr. Bonine's photographs will make more vivid than can any words of mine the confor-

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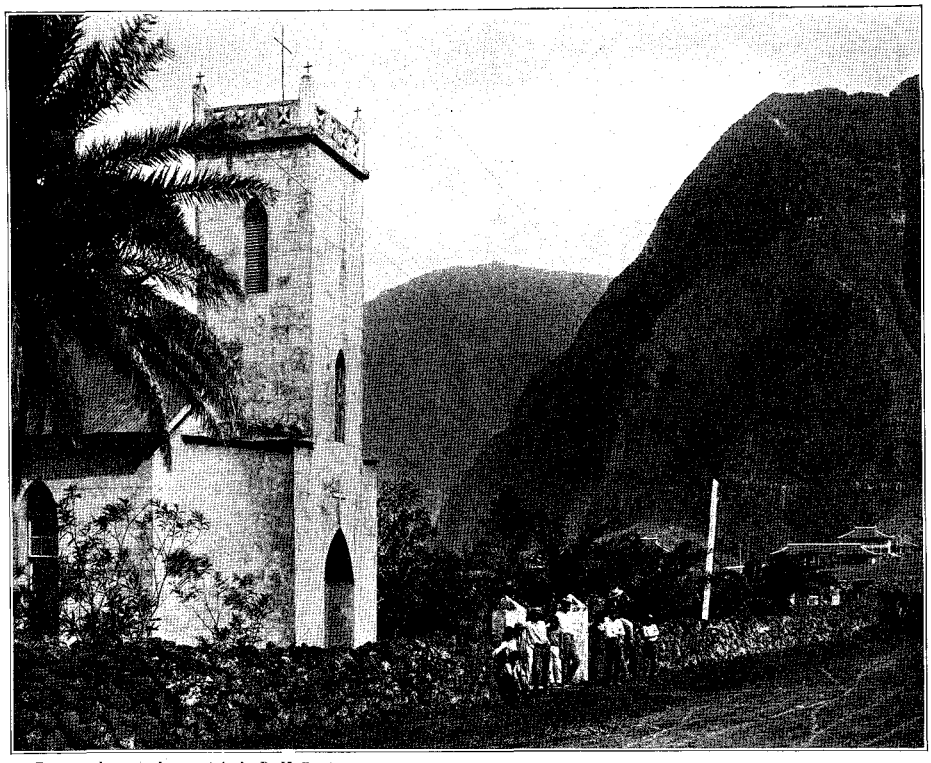

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Father Damien's church, Kalawao.

Across the grassy road is Damien's church.—Page 12.

mation of cliff and sea-line, but no photograph can reproduce that melting-pot of tropical color, seething gorgeously in the morning sun, fanned by the sweet Trade. There was tonic to every nerve in the mere light and air of the place. The superintendent met us at the landing, took our permit, saw that we carried no camera, and led us to a little motor-car. One of the leprosarium employees acted as chauffeur. Doctor Goodhue, the resident physician, was absent from the Settlement that morning, and we did not have the privilege of meeting him. After a few moments on Mr. McVeigh's *lanai* we proceeded along the low sea-front, following the curve of the bow to Kalawao, then back from Kalawao under the lee of the *pali*, along grassy roads named for Honolulu streets, to Kalaupapa. Everywhere we alighted and talked: with the caretakers at the leprosarium, with Brother Dutton at the Baldwin Home, with Mother Maryanne at the Bishop Home, with the Hawaiian matron at the nursery, and always with Mr. McVeigh himself, who threw his domain open to us in friendly wise. Everywhere were lepers—crowded about the landing-stair to watch the unloading of supplies; sitting in front of the Molokai store; working as Kanakas can work, and idling as only Kanakas can idle, so gracefully that it seems a career in itself; nearly all smiling, waving their hands, lifting their hats, or running up to Mr. McVeigh for a word of direction or advice.

Stevenson and others had warned us of much hand-shaking to be done. I had been reassured as to that before ever setting foot on Molokai; still, I wore gloves. G. declared that he should feel both tactless and a fool, and would wear none. He had more prevision of facts and atmosphere than I. On no occasion did we have to shake hands with the lepers: a smile, a nod, an "Aloha," were all that was expected of us. White magic seems to be at work in Kalaupapa. I can record it as solemn fact that once you are on the promontory all panic, fear, or disgust drops utterly away. The one step from the world that is not Kalaupapa to the world that is does the trick: a trick appre-

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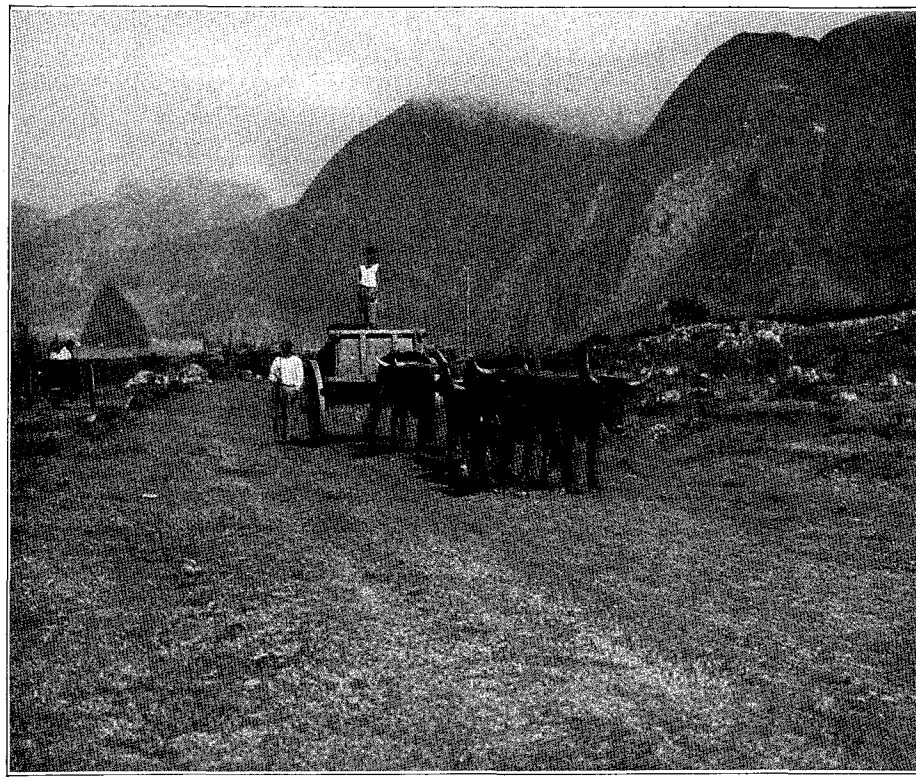

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Freighting between Kalaupapa and Kalawao.

ciable only for those who on some noisy summer noon have come suddenly into the dusk and incense and vastness of a great cathedral. There is nothing church-like in this atmosphere: it is all sunlight and Polynesian cheer; but the mental change is as great. I got at Kalaupapa —and got it before five minutes were sped—the highest impression of social decency that I have ever had. The highest, probably, for the reason that this is not the natural atmosphere for social exquisiteness to flourish in; and to find here breeding that would do credit to high birth and good fortune is to have swift intuition of a miracle. Never have I been so tightly held up to civilization as on Molokai. The Kanaka is naturally amiable, anxious to please, and easily contented; Kalaupapa is exceedingly beautiful, and enjoys, as Doctor Goodhue has said, "the most perfect climate on earth short of Eden"; leprosy is not, I am told, in itself a painful disease. Yet even so, leprosy and exile are not essential elements of Paradise, and if ever credit was due, it is due here. Faces smiled at us now and then that could scarce smile at all, and even in the stare that the flesh made senseless one knew that "Aloha" and no other meaning lay behind the mask.

As we left Kalaupapa a bell was sounding faintly, and we saw the sisters going to mass. The Union and Mormon churches were austerely closed. We passed the race-course and ball-field (there is a triangular league at the Settlement, and Mr. McVeigh, among his other activities, serves as umpire), with its grand stand—empty, naturally, at seven in the morning. Beyond Kalaupapa the wild low shore that curves to Kalawao is humanly barren. Only the lighthouse and a few beach-houses break the pasturage of horses, donkeys, and cattle. At Kalawao we alighted to inspect the federal leprosarium. Not a room, not an alcove, not a workshop of that great congeries of buildings escaped us. "But nothing in the sounding halls he saw." The leprosarium has been finished for seven or eight years, and for only some six weeks of that time

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has it harbored patients. Four or five caretakers keep the frame of it from utter ruin; but, except for the vast laboratory where the federal physician (absent on leave in the States at the time of our visit) struggles heroically with what to a scientist must be very like despair, the place is disused. The wards are empty, save of piled-up furniture, much of which has never even been uncrated. A huge piece of apparatus, as intricate and unintelligible to look upon as a seismograph, has a room to itself to fall to pieces in. The dynamo is kept in running order to prevent it from rusting out, though what it lights and why are a mystery to the outsider. The treasures of the big machine-shop would make a Honolulu plumber turn in his bed to dream of grand larceny. The place is as modern as an Eastern hospital, and as desolate as the moated grange. The heroic labors of the present federal appointee—and I am told that they are heroic—cannot suffice to redeem the leprosarium from uselessness. Even the uninformed visitor must feel bitterness to see the dynamo purring as vainly as a cat by the fire, when, a few miles away, the Settlement itself, the homes, the nursery, the very hospital must do with lamps and candles because the Territorial government cannot afford a dynamo. The truth is that the leprosarium was "queered" in the early days of its being, and since then the federal appropriation has been greatly cut down—not unnaturally, since no apparent results came from the larger sum. Tribute to the work of Doctor McCoy was everywhere voluntary and unstinted, but never was man more handicapped by past events with which he had nothing to do. It is not likely that he will ever have any patients at the leprosarium itself. Exile to Molokai is, of course, not always voluntary, but once there the patient finds his liberty well-nigh complete. He need take no treatment unless he wishes. Voluntarily once some lepers went to the leprosarium for treatment, but a few weeks of

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The Baldwin Home for boys at Kalawao.

Snow-white cottages set round a noble greensward that centres in an immense *tauhala* palm, has a sort of military exquisiteness. —Page 14.

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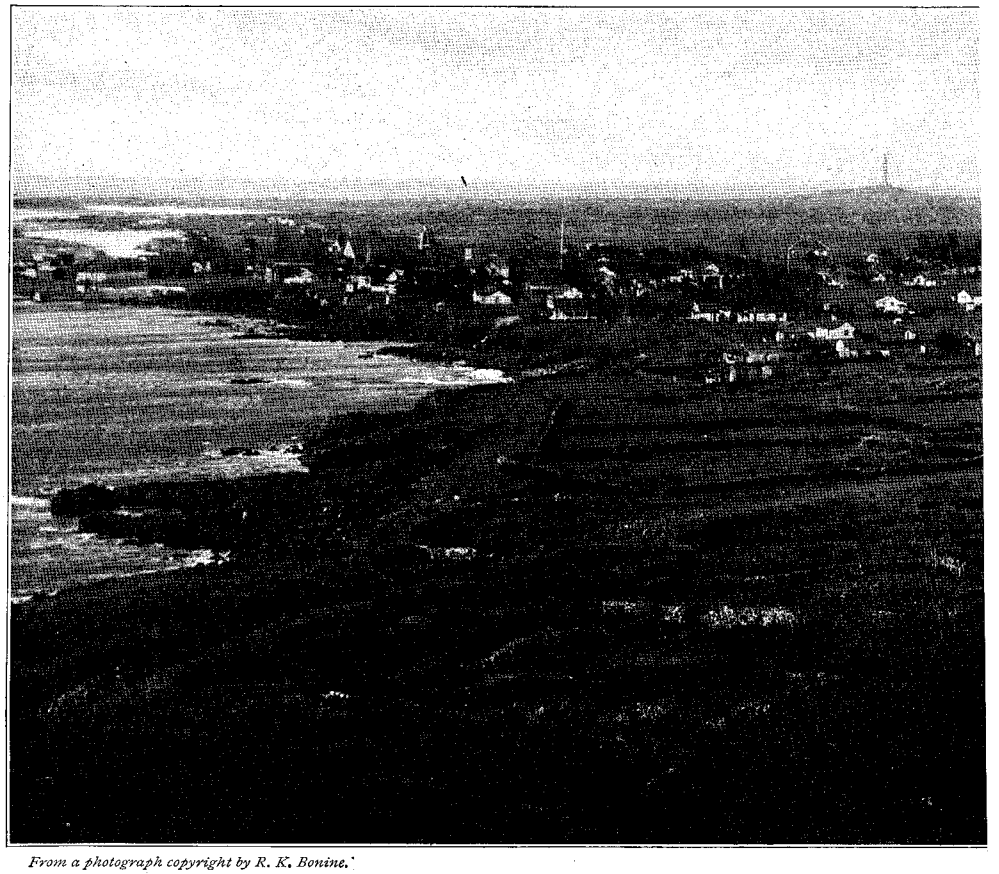

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Kalaupap
"Molokai light," the federal ligh

confinement sufficed, and they fled. It would not occur to any leper now—so vivid is that chapter of tradition—to go to Kalawao for treatment, and even did Kanaka psychology change, the hospital is scarcely now in condition or in funds to take care of them. Not without relief did we turn from this grave of humanitarian hopes to make one more call in Kalawao—on Brother Dutton at the Baldwin Home.

This was the scene of Damien's labors and his death. Across the grassy road is Damien's church and beside it his grave. The Home itself, where he lived, is now under Brother Dutton's charge, and after the long years nothing remains of principle or aspect that gave it the name of "Damien's Chinatown." *Mai pake* (the "Chinese Evil") is Hawaiian for leprosy; and it so happened that of the group of lepers on Brother Dutton's tiny porch—some ten or a dozen—through which we had to make our way, only one, a Chinaman, could positively not be looked at.

Brother Dutton's little crowded porch was my fire-test; after that there was nothing in Kalaupapa I could not face. A curious medley of emotions is the reward of the visitor to Kalaupapa, and one of the hardest with which to deal is this sudden fear, face to face with a leper who is all but touching you, of not striking the human, right note. It does not happen often—it is pitifully true that half the visible population of the Settlement would be unsuspected by the layman of any dread illness. I honestly believe that the worst of it is the mere *knowing* that they are lepers. But now and then one is flung suddenly on the mercy of one's instincts. There is no time to decide whether to look or not to look; to fix the exact shade of decent attention between aversion and curiosity. One must not stare, one must not shrink; and the vision

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from Pali.

house, can be seen in the distance.

of unspeakable disfigurement, just because it is so rare, finds one unprepared and praying inwardly, after the visual shock, that one's smile was in the right place and the movement of one's eyes and muscles decorous and unhasty. In a case like that one's ancestors are responsible, and one hopes, for their credit, that the smile which feels a little stiff has not looked so. For to give pain to one of these unfortunates would be high treason to the spirit of the place. *Their* manners never fail. We had read that they thrust themselves upon the visitor in eagerness of welcome; we had heard from the decent citizen that they shrank from being looked at. Both statements were in intent discouraging, and neither is true. You walk through Kalawao and Kalaupapa as you might walk through any Hawaiian village, and if there is embarrassment, it is all on your side. No one intrudes himself on your path; no one shrinks from your sight. They expect to look and be looked at, and their greetings are too frequent and too spontaneous for self-consciousness of any sort. Perhaps they seem a hint more cordial than folk in the other islands, but their lives are, after all, far emptier of strangers than even in Kalapana or Kaimu. Save for the worst stricken, they are less apathetic than the men pounding *poi* or mending fish-nets on the shores of Hawaii or Maui. They are a little more glad to see you, but they quite realize that you are none of their business. The extraordinary naturalness of the Settlement is its great feature both to eye and mind. Much of one's visit is, in a sense, without incident, because there is nothing "special" to stare at. You meet people going about their business or pass them sitting on their porches, just as elsewhere. Some of the leper homes are as charming as any of their size in Honolulu; some are desolate like cer-

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tain shacks in Hauula or Olaa. There may be a riot of foliage or a barren enclosure. Here, as elsewhere, there is a difference in human beings—that is all. Prizes are offered yearly for the best garden, but it is apparently held no sin not to compete. Never was philanthropy less stern. Beretania Street, King Street—the grassy roads take the names of Honolulu streets; and there is pathos in that, but it is a brave gesture, too. There is a Catholic Red Cross Society in Kalaupapa (the Calvinistic and Mormon pastors "were not interested"), and lepers out of their strength minister to lepers in their weakness—delivering medicines, calling on the sick and reporting cases to the physicians, waiting at table on "holiday fête occasions"—doing whatsoever their hands find to do.

Remember, too, that the human comedy goes on in Kalaupapa as well as elsewhere. Litigation and "swipes" (a villainous drink brewed from any vegetable thing that will ferment) are as dear to the leper as to the "clean" Kanaka, and it is hard to dissuade him from pursuing them. Most of the disputes are settled out of court by Mr. McVeigh at his garden gate—how satisfactorily in general can be inferred from the expression with which well-nigh all faces are turned to him; but sometimes the full pomp and joy of a lawsuit is achieved. There are a courthouse and a jail, a native judge and a native policeman (both lepers); every facility, indeed, for the happy airing of quarrels in formal fashion. With "swipes," Mr. McVeigh admitted, he has his troubles: he sometimes makes eight or ten arrests a month. They will never learn; like children, they are unquenchably hopeful; potato-parings, or almost anything else, will serve; and a little group goes up the *pali* or into a graveyard or to any other appropriate spot and drinks until discovered. "You see, if we could only have a saloon," mused the superintendent, with tender irony, "it would be an ideal existence." Every now and then a request for divorce comes from Kalaupapa to the proper official in Honolulu. "Please divorce me from my husband [or wife] in ——" is apt to be all that is said. Leprosy is ground for divorce in the Islands; and, while many follow a stricken spouse to Molokai, many, of course, do not. In such a case the leper, man or woman, is apt to find an affinity in the Settlement itself and to want freedom to marry there. The "clean" helpmeet left at home is, one supposes, freer to indulge his fancy without such formalities than the leper under constant supervision; which would account for the oddness of divorce proceedings' starting from this end. It sounds grotesque at first, but it is part of the high normality of Kalaupapa. And many of the lepers are personable creatures—still magnificent in strength, and showing to the eye no hint of ruin. Moreover, Doctor Goodhue, the resident physician, performs many operations, especially in cases of the tubercular type, for purely æsthetic reasons. In the wisdom of his heart he turns beauty doctor, and they look in a glass and find comfort. Let loose in Kalaupapa a shrill eugenist from the East, and you would soon have a Kanaka hell. It is cause for thanking God that the Settlement is managed by men who can make science and religion walk hand in hand. This, too, was a question that preoccupied the ascetic Damien, to whom marriage was a sacrament and fornication of the devil: it was Damien who first pleaded that husbands and wives should not be separated against their will.

"Damien's Chinatown," as I have said, no longer hints of the slum. Brother Dutton had a long Civil War experience to prepare him for his work at Kalawao, and the compound of the Baldwin Home, with snow-white cottages set round a noble greensward that centres in an immense *lauhala* palm, has a sort of military exquisiteness. His study was filled with shelves on which books and medicines disputed the space. The low door gave on the crowded porch; at one end is the little room where sores are dressed; somewhere beyond, I am told, is Damien's own bedroom, where his successor sleeps. He at least had time, while he served Damien, to worship the man, for he is unwilling, I believe, even to stray from Kalawao—to be out of sight, as it were, of Damien's very footprints. Happily Damien is like to be the last (as he was, immortally, the first) of Molokai martyrs. Of saints, uncanonized, it has held many, and will yet hold more. As always happens, when the world goes in

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for informal canonization, some quite unmerited sainting has been done, and more that should be done is to this day neglected. But the whirligig of time brings in his revenges, and some day these men will get their due, though it is a very faint light of publicity that beats on Kalaupapa.

From a photograph copyright by Paul Thompson.

Homes of the better class of lepers on the island of Molokai.

The Bishop Home for women and girls at Kalaupapa corresponds to the Baldwin Home for men and boys at Kalawao; and here, even in the sisters' tiny cottage facing out on their green compound, was the authentic convent atmosphere. Mother Maryanne, in her little parlor, was the blood-kin of all superiors I have ever known: the same soft yellowed skin, with something both tender and sexless in the features; the same hint of latent authority in the quiet manner; the same gentle aristocratic gayety; the same tacit endeavor to make human pity co-terminous with God's. Like other superiors I have known, from childhood up, she seemed an old, old woman who had seen many things. It was only when one stopped to think of the precise nature of those things which, in thirty years on Molokai, Mother Maryanne has seen, that the breath failed for an instant. The parlor was half filled with garments ready to be given out to lepers, and if one but glanced through the window, one saw the pitiful figures on the cottage porches across the compound. Yet those eyes of hers might have been looking out on a Gothic cloister this half-century. She confessed apologetically that the night had been hot and sleep difficult. And once again the *malihinis* felt sheer impotent rage that they could not, with their own hands, wrench the federal dynamo from its magnificent foundations and give Mother Maryanne an electric fan. Rage, however, is the distinguishing mark of the *malihini*—no such emotion stalks abroad in heroic Kalaupapa. "You wouldn't think we'd be busy here," Mother Maryanne ventured, smiling, "but there is a good deal to do." So natural has it come to seem, to five sisters, to manage life for some eighty-odd lepers. The youngest inmate of the Bishop Home is five, the oldest eighty. It was not hard to imagine the sisters busy. As we walked out across the compound, set round with cottages, a sister—pink-and-white and blooming—waved her free hand at us from a

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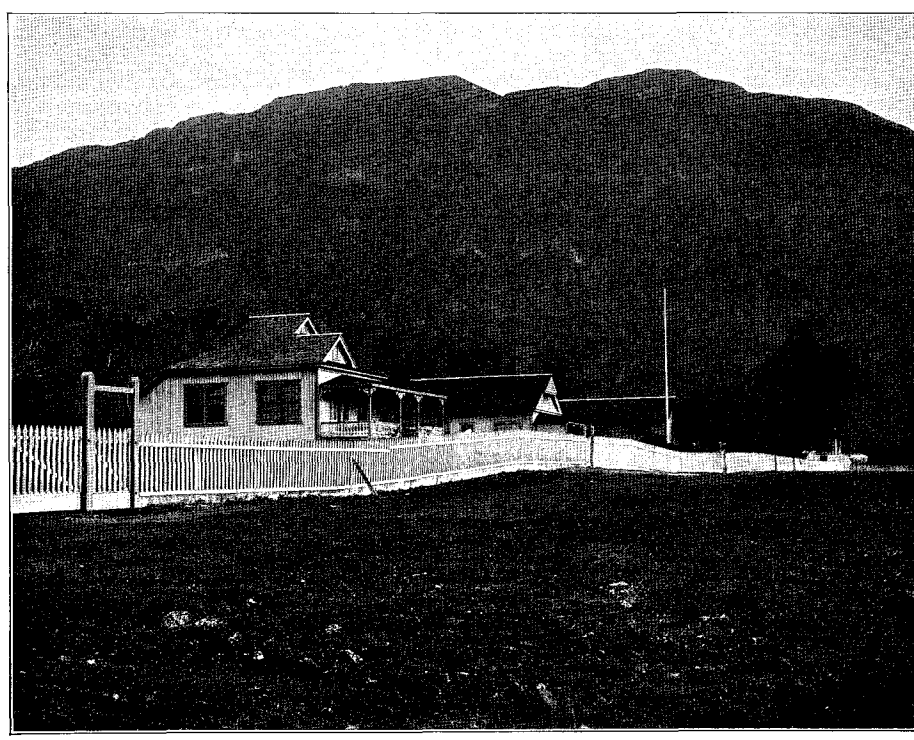
porch. The other hand held the bandaged stump of a leper. Beside the two a woman squatted on the *lanai;* a creature of no age or race, her head a mere featureless lump. Yet just beyond the compound, where the new home for advanced cases is building, the leper *luna* ran up to consult Mr. McVeigh, and a finer-looking Kanaka I have never seen—whiter teeth, more stalwart shoulders, or a gayer smile. These are the contrasts of Kalaupapa; such are the hierarchies of the doomed. It was not in ourselves that we found the even temper to face these things as naturally as the sights of any street: the place carries its own antidote to its own sights. All have worked together to produce that miraculous morale which immunizes even the stranger within their gates. Yet we grew to feel, both of us, that we bore that morale like an icon with us in the person of the superintendent himself. The duties and the "spheres" of the others are limited; he alone is everywhere, and all things are subject to him. No matter how admirable his collaborators, that wondrous fabric of science and pity, of common sense and cheerfulness, might fall to pieces like a hut of twigs if he did not keep it whole.

The hospital is the last western outpost of the Settlement; very close to the *pali* it looks from the roadstead. Most lepers on Molokai die of other things than leprosy —intercurrent diseases, which their weakened systems cannot resist. Even so, the hospital is bound to be a place of last resort. . . . We did not go in, though the chance was given us. Only a physician, a priest, or a friend, only some one who can minister to the remnant of a creature there lying helpless, has a right, we simultaneously felt, to enter. I have been in a big hospital and seen patients who were to die in an hour or two, and not willingly would I again feel so indecent as I did then. Mr. McVeigh thought our decision right, though he told us that there were now and then visitors who wanted most of all to see the hospital. To each his own code; but our inhibitions laid a check, at that point, on our passion for fact. We



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Kalaupapa.

The compound of the superintendent and physicians, showing the Pali in the distance.

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Visitor's compound (at left), general store, and warehouse at Kalaupapa.

had seen enough to fill out easily the visual tale of terror to the utmost, if we chose. I will not pretend that natural distaste did not, in my case, aid manners. Probably it did; though I know that one could have borne in Kalaupapa things one could not bear elsewhere. When your eyes have encountered a man whose blind face is one undulating purple sore, or a man whose mouth is a great, gashed-in triangle, seeming to fill the whole countenance from eyes to chin, you would be singularly dull if you could not guess at any mutilation disease is capable of. In any case, it was very clear to us, as we stood making our quick decision in the midst of all that tropic sweetness, that we were doing the mannerly thing. It may be that our refusal cost us an invitation to visit the home for advanced cases—though I doubt it. At all events, it was according to the very spirit of the Settlement not to go and stare, uselessly and with a layman's ignorance, at those who must, by no will of their own, offend every sense. Neither of us has ever regretted for a moment our moral squeamishness.

Before going across to the "movie" theatre we visited the nursery—established, I believe, largely through the efforts of Governor Pinkham while serving on the Board of Health. He has always been keenly interested in the welfare of the lepers. Thirteen babies rolled and played and gurgled in the big sun-room. They represent the birth-rate for last year. At one end of the house is a small room where one or two cribs are placed against a glass partition. Here the parents can come and look at their children. No caress is possible, and before the babies are old enough to have any feeling of human kindness they are, if "clean," taken to Honolulu. Provision is made for them there as I have elsewhere described it. It is the saddest spot, if you like, in Kalaupapa; more lingeringly sad, perhaps, to us even than to the victims of this especial destiny. Shall I seem callous if I recall the fact that Hawaiians, though devoted to children in general, are quite as apt to give their first-born away at birth as to adopt an eleventh when they have already ten at home? Both are characteristic *gestes* to a Kanaka. It is quite the thing to give your baby to your best

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friend; sometimes you get the best friend's baby in exchange, and sometimes you do not. At all events, that well-known trait of Hawaiian psychology was all we had to comfort us, and I pass it on for mitigation. Across the hospital compound, on the *lanai* of the matron's own cottage, a girl baby crawled about by herself—under observation for a spot on her arm. They had good hope that the spot was meaningless: may her isolation, ere this, be over!

It was time to be getting back to the *Mikahala*, which was patiently waiting in the roadstead until we should be ready to go. But we had still to see the little "movie" theatre and the ice-making plant. Mr. R. K. Bonine, of Honolulu, installed the "movie" apparatus for the government. A plaster screen in the open fronts a score of rough benches, lightly roofed over. Twice a week the inhabitants of Kalaupapa gather on the benches, and Mr. McVeigh shows them films. It was good to see, good to know about; so was the ice-making plant. But again we wished our hands held the price of a dynamo. The Territorial government taxes itself almost beyond its power to do the magnificent work it does; those in authority, doctors and laymen, spend and are spent in all good faith, doing their day's work in the manner of strong men, the world over, with little talk and many deeds. Sometime, we may hope, leprosy will be stamped out in the Eight Islands, and the sorry gift of the Orient to Hawaii will be forgotten. But I should like to think that before the hospital goes to welcome ruin it will be electric-lighted. I should even like to think that Mother Maryanne, before she dies, will have an electric fan. And I am very impatient with the useless monster, perfect in all its parts, that purrs in seclusion over at Kalawao. Nowhere, for example, could a few miles of wire do more good. But federal red tape must go on unwinding; and doubtless I have said already too much for the proper pride of the Territorial officials. When they have sufficed to so much, perhaps it is the last word of tactlessness to reveal the fact that there is anything they have not been able to do. I hope I may without tactlessness record that there was real regret in bidding Mr. McVeigh good-bye, for it is not often that one meets unexpectedly, in the flesh, with a great man.

We had company back in our boat to the *Mikahala*—a handful of Hawaiians, deck-passengers, who had come over to visit stricken friends. The crowd on the landing was pathetic enough; the little white cloud of waving handkerchiefs more piteous than farewell gestures on other wharves. There were tears among our companions, and the stout young woman in the white *holoku* who took at once to the comfort of cigarettes wept the most. It was good to realize that in one little way we had served; for the *Mikahala*, having orders to wait for us, had given the other visitors a longer time than usual. Back in our exiguous staterooms we were at liberty to be fearfully ill in perfect peace while the *Mikahala* churned her way across the channel to Lahaina.

If lurid words have seemed here unwontedly to fail me, it is because Kalaupapa is not, in strictest truth, lurid. Sights so horrid as some of the inhabittants we encountered I shall not, I hope, soon behold again. But to say that the bulk of one's impressions, or the dominant recollection, is horrible would be to lie damnably. Not to admit that the spectacle of kindness and blitheness and sturdy common sense is, to the end, unmarred would be to show oneself incapable of registering fact. Any imagination can construct the tragedies that must inevitably drag out a slow length in Kalaupapa. I am not trying to whitewash fate or to rehabilitate pain. But the mere fact that those discharged go unwillingly means much; for the Hawaiians have no instinctive horror of the disease, and a man can go back to his own people without difficulty. If any one thinks it is easy to construct an exile which the exiled shall love—and love when he has leprosy—let him go and give unneeded advice to those who have made Kalaupapa what it is. I have no pen for "uplift"; and it is a sorry chance that it is so. For I have never seen anything in our contemporary chaos of prophylactic legislation and humanitarian hysteria one half so humanly fine as what has been done, as quietly as the coral-insect builds the reef, on the low promontory of windward Molokai.

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THE COLORS

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT comes as a surprise to reasonable people to observe that in the last analysis it is not reason which makes history. A vital question involving peace or war came up in the American Congress at Washington the other day; the pros and cons were debated exhaustively; but when the day of the vote came hundreds of responsible lawmakers were seen swayed by a power not born of argument, a passion not known since the Spanish war. It was not pros and cons which turned the scales; a cry of "Stand by the President" swept the representatives into line with an unashamed whirlwind of loyalty to country and the country's leader. Logic is the careful hewing of steps up a mountain; emotion sums years of hewing. It is attainment, whether reached by steps or by a flight of inspiration. The sights and sounds which stand for things loved in childhood have a hold well-nigh undying on later life. Millions of men march to death knowing little or nothing of the reason why—knowing that they follow their country's flag; it is enough. An appeal to honor, and armies rush to the guns; a catchword of patriotism, and stately legislative bodies toss away formulas and arrive, white-hot, at certainty. One must, indeed, look to it that the rudder is made of the oak of the brain, yet the breeze which fills the sails and drives the ship is forever the rushing, mighty wind of the spirit.

There are officers of the United States navy to-day, stately captains, well-girthed, and more than one admiral, who, meeting each other in China or at a club in Washington, shake their heads reminiscently and drop their voices as one speaks of "The night when Jerry Vane took hashish." It was of a 22d of February, that historic night thirty years back, and the U. S. S. *John Paul Jones* was celebrating the Truth Teller's birth in Caribbean waters. The event which made the night memorable had been preparing for two days. Two days' back the junior officer of the ship had picked up a book on narcotics in the doctor's cabin; the book was well written and told tales to fire a young daredevil.

"I want to stimulate my imagination; I want to see what it's like," urged Jerrold Vane.

The doctor had happened to find some hashish. Vane had a winning way, and the doctor was young and careless, too, and very wrongly the small phial of thickish brown liquid was carried off in Vane's pocket when he said good night. The next day experiments were not in order, but early in the afternoon of the 22d he measured what the unwise doctor had told him was a dose, and then a drop or two, and swallowed it.

There were doings in Vane's cabin that afternoon. The story goes that he set his alarm-clock at intervals of half an hour and took naps with it under his ear. Between naps many fellow officers called on him, and there was unholy mirth heard through his door. In any case, he appeared at dinner in a state of excitement, from which he dropped to sleep at intervals, waking, flamboyant, to delight the table with cheerful madness. Every one on the ship knew what had happened, and, moreover, the lad was the spoiled child of the ward-room. They filled him up, finally, with black coffee and stood him on his feet. He was a Virginian, and most Southern boys are born speech-makers; this one noticeably so.

Slight and small, he stood swaying, smiling, and rubbed his knuckles into eyes brilliant with the drug. Then he caught sight, on the wall of the far end of the ward-room, of a photograph of Washington draped in the American flag. He shot out an arm.

"Old Glory!" he shouted. "The col-

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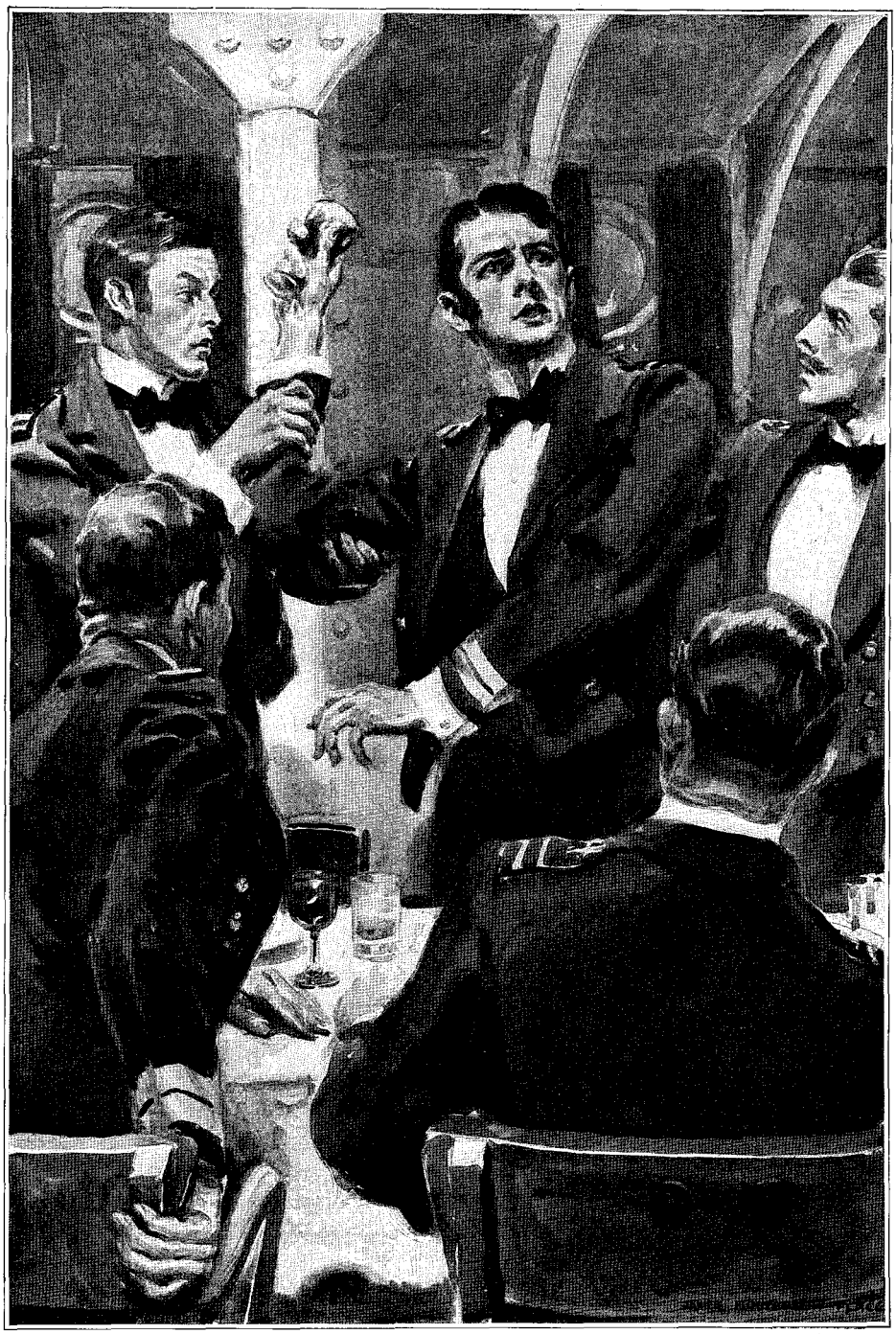

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I've got the courage to——."—Page 22.

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ors of our country—our n-nation's f-flag! The red lines are dripping blood of soldiers and sailors, the stars of the States are s-set in the blue of hope everlasting, eternal—f'rever—'n' ever—'n' ever."

The two rows of uniformed men looked up at the lad doubtfully. Yet these sentiments, if not too new, were right; in fact, there was something in the abandon of the young voice which thrilled one, thrilled and mystified. It was interesting to know what this nice boy was going to say under the influence of hashish. Jerry Vane had a knack of keeping one interested as to what he was going to say; he was going to bare his soul now, apparently; well, let it come; it was a perfectly good young soul, and a little banal spread-eagleism on Washington's birthday was not reprehensible.

"You've stuck me up here to make a speech," young Vane went on jovially, "and what you expect is a few remarks about our refined Christian homes, far, far away, and those who love us and miss us, and a gabby talk like that leading up to hip, hip, hooray for the star-spangled banner and the glorious land of freedom. Isn't that the size of it? Well, gentlemen, I can keep on talking that way as long's you like—jus' as long's you like. I don't think my genius would ever get smitten with locomotor ataxia down that road. Long's—you like——"

The flashing black eyes roved with an invitation to laughter which met with instant answer; to a man the officers chuckled indulgently; to a man they glanced at the captain sitting with his elbows on the table, staring inscrutably at the boy. The boy bent forward and tossed out a hand.

"Let's get to the point. Get to the point—cheers. On your feet, gentlemen, and swing her out for the nation and the father of it—America—George Washington—let her go—three times three!"

There was that in the lad's manner which, although much cheering had been already done, sent the chairs flying backward and the long tableful of officers springing to their feet. Jerrold Vane was modest, as became his youth, on ordinary occasions; that he should take command in this manner, being accounted for by the drug, was amusing. In any case, it was the captain's affair, as long as the captain let him run on—and the captain, watching, let him run on. The captain stood and cheered with the rest. And with that, before the deep, ordered baying was fairly over, the boy's head flung back and a scream of laughter astounded the table. His arms swung like a windmill; his lithe body swayed to the limit of this side and that.

"A joke!" the boy roared. "One gigantic, international joke—the whole shooting-match—the American nation!"

Lieutenant Armstrong, sitting next, shot a hand to Vane's arm. "Control yourself, Mr. Vane."

Vane, as if frozen by the touch, was as still as a statue; he turned his head slowly, glared down. Then a radiant smile broke; he bent and lifted the big hand on his arm, kissed it reverently, and replaced it before its owner.

"Oh, damn control, dearie!" he threw at Armstrong. "Can't you let a fellow enjoy himself?"

Armstrong, through the laughter, looked at the captain. "Let him alone. I'm interested to see how this stuff affects the brain," the captain spoke down the table.

The boy sped straight past the jog of the interruption. "Anybody who'll stop and think," he announced, "will know that this in-intensive enthusiasm about G. Washington and our country is the colossal joke of history. G. Washington was a good old top and a Briton, and that's why he had the sand in his gizzard to kick up a row. He caught England when her hands were t-tied with France and Spain, and he whipped her with a few rag-tags and bobtails, who thereafter made a high-sounding composition and called themselves a nation! For the love of the board of health! Think about that! We were a handful of colonists, and we're just a bigger handful now. What about a land where whole communities—political parties—of foreigners speak, read newspapers in a foreign tongue, live with foreign customs? That's us! Is that a nation? Could there be an Italian party in France, do you think? Can you picture a Russian party in Germany? There's no common blood, no inheritance, no history——"

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A deep murmur interrupted the carrying young voice which rolled out these words with rapidity. The captain's hand reached across the hubbub.

"Let him go on," the captain ordered.

Fluent words poured on the heels of the captain's sentence. "They call us the melting-pot of the nations. More like a rubbish heap; we're a crazy-quilt, a hash, an historic witticism. There's no such thing as an American nation. I'm no American—I'm an Englishman five times removed, and I've got the ginger to stand up and say it. I've got the truthfulness to own that the flag yonder means nothing to me, and I've got the courage to——"

A full glass of Burgundy stood at his plate; he had touched nothing to drink during dinner. With a swift movement he caught up the globe of crimson light and poised it for a shot, his eyes blazing at the Washington and the flag. But Armstrong caught his wrist. Vane slewed about, stared down at Armstrong, and then—suddenly vague, laughing foolishly—he turned the red wine upside down into a finger-bowl, where it spread and colored the water as bright as blood. With that he broke out sobbing; he fell into his chair, a dead weight, and, with a crashing of china, flung his arms out over the table, dropped his head on them, and was still.

In the captain's cabin the next morning Vane reported, a bit pale, but in his right mind. "You sent for me, sir."

The captain wrote on, not lifting his head; the boy stood and waited. Outside, seas rolled heavily up from across the world and flung themselves on the ship's sides with an air of finality, unendingly. The captain looked up. "Mr. Vane," he said, "do you remember anything of your speech at dinner last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

Vane considered. "All of it, I think."

"You do," reflected the captain. "You were under the influence of a drug, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And not responsible?"

Vane hesitated. "I knew what I was saying. I remember. But I shouldn't have talked as I did except for the hashish. There seemed to be—a lack of power—to inhibit the—the boiling over of thought into speech. It was as if the engine worked at full speed and the steering-gear was broken."

The captain smiled. "Not much steering, I imagine. It was partly my fault. I had been reading the same article which, the doctor tells me, set you off, and I was interested to see how the stuff would affect you. I let you go on out of curiosity. I'll admit you surpassed my expectations. I've sent for you to say that I'd like you, to-night at dinner, to explain. Just a word. Of course, everybody understands, but things like that spoken publicly should be withdrawn publicly. I'd like you to withdraw them to-night."

Vane stood tense.

"Well?" demanded the captain.

"I can't do it, sir."

"What?" the captain threw at him.

"I can't withdraw what I said, sir," Vane repeated.

"What do you mean? You can't withdraw disloyal words? What do you mean, Mr. Vane?"

"I believed it." The boy spoke in a low voice. "I didn't mean to say it in that way. But I can't take it back because I still believe it. I don't take any stock in the American nation or, of course, in the colors."

Outside the ship seas rolled heavily up from across the world and broke on the steel sides with a sound of finality—unendingly. The boy stood, breathless, steady. If the captain had been thumped in the lungs he would not have gasped with more violence. Words seemed beyond him at first; once he found them they came flooding. Plenty of words. He poured them out on the boy, words of indignation, of scorn, of counsel, of reason; varieties of words; and the boy stood respectful, firm.

"You are right, sir; the navy is no place for me," after a while he answered quietly. "I'll resign my commission, of course. I've been coming to it for a while. I didn't realize how near I was to the—jumping-off place till that stuff yesterday—precipitated things." Once more the captain raged; once more the boy, not arguing, stood firm.

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The outcome was that a promising career in the United States navy was swiftly ended. There was a short sensation about the affair in the papers, editorials were written, with the young officer as a text, as a horrible warning against Anglophobia; it was noted that Vane had gone into the business world under his uncle, a successful steel man; sharp things were said as to the young man's right to live in America at all; and then he was forgotten—forgotten until he emerged from oblivion in another rôle. Twenty years later Armstrong ran across him at the Cosmos Club in Washington.

"There's sand in the chap," Admiral Miller, late captain of the *John Paul Jones*, considered, talking it over with Armstrong. "It took sand for a lad like that to stand up to me and tell me with perfect respect that he had no opinion of the flag or the nation."

"Sand, yes," Armstrong threw back. "He couldn't roll up a fortune at his present rate without qualities. They say he jumps a few millions a year." Then Armstrong's brows lowered.

There is a curious side-light on American patriotism in the attitude of Americans about changes of nationality. More than any nation on the globe, they are used to such, and they take it as a matter of course and welcome and honor the new citizen—if the change is to their own flag. But let a citizen of the United States shift his allegiance to any other government whatsoever, and a growl of resentment goes up across the continent. It argues a deep-set pride in the value of Americanism that no excuse is accepted and that a whole nation takes it as a personal insult when an American surrenders Americanism.

Armstrong frowned. "There's a screw loose if a man can't be satisfied with his own country—especially this country. My word! And the story goes that Vane is using America as a workshop; that he will become an Englishman when he is rich enough."

"I don't know about that," doubted the admiral. The papers have been full of his buying the old family place in Virginia. Did you see that? Spending a gold-mine on it, it's said. That doesn't look like living in England."

"Oh, that's merely a flier for a Crœsus like Vane."

On the June afternoon when these officers of the navy, each living on a few thousand a year, discussed their former subaltern and his millions, a little girl in a riding-habit idled with her dogs down the long drive of a place outside a great steel city. A taxicab turned from the road into the stone gateway. The child watched. The taxi dashed by and she caught a glimpse in it of her father. With that child and dogs scampered after the machine toward the house.

The taxi stopped under the porte-cochère, and out jumped Jerrold Vane and dived into his pockets. The little girl was surprised. Father in a taxicab! One of the cars went for father every afternoon. Something must have happened. With that Vane saw her.

"Anne!" he called.

Anne came running; the dogs barked excitedly, leaping about her. Vane seized her as dogs and girl arrived; then he held her off and gazed with an expression that seemed queer to Anne, as if he were gazing with other people's eyes, apprising her. Little Anne summed up the look as "queer." The new judgment did not find her wanting. He laughed aloud joyfully.

"You'll do, Anne; you'll fill the place," he cried; and then, his eyes full of laughter, "Honorable Anne Vane!" he threw at her. "How does it sound, chicken?"

Anne rippled a giggle. "Funny father! What does it mean? Is it nonsense?" she asked happily.

There were wicker chairs with gay upholstery and tables and bright summer rugs on the porch. Anne's father caught her hand and ran with her around the corner. He dropped into a deep chair and drew the fifteen-year-old girl to his knee.

"Listen, darling," he began. "A great thing has happened; the greatest thing in our lives."

"Oh!" said Anne, wide-eyed. And then delightedly: "Something about Wargrave? The horses—tell me, father!"

Vane laughed again. "You'll forget Wargrave now, baby. This is something so wonderful that all America doesn't count. We'll sell Wargrave now."

She clutched his arm. "Sell Wargrave!

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Father! And the horses—and the boats! Father! Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"Oh, well, we'll keep it if you care about it," agreed the millionaire easily. "But, froggie, a thing far more important than Wargrave has happened to us, to you and me, to-day."

"What, father?"

Vane considered, drew the child close, and patted her shoulder. "Listen, Anne dear; it's quite a long story." Then he explained. His great-great-grandfather, the younger son of an English county family, had come over and settled in Virginia, at Wargrave, a hundred and fifty years before. For three generations the Vanes had been rich and important in America. Sixty years ago the war had ruined them and the estate had been sold. His father had put the boy, born after the war, into the navy as a good calling for a poor gentleman. Vane touched lightly on his naval experience; Anne did not know that episode; in a few words he told her of his fortune, one of the colossal fortunes, now, of America. Then:

"All my life," Vane said, "I've thought of myself as an expatriated Englishman. All my life I've been sure that in going back to England to live I'd find my real environment. I bought Wargrave on the James because it seemed the obvious thing to do and because it pleased my girl. But all the time I've thought that England would get us some day. And it's got us!" He turned his face, radiant, and looked at the fresh face close to him.

The girl's eyes met his with a look which surprised him. "Father! We're Americans! I'm an American!" spoke Anne vehemently.

Vane laughed and hugged her, but the slim figure was unyielding.

"Father, I don't understand. What else is it?" she demanded. Anne had a character of her own; Vane knew that and gloried in it.

"England's got us, you young Yankee," he threw at her. "The older branch of the Vanes has given out. The estates and the barony have come to me if I choose to take them. Baron Wargrave of Wargrave Abbey in England, I am."

He waited. There was a long silence. Then little Anne spoke tremblingly, deliberately. "I'll have to go there if you take me. But I'll never be English. I want our own Wargrave on the James."

With that her arms were around his neck and she was sobbing into his shoulder. Swiftly she flung away and stood before him, boyish in her riding-clothes, a flame of a child. Words seemed to come from the young thing like lava from a volcano. She lifted a finger sternly.

"Father, it's awful," she said. "It's *awful*. A man that—that's not loyal to his country—that's terrible. You're born to America just as I'm born to you, and you ought to want to do everything—everything for America. You ought to want to give all your money, and your life, too, if it's needed, for your country."

Vane laughed easily, pleased at this exhibition of spirit, quite unaffected by the substance of it. The child was like her Southern mother, a fire-eater. Beautiful, too, like Anne Carter. He stared at the fresh little face. Her skin was creamy; her eyes were black light; her eyebrows were like one stroke each of a camel's-hair brush. He sighed; she was dear, dead Anne Carter's own child; then he smiled.

"My country, goose! All the world is his country to a cosmopolitan. Narrow patriotism is the hall-mark of the undeveloped. Moreover, if one must have a country, England's mine. My ancestors were English; my name is English; I choose to be English. A mere accident stranded the Vanes over here. And now we're going back!" he cried exultantly. "We're going to live in a great land, a finished, sophisticated land," he went on, talking more to himself than to the child, "where the machinery is oiled and the engine doesn't rattle and the screws don't drop out; where there's a nation, a race—my race. Not a hodge-podge of the scrapings of the world. We'll shake the dust of this cheap-built conglomeration of States off our feet and we'll enter into our inheritance." His eyes flashed into the sombre eyes of the child.

"Father," said Anne, "you make me hopping mad."

Vane grinned. "You're a saucy little baggage," he threw at her. "Moreover, your language is unsatisfactory. 'Mad,' my young one, means mentally unbalanced. As you use it it is an Americanism. What you mean is 'angry.' But

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you'll lose that sort of thing when you hear only pure English speech."

"Father," Anne went on, paying no attention to the digression, "what would you think of me if a—man should want to adopt me as his child, and he was richer than you and—and had pleasanter manners and—lived in a nicer place. And—and I should want to go and be his daughter because of those things? Would you respect me?"

"Respect you?" Vane chuckled. "Respect you? No, I'd spank you," he answered. "And how could anybody have pleasanter manners than mine?" he inquired. "Drop those lordly airs and come and sit on my lap, baby, and we'll talk about what we'll do in England. Come, my precious!"

But the boyish figure held aloof; the brown eyes glowered yet. And Anne broke forth again and made oration. "Father, I had a history lesson this morning. Mr. Wheelock made a sort of speech—just this morning. He said how much we had to be proud of and to be grateful for because we are Americans. We have the Revolution to be proud of, George Washington, and those others who dared to fight a strong nation and were able to whip them."

Vane sniffed. "England was tied up—continental wars," he murmured.

Anne went straight on. "We *whipped* 'em," she stated. "Mr. Wheelock said we should never forget, we Americans, that we had Valley Forge and Yorktown and King's Mountain to be proud of. And the Civil War, and the soldiers on both sides, he said—Phil Kearney, and Grant, and Stonewall Jackson, and Lee. They were all Americans. He said we should be proud of 'em all. And our sailors—John Paul Jones, and Perry, and Farragut, and Dewey, and Clark of the *Oregon*—father!" The slim chest heaved with a thrill of patriotism; her eyes flamed. "And thousands and thousands, he said, whose names we don't know, good citizens who've loved the country and helped to build it just as really as the ones who died under the flag. He said we could, every one of us, do that, be good citizens—stand by the colors. That's loyalty, he said. And I want to—father—be an American citizen—stand by my colors. We've got to; Mr. Wheelock said so; because if we don't America can't grow to be as great as it could be. Everybody counts, he said. I can help—you can help a lot—father. And if we don't help we're—cowards—and renegades." The last words came difficultly, but Anne shot them like a shaft, her black gaze on her father's face.

The shaft went home. Vane sprang up as if the hit were physical. "Quite an indictment," he said, "from one's daughter! 'Coward and renegade!' Well, Anne," he addressed her, "you'll be good enough not to apply such words to me again. And you needn't report any more of Mr. Wheelock's speeches. You are a child and don't understand, but you will later. I shall do what I think best for you." It came to him then, as it did always when he was severe, that this was Anne Carter's child. He bent and kissed her. "In two years from now your point of view will be the same as mine, baby." He swung away.

Wargrave on the James was not sold. Caretakers were put in and the buildings were repaired and kept in order, and the James River rolled past the sloping lawn and the mansion, built of bricks brought from England a hundred and fifty years ago, and the patient old house waited, sunlit, silent. While across the ocean the girl growing into womanhood thought of the place faithfully every day and said to herself often: "Some time!"

The Thames trickled, a tiny brook forever just starting on its historic way, through the park at Wargrave Abbey. The splendid terrace with its stone and brick balustrades, its stone peacocks guarding the entrance of the steps, the wide steps dropping down to the sunken garden in flights through silken lawn, these things were in view of the silvery, baby Thames, tinkling through the trees, tinkling down to London. The gray, large old house lifted its complicated system of red-tiled roofs—"the most beautiful roofs in England"—into sunlight beyond the terrace. There were people all about, this afternoon of the 3d of July. Lord Wargrave had come down from London with a week-end party; the Abbey was kept full of people a large part of

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the year now, since the American baron had come into the estate five years back. Miss Vane, it was said, liked the country better than London at its gayest. In spite of her beauty and money and social success, her tastes were simple. If it had not been for her father and his ambitions, it was said, she would have been happier to live always at the Abbey, flashing about country roads on a horse, running down lanes with a crowd of joyful dogs around her, flying into cottages with friendliness and presents and laughter. The young American lady of the manor was a popular person about Wargrave; not less popular, it seemed, because of her vehement Americanism; perhaps because of the presents, partly, but more likely because of the friendliness, the people liked her pretty faithfulness to her own land.

She had wandered down to the Thames after tea on the terrace this July day with an American, young John Grayson of the legation. "I knew you for a Virginian," she said, looking up at the big boy. "Your speech—and your name—and you look Southern. You know, I'm an American—Virginian, too, really? Do you think—you don't think I speak like an Englishwoman?"

Young Grayson smiled. "Nobody could talk to you five minutes without knowing you for sure-enough American," he pronounced heartily. And then: "Is Wargrave on the James any kin to you? It belongs to Vanes. I used to ride over there from home. It's only ten miles." He stopped, at the radiance of the girl's face.

With that all England was forgotten; she was across the Atlantic, riding through quiet roads, sailing a sunshiny, broad river in the never-forgotten country of her love. This big young Virginian knew it better than she did. "I never was there but twice," she said after eager questions. "It about broke my heart when this big place and the title dropped on father's shoulders and we had to give up going there to live. He was glad, yet I think he's homesick at times, though he never owns it. But it's the dream of my life to go home and live on the James River."

The boy's gray eyes darkened with feeling. "Mine, too," he said. "I'm pegging now for that. I've got it all scheduled—do my job here decently and get some small reputation; then home and a start there, and money enough before I'm forty, maybe, to go to Virginia and open the old place and specialize at something for a living and get into the legislature, and then—" He hesitated. "I don't know why I should bore you with my career, especially as I haven't one yet."

"Do," pleaded Anne. "It doesn't bore me. It's an American career. I love America. Then—what?"

"You'll laugh," said the boy, "but the top notch of my dream is to be some day governor of Virginia. Three of my forebears were."

"Why not?" demanded Anne. "Has anybody a better right to hope for it? And then, maybe, I'll be living at Wargrave on the James, and I'll send a note beginning 'My dear Governor: Will you and Mrs. Governor—'" The girl stopped.

The brown young eyes stared at the gray young eyes and the gray eyes held the glance. Unphrased, yet recognized, there was a false note somewhere; it might not be just like that, the gray eyes said; then the deep, boyish voice went on:

"We'll plan to see a lot of each other on the James River. I'll put that in my schedule now."

"But things aren't looking very pleasant for dashing back and forth from England to America, are they?" Anne asked, hesitating a little.

And the young diplomat at once left off being a Virginia boy and became a young diplomat. "The mill-pond is in some respects a more lively mill-pond than it was," he smiled down with non-committal geniality, and the girl smiled back and said no more about England and America.

Up there on the terrace, however, around the tea-table, the subject had been brushed with a bit more reaction. Sir Everard Allen, the attorney-general, had motored down straight from Westminster and had arrived at Wargrave in a visibly surly temper, so that when Mrs. Northcote, who was pretty enough to carry off usually much flighty bromidity, made her ill-advised speech her prettiness for once did not save her.

"Have you read the American note?"

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inquired Mrs. Northcote kittenishly. "Don't you think they are rather right about it, don't you know?" Mrs. Northcote had a suitor from Pittsburgh and thought gently of things transoceanic.

Sir Everard, teacup in hand, wheeled a slow gaze toward the bunch of frills. He turned livid. Everybody stopped talking. Everybody coincidentally moved his or her neck and stared where Mrs. Northcote fluttered before that gaze of an angry lion.

"Have I read the American note?" the attorney-general fulminated into the hush, and Mrs. Northcote gave a frightened giggle. "Yes, madam, I have read the American note. I have read the American note a number of times since last night. Do I think they are rather right? 'Rather right!' That an Englishwoman can utter such a sentiment in a company of English people, in an English house—an English house"—emphasized Sir Everard, who was fast working himself into ugliness—"is, to my mind, profanity—blasphemy—treachery to England," elaborated Sir Everard. "The Americans, who care for nothing but dirty money—who are dirty money incarnate, taken as a whole—this yellow-skinned race of millionaires have seized the time when England is in mortal stress and fighting for her life to quibble about etiquette. It's not much more than that, international law, etiquette. But, by Heaven"—the teacup went crashing to the floor and not a spellbound footman stirred. Sir Everard's fist came down on the stone table—"by Heaven, if they think England is to be bullied because she is at war, America will find out that we have more arms than one. An octopus will emerge."

The host of this gay tea-party, standing back of the circle of people who faced the attorney-general, had been listening to the thunder. If an observer had happened to look at Lord Wargrave he might have been astonished to see a face wellnigh as livid as that of the speaker himself. But at this point Lord Wargrave broke in with tones detached enough.

"Sir Everard, the groom has that hunter of mine at the door." He spoke quickly. "Come and see him—do; he's a wonderful animal."

And with that everybody talked at once and people began to move about feverishly, and the tactful host was to be seen conducting the late cyclone, and engaging him in rapid-fire conversation, around the corner of the terrace.

The horse was a good horse and was duly admired. "You must try him," Lord Wargrave said. "He's well up to your weight."

"Thanks." Sir Everard's mind seemed not to be on the horse. He turned toward Lord Wargrave. "You're going up to London to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"That's right. I hope you'll speak about this American affair. Your speeches tell. You're a born talker, and as an ex-American you're a marked man about this. It will be helpful to have you come out for our point of view."

Wargrave, standing with his face set, stared at the dancing horse. "Take him away, Mullins," he ordered. Then he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a folded white paper. "I just got this telegram from the prime minister," he said. The attorney-general opened it, read the few words aloud:

"'I shall want you to talk Monday. As an ex-American you will have particular influence about the question.'

"Ah! My idea," said Sir Everard. "Then, of course, you'll not fail."

"I'll not fail to be there," Vane answered slowly, and it was he in turn who seemed absent-minded.

When the two parted to dress for dinner Vane took the turn at the head of the stairs which led to his daughter's quarters. The door into her morning-room stood ajar, and he knocked. No one answered. He pushed the door and it swung wide. The summer breeze rushed from a window opposite, and from over the girl's writing-desk a big silk American flag, always there, flowed toward Vane on eager air. It was as if it would wrap its vivid folds about him. Though he had seen it there a thousand times, the man sprang back. He put a hand out to the door as if he needed steadying. He was aware of a flood of feeling which choked him, something in him reaching out for the colors there, not his colors. It struck him like a blow. What decency was there in such

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an impulse in an English subject? Was he twice a "renegade," as the child had called him on that day years ago? With that he shrugged his shoulders. Midsummer madness, an early association, which had caught him unaware, had taken hold because of the uneasiness of his mind over the political situation; he flung off the obsession with an effort, and at the moment Anne came into the room.

"I wanted to warn you, darling, about young Grayson."

Anne's look was startled. "About Mr. Grayson?"

Vane, as he bent to kiss her, stopped and regarded consideringly. Then: "Simply to keep him away from Sir Everard. Sir Everard's in an ugly temper and might make things uncomfortable."

"He will have uncommonly bad manners if he does, in this house, where I am hostess," spoke Anne aggressively. And then: "I'll wear Old Glory"—she looked up at the flag—"down to dinner as a scarf if he isn't careful. Just to remind him where I stand. And we'll have eagles for decoration and lions for soup. I'll teach Sir Everard some diplomacy," said Anne, and nodded her head fiercely.

"Silly baby! You talk plenty of nonsense," her father answered absent-mindedly, not smiling. "I only wished to drop a word to the wise about Grayson. You'll be late for dinner if you don't dress, froggie." And he was gone.

Late that night when the great household was asleep the master of the house swung up and down the gravelled path under the trees, and the little tinkling river ran by his side and murmured unendingly. For a week now, since the American ship had been stopped and the three men taken off, since the uproar that had followed the event in the two countries, Wargrave had been aware of a growing unrest in himself. Up to now, for these five years, he had considered himself heartily English in view-point and sympathy. But the editorials in the papers, all anti-American, had irritated him unaccountably; he had found increasing discomfort in discussing the situation with Englishmen, had been conscious of a barrier between himself and his friends, and to-day, when the attorney-general had flung out black ferocity over Mrs. Northcote's frivolous shoulder at all America, Vane for a second had seen red. All this had been controlled, certainly, but all this was an impossible attitude for an Englishman, for a man who was due to-morrow to throw his special gift of speaking, his special experience, into the scale against America. A sick distaste of his affair crept over him as he thought how he must stand in the House of Lords and talk as a Briton for British interests. Up and down the gravel, by the whispering little Thames, he flung; back and forth, back and forth, and found no peace. Yet some physical exhaustion he found, and that served for a few hours of troubled sleep.

Next day he motored to London, but the calm of the English country did not rest him as usual. His mind was seething with a premonition of a personal crisis to be faced, with a fierce rebellion against facing the crisis; all this was unformulated, yet settling inevitably into definite shape in the boiling caldron of his thoughts. He was a British peer; it was his duty as such to make a speech within a few hours advocating a course which might well mean war with America; it would be his duty to support strongly the policy of a quick blow while the unprepared government of the United States lay helpless. This he saw. And what he felt under the vision was longing to save, to help, to throw his life away for the country of his birth. He had not contemplated this situation when he came across the water light-heartedly and laid down his American allegiance and took up allegiance to Great Britain. England and America had been friends for a hundred years, squabbling at times, as families do, but in all great things friends. Both were strong, prosperous; neither needed his millions or himself. He was free to choose where life seemed most interesting; he had chosen England. In a vague way he saw now that his scheme of life had never been to apply his powers where they could do work for the world, but only where they could evolve pleasure for himself. Glimmeringly he caught the shadow of an idea that this was a false theory; that satisfaction comes only from pulling at least one's weight on the oars of the ship of progress.

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Vaguely he sighted these things, but the ocean that was slowly engulfing him was not of these things. It is not reason in the end that decides a crisis; it is character, inheritance, the breaths we have breathed and the loves, the thoughts and memories and sunsets and spring smells and familiar faces and city streets and autumn woods which have woven the fibre that is soul, the soul of us and of our people for generations back. A yearning for his own land, his own flag, swept down Jerrold Vane as a gale sweeps down a wood. America was in trouble; to a personality of the right stuff trouble is a trumpet-call; Vane, under many flim-flams, was of the right stuff. On America in prosperity and safety one might turn one's back cheerfully. America in danger—how was she to be resisted? As he sped, alone in his car, over smooth English roads, between clipped hedges, through thatch-roofed, picturesque villages, past old, lovely manor-houses set back from stately stone gateways, past a castle or two looming in gray beauty, these things seethed in his mind. Other things were there in force also; the reverse of the question. This ordered charm of the English countryside meant much to him: it meant friends, splendid Englishmen, delightful women whom he liked; it meant interests, a sophisticated society which satisfied him, a finished environment not to be got in America. That point of view had, up to to-day, dropped the balance for Vane; to-day that point of view seemed, surprisingly, to have lost weight. Coming back again and again, like a seizure of pain, was a primitive human grip at his heart, the thoughts of a country across the water in distress, needing her sons, needing him. The grip wiped out in one throe towers of castles, sweep of smooth lawns, the groomed loveliness of England, the gay and large-horizoned and fascinating life which had seemed to him what was best worth while on earth. When the grip that was loyalty caught him it was as if all this little cosmos of his was nothing; perhaps as one goes through the gates of death some such thing happens. Some such grip of reality strips off layers on layers of worrying about stocks and automobiles and political honors and social and domestic responsibilities, and leaves the bare soul conscious of just two or three big facts—love, say, and faith, and eternal life.

Vane, motoring to London, left by the wayside his world of jubilant detail and came to his town house floundering. There were two alternatives sticking out of an ocean—loyalty to England; loyalty to America. What was he to do to win through? He had to find a foundation to set his feet on before he could speak—if he could speak—in the House of Lords. What was he to do? Was this merely an access of sentiment? Was he English or was he American? It was important to know.

He walked down through hot London—for this was the 4th of July—thinking to steady his mind with physical effort. It was impossible, he said to himself as he started across Hyde Park, that he should so stultify his own career as to fail now at the first real test to stand by the country of his adoption. England had taken him in, given him of her best; moreover, as the boy officer had said on a memorable night twenty-five years before, was he not really an Englishman five times removed? And the heaviness of the man's heart gave the boy's theory the lie.

With that, as he walked, there was a pond and boys sailing boats; he halted to watch the pretty sight; boats and water had a charm for Vane always. He was conscious of a sudden thrill; one little white-winged schooner flew an American flag. And the English boats were outsailing her; the boy captain was scarlet, near tears; the young Britons jeered him cheerfully. Vane saw how the sails were wrongly set.

"Look here, my boy," he said, and together they fished the craft to shore and sat down on the white stone steps and rearranged.

He waited a moment till a breeze came and the toy fleet set to sea, and, behold, the American won the race! Vane laughed consumedly and the white-clad five-year-old came running.

"Thank you," he called. "Thank you a fousand times, sir. You and I are Americans, aren't we, sir? Hurrah for America!"

"Bless your heart," answered Vane,

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and walked on, and his heart was warm at the boy's assumption.

On the 4th of July, in foreign countries, there is a reception for Americans at the house of the ambassador. Vane, walking down to Westminster, came to a great mansion and saw streams of cars speeding into the wide drive, caught a glimpse of young Grayson, the secretary, the Virginian, jumping out of one of them. He looked up and saw a large banner of crude, bright colors floating above the house. Stronger than himself a feeling surged—that was his flag; these were his people; his place was with them. Why not cut this knot by turning into the hospitable door and telling his friend Gaunt, the ambassador, that he had come back to his own. He knew well what a welcome he would have. Ah!—that was not the way; he knew that, too. He walked on, and as he walked the fog in his mind was clearing, the pressure was lightening. Yet even now he did not know that a decision was taking form. "Odd how those colors catch me at every turn," he spoke aloud, and wheeled, and looked again before he turned the corner at the flag flying over the embassy.

Five minutes later, as he came into Curzon Street, a barrel organ, half-way down the block, stood silent. As the grinder looked up and saw Vane on the hot, empty sidewalk he scrutinized him for a moment and turned to his organ and with that began to play. Something inside Vane jumped. He halted, listening to the rasping, alluring music. As he listened, words came, fitting their rhythm to each bar—words that his mother had taught him forty-five years ago:

"Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light——"

The barrel organ seemed to grind out the words, seemed to bring back his mother's voice. Vane stood, hearing that sound, long still. And the organ went on:

"And the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The barrel organ ended with a mad squeak:

"'The Star-spangled Banner—the land of the free.'"

Vane stood still in the street; he heard his mother's voice; he saw visions. He came up to the man when the music was done. "That's a queer tune to be playing in London to-day," said Vane. The organ-grinder squinted up at him—a very sordid, dirty organ-grinder, hot and tired, but cheerful.

"Me tak-a look at you, signor; you sure America-man," said the fellow.

"I American? Guess again, my friend. I'm an English subject," said Vane.

"Me no think-a," nodded the Italian confidently. "Me tell-a America-man, signor."

"Well, you're a fine guesser," said Vane.

"O Marona!" brought out the organ-grinder. The thing that he was looking at in his hand, as Vane passed on, was not a shilling; it was yellow—a golden guinea.

The street music gone like wine to his head, Lord Wargrave came to the Abbey. He smiled absently at the men who spoke to him; that to which he was listening was not their greeting; reeling with the consciousness of a crisis, what he heard over and over, as if shouted at him, was sometimes the rhythm only, sometimes the words of Francis Scott Key's song, the song which sweeps hats off American heads and brings flippant crowds to reverent silence:

"Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

Over and over the chorus shook him like a bugle cry:

"And the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

What a fool he had been! A cheap fool! How if two thousand years ago Cæsar had given up his chance to save Rome because Rome was in dire need of saving? if William of Orange had failed the Netherlands? How if all along history the great men, or the lesser citizens only, had deserted fatherlands in the making for an easier way? As he had, the Lord forgive him, as he had. Where would be

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the proud memories of half of the nations of the world? He had had the chance to help to weld a glorious, strong young nation, to do his bit of the trial and hardship and so be forever in the glory. He had thrown away his chance, but here was another; and he would take it. Good God, would he take it? He trembled with eagerness. Humanity is so made that no matter if one loves all humanity one must esteem more the hills and the rivers, the big cities and the country towns lying under some one flag. He realized that now. The colors which he had repudiated—they were his colors from now on. They had followed him like a pillar of fire last night, all to-day; they had gone before and led him. With a catch in his breath he remembered the great, bright flag flying over the embassy. He would follow the colors hereafter. So, the Stars and Stripes burning ventilation through and through him, Lord Wargrave, a British baron, walked into Westminster.

In the House of Lords the American war-cloud had filled the vast chamber. The lord chancellor was in his seat; the clerks were in front of him; the peers on either side on benches; the government at the right. Vane saw faces of friends everywhere. Among the spiritual lords sat the archbishop of Canterbury, whom he knew; there was a ruddy, well-upholstered bishop near, whose blue ribbon made Vane think vaguely of a prize ox. The rows of fresh-colored faces appeared to have a significance not before realized. "The last time; that's it," Vane explained to himself. His eye wandered on—dukes, viscounts, marquises. He knew numbers of them; he had cared about knowing them, about their titles; he had arranged that with himself by a theory that, being of fine clay, he had liked the finest. He looked about now—that was the Duke of Buccleugh, a good-looking name in print, historic, picturesque; the duke was a stiff manner of Scotchman, dry and dull, with a wen on his forehead. There was the Duke of Argyle—what a short little chap with red hair! The Earl of Barford—an average Harvard student by his looks; and the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos—all that title, and the man himself a picture of a successful New England country grocer! Were these really finer clay than men whom he knew in the United States? Many were of the best—he acknowledged that with a throb of pleasure as he thought of his friends, of the straight, clean Britons whom he knew. Yet—better than many at home? Something in him said no, vehemently. Be that as it might, he was about to toss away all this hereditary paraphernalia for the sake of a square of bunting against the sky. He was thinking of it a moment since as rather a magnificent bit of surrender; now—was this the tremendousness he had dreaded? It was nothing; he did not care; he did not want titles, even the one he bore; he wanted his own land, the right to fight under his own colors; this foreign dignity and power might go with a turn of the hand. The situation was suddenly simple and easy. So a hill, lifting as a precipice far down the road, flattens out and becomes a mere pleasant slope as one comes close and sets his feet to climb the grade with a stout heart.

Lord Wargrave, slight and boyish at fifty, dark and vivid, with eyes of swift intelligence, a man radiating the indescribable, unmistakable quality known as charm, listened from his seat to speeches on the American situation. A member of the government was speaking, a forcible, grave man, not witty or quick, but of weight. An effort was visible in his words to treat the situation fairly. Wargrave realized it with swift gratitude. Yet, at the end, the stuff within him stiffened into iron; these were heart and soul Britishers. This earl was heart and soul ready, if need came, to conquer America! In his seat of a British baron the reborn American set his teeth hard. Another nobleman was on his feet now, and there was no effort at control in this man's words, only vindictiveness for an enemy. Vane, listening, felt his blood hot to his toes, saw the scene in a mist for a second, then laid hands on himself with strength. This was no time to lose one's temper.

Shortly after that access he found himself standing. He looked about the dignified array with an exhilaration at which, in a flash of introspection, he marvelled. It had never been difficult to Jerrold Vane to make speeches; always the act of get-

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ting on his feet had brought a rush of high spirits, of confidence in the friendliness of his audience. And his audiences had been friendly. He had talked to them as to sympathetic comrades; they had responded, understood. He had influenced these very dukes and marquises and earls to his opinion more than once. But here was another affair; the thought of what he was about to say to these stately personages and the thought of his unfitting cheerfulness in saying it suddenly jolted together in his brain, and before he had spoken a word he laughed. There had been contagion in Vane's ready laughter all his life; a smile sped like a sunbeam in winter across the rows of grave faces; the American Lord Wargrave was odd, of course, as Americans are, but a well-liked man.

"My lords," the American Lord Wargrave began, "I came to-day to this chamber to make a speech of a sort; I am about to make a speech of an entirely different sort. In consideration of my position as an ex-citizen of another country, I hope that you will grant me forgiveness if I speak for a moment of myself. All my life long I have reverenced Great Britain; I still reverence her."

There was a comfortable settling into seats all over the place at this point; it was going to be agreeable enough to hear this ex-American eulogize England and show up that insulting upstart, the United States. The carrying, pleasant voice, with its allure of differing intonation, went on.

"My lords, it is now five years since I came to this country of a lifelong admiration as one of its citizens. England has been good to me in these years. It has given me home, friends, work, and play, an experience which will hold my eternal gratitude. I believe that, like Queen Mary and Calais, if one might read the writing on my heart when I die one would find spelled there 'England.' This gratitude, that word, and the love of this country are engraved in my being. It is largely for that reason, then, that a prospect of England's going to war with any country appears to me proper to be avoided at every cost except honor. The prospect of this war impending with America seems peculiarly dreadful. The two great English-speaking nations have been at peace for a hundred years; they are linked by friendship, business, blood. There is no hatred between them; there is inspiring competition, willing honor to variant good qualities, the play of imitation, that sincere flattery, back and forth. The interests of Great Britain and America are closely bound. There is some jealousy, some impatience with the faults of unlike temperaments, but of bad blood, none. It would be a black crime against history if those in power sent out their bright lads to murder and mangle other bright lads, friendly lads all, with no wish to hurt each other. Every one here knows this view as well as I, yet it is possible that it looms higher in my scale of proportion than in another's. Allow me to review what has happened."

For five minutes the affair of the *Christopher Columbus* was stated in concise sentences, fairly, dispassionately, so that one listening might not have said if the narrator were English or American; yet to those listening it seemed at the end of the statement that the affair was less crucial than it had before appeared.

"I want no dishonor to England," went on Lord Wargrave, "but I want no war. This affair can and should be settled by diplomacy, not fighting. But when I have done, you, my lords, will say that I have trespassed beyond forgiveness in setting before you my views."

He stopped a moment and turned and gazed about the great room with a strange look, affectionate, sad, scrutinizing.

"For I have come," Lord Wargrave went on, "to a parting of the ways. This day, if I would keep my self-respect, I must give up much that I hold dear."

A slight movement all about, a puzzled, intensified gaze of the eyes fixed on the speaker punctuated this sentence. The speaker went on:

"I said just now that I had loved England; that its name will be found carved in my heart when I die; that I owe it undying gratitude. All that is true. In addition to all that, I have of late years held myself to be a loyal English subject. But—" There was a stir of surprise, of shock, at that "but." "But," the easy tones continued, "within the last days I have gone through deep waters and have come to clear vision. Up to Wednesday,

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

He was aware of a flood of feeling which choked him.—Page 27.

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when the news of the *Christopher Columbus* affair reached us, I held myself, as I just now said, a loyal British subject."

Throughout the Lords, at this, rippled a sensation. It was almost audible. The stir of stiffening bodies, of bristling heads of England's aristocracy was audible. But they listened intently. The small, dark man, Lord Wargrave, spoke on.

"I am not that. I am not a loyal British subject," were the astonishing words he spoke.

And now an angry murmur met him; yet every man wanted to hear, too much to interrupt. Tense interest cut the murmur short. The tones of the first man who had ever, from a seat in the Lords, dared to make such an announcement flowed on.

"I am at heart an American," Lord Wargrave stated. "I cannot help but be an American. At the first news that three citizens of the United States had been taken off the *Christopher Columbus*, at the first editorials in the papers attacking the United States, at the first rumors of a possible war between the two countries, that fact, totally unsuspected by me, began to assert itself within me. I was incredulous, horrified. I kept faith with my adopted country by a strain, against a force which I cannot translate into words. I have so kept faith until to-day, until this afternoon, until half an hour ago, until I was swept to the allegiance which I once disowned. It seems to me that then, within an hour, it happened as it happened long ago to Saul of Tarsus. A light shone from heaven, as real a light as shone for him, and now I, as he, may not be disobedient to the vision. I have no better account to give," he said with simplicity, "of my rebirth than that I heard a patriotic tune which I was taught to reverence by my mother, and I saw the American flag. I knew, so, that I was American. Come what may, I am American. I shall let go the pleasant life in England which I have loved to the full, the associations of this House which have been a pride to me, a number of things desirable I shall let go with infinite regret, with entire certainty, because when a man sees right and honor before him he must follow, through ice and flame he must follow, or lose the way."

The voice, less calm, shaken a bit, yet carrying and assured, stopped. There was deep silence in the House of Lords. An old marquis near Vane, bent and wrinkled, blinked up and sighed. One heard that heavy sigh through the great place. Vane stood. There was something yet to say, it appeared. He smiled now, the charming smile which had won him friends. His tone became colloquial.

"There is no news to tell England," he said, "about American unpreparedness. Every schoolboy in London knows, likely, that the army of the United States is about twice the size of the police force in New York City, an army negligible as armies go to-day. The ammunition for coast defense would last a full half-hour. The British Government is doubtless informed with exactness how much the American navy lacks of strength and equipment and whether it stands third or fourth among the navies of the world. Without question there is no secret about the stretches of our shore which lie open to an invader. Everybody is aware that New York is, as some one said lately, 'as unprotected as a soft-shell crab, and as succulent.'"

Vane's arm shot out for the first time in the restrained course of his speech.

"I know all about that, too," he flung at his stately audience. "I know it, and in it I see my job. I am going—home." He stopped and caught a hard breath as he brought out the word. "I'm going to throw every pound of every power I have, body, brain, and substance, into the work of arousing and preparing my country so that she may be ready to meet—not England—God forbid!—but any power on earth. So ready that no power will be found to think it worth while to try the lists. I have a vision of my country"—his eyes gazed over the audience of hypnotized listeners, eyes dark, shining, yet keen—"as of a beautiful young mother going out in a gauzy costume into a hailstorm, confident and gay and foolish." He straightened, flashed about a glance like a blow. "Her sons will arm her and clothe her. They are to see to it. Now. Not later. One is not to risk—America. That's my—job, as Americans say."

He looked once again, turning about to see further, around the silent ranks of men.

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"My lords, I bid you a grateful farewell," he said. "I am reluctant to go from you, but I have my orders. There will be no war with the United States," he flung out so decisively that it was like a jolt. "And I am going where I belong, to the Fourth-of-July reception for Americans at the American ambassador's."

With a smile as of a happy boy who has done his work and runs to play, he wheeled toward the doors. For half a minute he passed in absolute stillness; then an Irish peer sprang up.

"Man, dear," cried Lord Killara, "'tis a brave deed ye've done, and ye're right, and I honor ye. 'Tis loath to lose ye I am."

And with that they were crowding to him, speaking half sentences, laying strong arms about his shoulders, clutching his hands. Little like a reserved English gathering it seemed, but the difference in races is mostly the difference in the armor-plate. Pierce that, and in the best specimens of all races one uncovers forever certain fundamentals, among them the love for a gallant renunciation. Jerrold Vane, who had made a speech once stating that there was no American nation and that the colors of America were a joke, who had just now made a speech tossing away all worldly advantages which he cared for, with no stronger motive than those same colors, stood in the midst of these Englishmen—behaving so un-Englishly, touched to the heart.

"No credit to me," he threw at one. "I couldn't help it—it was bigger than me"; and "You are wonderful people, you English, you understand the cannon-sized feelings even when they fire from the other side"; and "By Jove, if you talk this way, you men, I'll be coming back to British allegiance again."

And then he had broken away and was plunging past Saint Margaret's, through London, up to the embassy. He walked fast, thinking hard, seeing nothing and no one, till at last around a corner he came in sight of a lordly house and over it a bright flag billowing. Vane stopped short; in his memory rose a picture of five years ago, of a little girl with burning eyes standing stern amid the gay furnishings of a porch back in America, reading her father a lecture. He smiled as he remembered Mr. Wheelock's rehashed patriotism delivered hot and straight by Anne. He remembered very well most of what she had said; he was aware suddenly that the words had been in his mind many a time since.

"'A coward and a renegade,' she called me. You got in your subliminal work, little Anne, didn't you?" he considered. "The shot took five years, but it has hit the bull's-eye." And with that there wandered across his mental vision, unaccountably, as it might be, a tall young man, John Grayson. And he sighed. "The mills of God grind slowly," said Jerrold Vane, staring at the embassy flag, "but, by Jove, they grind small. I had picked Lord Sonning for her; he's a nice boy, and mad about her; but it's better this way. She's Anne Carter's child, and Anne was all American. America first!"

Suddenly words of little Anne's on that long-ago day flashed to him. His hat swept off, and, bareheaded in the streets of conventional London, his eyes, black and vivid, flamed up at the moving spot on the English sky.

"I want to be a good citizen—I want to stand by my colors," said Jerrold Vane, and he stood with his head bent as if he said a prayer.

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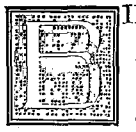
SAINT FRANCIS TO THE BIRDS

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES H. CULLEN



IRDS,—birds of the air,—
Glad wings of the mountain and valley
Flashing around me with scatter of petals and rally
Through ilex and olive in carnival choir!—
Draw near, little sisters, and hearken
My voice of desire!
See, where the valleys would darken;
Draw nearer, and list to my prayer
To the Love that hath given
Your pinions the realms nearest heaven,
Bladed your wing
To parry with rain and with hail,
Decked you for tempests in feathery mail,
And taught you to sing!
Though but the worm of His wounds, I implore
You and cross you and bless you, with hand and with mouth—
Signing North unto South,—
Signing West unto East,—
Let His praise be increased!
To the North then, ye wings of the snow,—
Albatross, gull, and all nurslings of waters at war!
To the South, ye with emerald plumage aglow
For the grace of His Orient temples, and bear
His comforting love to the moon-stricken rose!
Ye to the East, O larks, from your fountains
To gather His alms at morn's lattices pale!
Owls to your tombs and belfries! Nightingale,
Away unto your sobbing of an empire's woes!
But, eagle wings, ye to the West unroll!—
Vanguards celestial, chanting o'er the mountains!
Fowls of the deeps, be ye contemplative there
At sundown on His mirrors vast with prayer,
Praising His love that keeps us to His soul!
Warn ye the shepherds, swallows, at moonrise then
Swinging like living censers out from eave and rafter!
And circling doves. Nay, Brother Leo, hold not back
"*Amen*,"
Lest all my heart go winging madly after,
Forgetful of the little worm and mole!

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MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

JOHN McCULLOUGH, CHARLES P. FLOCKTON, AND MAUDE ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

JOHN McCULLOUGH

"A'BABBLED of green fields," whispered Mistress Quickly as Falstaff lay in the adjoining room slowly marching on his final journey. Surely this mountain of flesh saw himself again as a molehill and reverted, as all men will, to his earliest days.

It was, I believe, in this mood that, in the last year of his life, my father's thoughts returned to some modest lodgings which he had once occupied in company with two other actors in the small seaport of Yarmouth in England. Many years before, Mr. Douglas Stewart, as my father was then called, was a member of the company at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. The stage-manager and heavy man was one James Crucifix Smith, a small, broad man blessed with a tall, majestic wife. These two became dear friends of my father, and on certain high-days and holidays they would go to Yarmouth on fishing excursions; occasionally the company might play in Yarmouth and other adjacent towns. These lodgings of which I speak were on a terrace at right angles to the seashore. You stepped out of the front door onto the pebbly beach, on which was a line of fishing-boats drawn up and extending as far along the shore as the eye could reach —weather-beaten, picturesque craft with sails of every hue, and old salts and young salts hard by mending their herring nets, while a scent of seaweed and fish was heavy on the breeze.

In these modest rooms, in days long gone, James Crucifix Smith and my father, mothered and cooked for by Mrs. Smith, had passed some joyful days.

One morning, when he was ill and worn after his last season in America, my father said: "Pack up! We are going to Yarmouth to fish." James Crucifix Smith and Mrs. Smith met us at the station on our arrival. I had never seen Smith before. He was as broad as he was long; his countenance beamed as the morning sun and was surely as round. He had the largest coal-black mustache I had ever seen. He was dressed for fishing, in a costume which seafaring men don when they encounter typhoons and other devastating storms. The day was fair as an Arcadian song; the sea was like glass. But when Smith fished he meant business. My father, too, had brought an outfit such as men prepare for polar expeditions. I had been on many fishing excursions with him in America—the Rangeley Lakes, Lake Tahoe, the St. Lawrence River in Canada. A great variety of weapons was always procured—supplies such as arctic and African explorers might require, a literature of fish and fishers, and tackle for leviathan or a minnow. Mrs. Smith was a dear, motherly matron; to look at her was to rest secure about dinner.

The station being near the shore, we were soon in the lodgings. Very small they were, but my father was delighted. He was ill and worn out, but he became young again, rushing about the house and recalling the days when these three had lived and laughed and worked and scraped and economized on this very spot. Smith had a boat all ready, with a crew consisting of one boy. He also had a speaking-trumpet such as admirals use in storms at sea, and with this it was a simple matter to convey his orders to the crew who stood waiting for them not ten feet from the window.

"We must go fishing at once," said my father while dinner was cooking.

"Of course," said Smith. "I knew you would want to, so I am ready. The boat's

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ready, the tackle, everything is ready. Ahoy, there!" yelled he out of the window and through the speaking-trumpet. "All hands on deck!" and he gave several incredible instructions to the crew which that mariner proceeded to execute.

Soon we were at sea. We fished. I was unutterably seasick; no words can tell how wretched I was—wet through with spray, cold as ice. But Smith and my father were jubilant and returned to the small lodgings weary with laughter and shouting and heavy with Yarmouth bloaters, mackerel, and codfish.

There was much anecdote that night as we ate Mrs. Smith's leg of mutton in the very small sitting-room. Smith had always played the heavy villains and Mrs. Smith the stately queens. It had been her custom to consign Smith to awful dungeons, to have him hanged, drawn, and quartered, to sentence him to be shot ere dawn. Many times Smith's head had been brought to the block and the executioner's axe had put an end to deeds too horrible to mention here. Few men had lived so many wicked lives or died so many violent deaths as Smith. Yet there he sat, beaming like the setting sun, his large mustache moving like a wave of the sea as he munched his roast mutton.

From a photograph by Savony.

John McCullough.

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A happy week we spent at Yarmouth. But shortly my father began to feel restless. I did not know it then, but his last illness was upon him.

We went back to London, where it was arranged that I should join John McCullough and return with him to America, occupying the captain's cabin on the *Adriatic*, which McCullough and my father had expected to share on the return journey. With much seriousness, McCullough, my father, and I constructed a legal document on half a sheet of notepaper, my first contract for an engagement. I was to receive twenty dollars a week and find my own wardrobe. McCullough made out a list of articles used by noble Romans and others that I should impersonate. My father went with me to the costumer's and ordered the things. With a glittering array of armors, helmets, togas, hauberks, befeathered and bedizened and bewigged, I sailed away to begin acting in earnest. Alas! In one year my father died; in three years more McCullough also had passed away.

John McCullough was a very old friend of my father's, who confided me to his care for two reasons. In the first place, my father earnestly hoped that hard work would dishearten me with the theatre, a career for which he was convinced I was totally unfitted; and, secondly, should I determine to continue acting, he believed that a company playing a large repertoire of what are called legitimate plays was the best school for a beginner. John McCullough produced thirteen plays the year I was with him—"Othello," "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III," "Jack Cade," "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin," "Virginius," "The Gladiator," "Damon and Pythias," and "Ingomar." I was given about six parts in each of these plays and some understudies. Most of these parts were flying messengers—one or two lines—leaders of mobs, and such like. Later, I was given better parts—Roderigo in "Othello," Lucius in "Virginius," De Beringhen in "Richelieu," and so forth. At first, however, McCullough carefully observed my father's wishes; and, in order to impress upon me the hopelessness of my expectations as an actor, would, while I was playing a scene with him, comment cheerfully on my efforts, under his breath, thus: "You're a d——d fine actor, you are." He was quite good-natured about it, and, while at first it disconcerted me, I grew accustomed to it and, indeed, found such candid criticism useful.

We opened the season in Detroit. I had brought from England my large trunk full of beautiful new wardrobe, carefully selected to meet all possible emergencies. In those days each actor had to provide his own outfit down to the smallest detail. For these thirteen plays no scenery was carried. All productions were furnished, by the various theatres we played in, out of stock scenery. It was, therefore, much cheaper to play a large and varied repertoire than it is now, when the actor has to take with him six or seven car-loads of scenery and appointments and when he must provide all costumes for a company of sixty or seventy people.

The costumes of most of the members of the McCullough company had been worn for some seasons, so when I exhibited these beautiful new clothes of mine they excited much admiration in my dressing-room. Men from adjoining rooms were called in to view the nice new garments and the bright, shining armor. In about ten minutes most of my things adorned the members of the company, who had seldom appeared to such advantage. I had some misgivings, but a desire to be civil among new acquaintances induced me to let the matter go.

After the performance, however, McCullough called everybody on the stage and asked them to take off this, that, or the other—sandals, armor, helmets, togas, and so on. A small heap of my belongings adorned the centre of the stage. "Now," said he, "keep your things to yourself, and remember that in the beginning the tailor makes the man."

I did not play many important parts in that company, but I studied all the plays, heard them spoken each night by very capable people, and always look back on that year as the most valuable training I ever had. The company had worked together for some seasons, so much rehearsing was not necessary. Small accidents, however, would now and then mar a

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scene, as one night in the drama of "Damon and Pythias." When we had rehearsed the play during the day one of the smaller members was ill, so, as he only had two words to speak, a super was

From a photograph in the collection of Mr. Maurice Herrman.

Alexander Salvini.

Once on a time "Flock" lived in a flat in New York with young Alexander Salvini.—Page 46.

put on in his place. In the Senate scene one of the leading characters has to declare: "I do asseverate it is the vote," and three senators, who are seated at one side of the stage, cry: "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" Myself and another actor were two of these senators, and the super now became the third. We went through the words; we received the cue: "I do asseverate it is the vote." "And I!" said I. "And I!" cried the other. "And *Hi!*" said the super. "No! No!" said Mr. McCullough. "Not *Hi*. I! I! Don't pronounce the 'h' like that again!" So again we did it, the poor super very conscious and perturbed. "I do asseverate it is the vote." "And I!" "And

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I!" "And *Hi!*" "Look here, my good man," said McCullough, "you must not pronounce it '*Hi.*'" "I know, sir," said the super, "I know I have that difficulty; I'm an Englishman. But I'm sure I can conquer it. I'll practise it all day and I'll be all right at night." (Fatal faith! how often have we seen it the prologue of disaster!) Well, the night arrived. We had all forgotten the episode of the morning in our various preparations. "I do asseverate it is the vote." "And I!" cried I. "And I!" said the man next to me. "And *me!*" said the super. May he rest in peace wherever he may be. To me he is immortal.

In the play of "The Gladiator," Spartacus overcomes his opponent in the arena, and looking up at the spectators, who are on an elevated gallery to the left of the stage, he raises his sword and waits for the signal of "thumbs down" to deliver the *coup de grâce*. We, in the gallery, would make this gesture, the blow would be given, and a fine picture achieved. The men and women in the gallery were composed of about twelve supers and about as many of the minor members of the company. Since only the upper part of the body was visible, the lower part being hidden by the stone parapet of the gallery, we wore our trousers or our skirts, as the case may be, under our togas. One night McCullough fought the great fight, beat his foe to the ground, raised his sword for the signal to slay him. With great gusto we all made the movement. The platform gave way! What had been thumbs down was now feet up. We were, some twenty-four of us, with trousered legs and stockinged legs, male and female, sticking up in the air, uninjured, luckily, but humiliated and sheepish as, fallen from our high estate of Roman nobles, we picked ourselves up and trundled off the stage.

When we reached Washington McCullough one night called me to his dressing-room after the play. In the room was General Sherman, whom I had met before with my father. I greeted him and was rather surprised when he placed his arm about my shoulders affectionately. McCullough said: "Eddy, I have some bad news for you which I have been holding until after the play," and he handed me a cable despatch which told of my father's death. The impression made by such news is peculiar. I was greatly astonished at its effect on me. I would have expected, had I ever contemplated the receipt of this announcement, that I should be conscious at once of deep emotion, but such was not the case. I said good night to General Sherman and McCullough and went home to my hotel, next to the National Theatre. I had my supper and went to my room, and still I could feel no overpowering emotion. I suppose I did not recognize what had happened to me. I was greatly disturbed at this seeming heartlessness on my part, for I was conscious that I loved my father deeply and that life without him was going to be very empty. I knelt down with an overwhelming sense that something was wrong with me and that this lack of feeling was unnatural and blameworthy, and I prayed for some light and some understanding, but I received none. I slept well and went about my work the next day. People were sad and sympathetic when they met me, but I was still quite unable to grasp what had happened. That night we played "Richard III." In the second act the Prince of Wales, the character I was playing, is discovered on a throne in the centre of the stage surrounded by his court, Richard III, Lady Anne, and quite a number of people. Richard has murdered the Prince's father in the tower. The Prince has come to London to be crowned king. The Lord Mayor comes to welcome him to the city. Shortly the Prince's brother, the Duke of York, enters and says: "Well, dread my lord, so I must call you now." The Prince replies:

> "Ay, brother, to our grief as it is to yours.
> Too late he died that might have kept that title
> Which by his death hath lost much majesty."

As I began the speech I felt the words stick in my throat, and at the word "death" I went all to pieces. I was overcome by the most uncontrollable grief and sobbed aloud. Queen Anne (Miss Kate Forsyth), who was on the stage, and King Richard III (McCullough) came to me; and the others—courtiers, ladies in waiting, men-at-arms, pages—looked scared and distracted. The audience made no sound;

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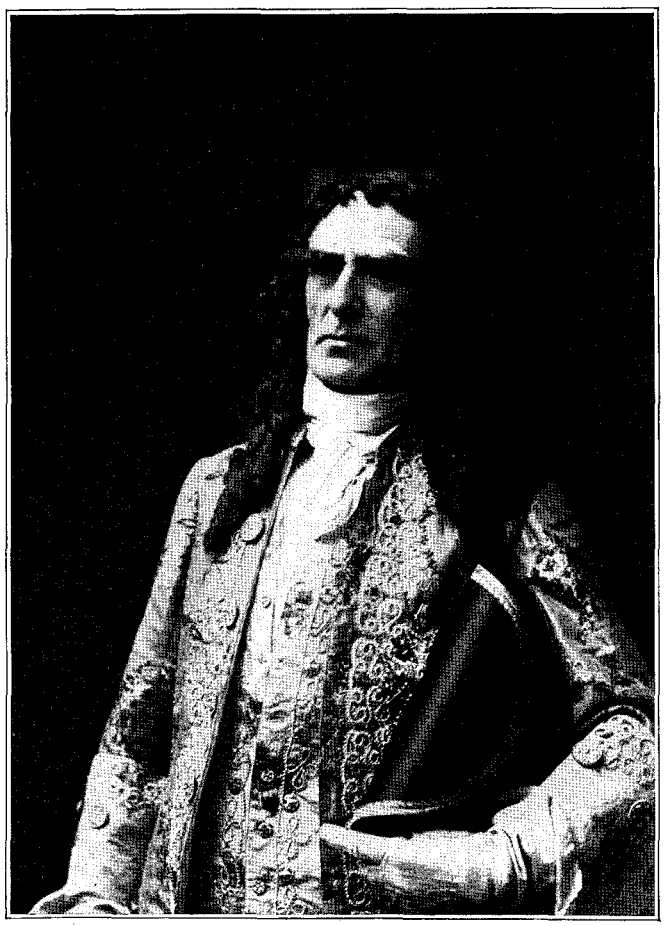
my father's death had been announced in the papers, and they understood. Soon I controlled myself and went on with my part, and with some three or four other parts I had in later scenes of the play.

I went back to England at the end of that season. In 1883 I returned and joined McCullough's company in the middle of the season. He called me to his room one day in Detroit and asked me to write some letters for him. He was thin and looked worried and ill. "There's something the matter with my head," said he; "I can't remember things." The shadow was upon him. The climax came very shortly in Chicago. It had been decided, on account of his condition, to close the season and disband the company. He had been told of this, but he called a rehearsal. All the members responded. He began to rehearse, to go through one part and then another. He would stop, think a moment, and begin a speech in a different play. It was pitiful. The company, familiar with all his plays, took up the lines wherever he led them. He went through a scene in "The Gladiator"; then he went to the last scene in "Virginius," where Virginius raves after he has killed his daughter. Then to Othello's farewell speech, one he had often told me that his great master, Edwin Forrest, had only read to his own satisfaction once in his life:



From a photograph by Sarony.

"Flock."

Charles P. Flockton in costume in "Change Alley."

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"O, now, forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone."

It was pitiful in the extreme to hear McCullough read this at any time, and trebly so now. He wandered through others of his various characters, the people about him weeping and seeking to hide their grief. At length he drifted into the part of Cardinal Richelieu. He played the scene in the garden where Baradas, the creature of the King, comes to take Richelieu's ward away from him. He had spoken the tender speech of protection to Julie, and now Richelieu says to Joseph, who holds him up on one side while his ward assists him on the other: "Well, well, we will go home!" Here he walks feebly up the stage. Baradas, seeing how broken he is, says, aside, to De Beringhen: "His mind and life are breaking fast." Richelieu overhears him, turns with his old fury, and cries: "Irreverent Ribald! If so, beware the falling ruin! I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs, when this snow melteth there shall come a flood. Avaunt! My name is Richelieu! I defy thee! Walk blindfold on—behind thee stalks the headsman—aha! How pale he glares—God save my country!" And he falls fainting as the act ends. Poor McCullough went up the stage at "Well, well, we will go home." Baradas said his line, the tears streaming down his face: "His mind and life are breaking fast." McCullough threw Joseph and Julie off as he turned on Baradas and began, "Irreverent Ribald! If so, beware the falling ruin," and stopped dazed. He looked at the weeping Baradas, at Julie sobbing, at the rest of the company standing about overcome with grief and terror, and collapsed utterly. He never played again.

John McCullough was one of the dearest and most beloved actors of his or any other time. In some parts he was magnificent—Virginius, Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" and Brutus in "The Fall of Tarquin"—and in Othello he was superb.

It has been my fortune to encounter two rather startling coincidences in connection with the death of Mr. Booth and John McCullough. The night that Edwin Booth died I was taking supper in the dining-room of The Players club with three friends. There were no other men in the club. It was about two o'clock in the morning. We, of course, knew that Mr. Booth was ill, but his death was not expected immediately. While we were talking over our meal, suddenly every light in the club went out. My companions began to call for the waiter and to protest loudly. From the darkness right at our elbows a voice, that of Mr. McGonegal, the manager of the club, said: "Hush! Mr. Booth is dead."

The day Mr. McCullough died I happened to be studying the play of "Cymbeline." I was reading the song in Act IV:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers come to dust,"

when a friend of mine opened the door of my room in the Sturtevant House and said: "McCullough's dead."

"FLOCK"

When Charles P. Flockton died, a fine actor and a good man went on his last journey. "Flock," as he was familiarly called, played in my company for twenty years. Always conscientious, indefatigable, kind, gentle, serene; a dear friend, a good comrade. His personality was extremely striking—a quite remarkable face, aquiline, gaunt, strongly marked, saturnine, Quixotic; a very mysterious man, not of many friends, secretive, proud, a flashing eye, independent, intolerant of wrong, obstinate in right, even to his own undoing; a great humorist, a very anchorite; abstemious in all ways, never touching strong drink and able to live on bread and milk; a perfect gypsy, preferring a camp bedstead or a rug on the floor; always cheerful, always kind.

"You imitate Henry Irving," said a critic one day.

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"Nonsense!" said "Flock"; "Irving imitates me!"

"Flock," although ever tidy and neat and picturesque, was almost shabby at all times. He industriously mended his own garments, sewed on his own buttons, and repaired the frayed ends of his trousers legs with extreme care. "He is penurious," said some; "a miser," said others; "mad!" would murmur a third. Squandering one's means was ever a proof of one's sanity.

Many pensioners, however, had "Flock." Strange, sad, poor people waited for him at stage doors; old women and old men with tattered garments and wan faces; young people, too, evidently out of a job, would meet "Flock" and walk off with him, no one knew whither, no one asked or was told why. In a workaday world these things attract slight attention; we have something to do, somewhere to go; it is not our affair.

For many years "Flock" held a fine

From a photograph by Sarony.

Charles P. Flockton in "An Enemy of the King."

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position in London. When he came to America he went out as a "star" in "The Flying Dutchman." The venture was not successful, but "Flock" looked the mysterious mariner to the life.

"Flock" was a great horseman. At one time he kept a riding-school in London which he conducted while he was acting. A certain actors' society in New York took measures to boycott English actors in this country. It was suggested that American actors should resign from companies wherein English actors would be employed. "Flock," who was a member of this organization, made a vehement address on the subject and was either expelled or resigned. A positive fellow was "Flock." Once on a time "Flock" lived in a flat in New York with young Alexander Salvini. The flat was at the top of a building. In the street opposite were a number of small shops—a butcher, a baker, a candlestick-maker, and so on. I was invited to dine there. I climbed up the stairs, and while waiting for some one to answer the bell I had time to observe this curious list on the outside of the door:

Chops—one boot.
Steak—two boots.
Potatoes—waistcoat.
Cabbage—coat.
Spinach—one pair of trousers.
Coal—white shirt.
Wood—blue shirt.
Flour—socks.

Before I could read more "Flock" himself opened the door.

"What do you have your wash list on the outside of the door for?" said I.

"That isn't a wash list!" cried "Flock"; "that's the signal service. You shall see. You are before the dinner-time. I'm only just in, and I cook the dinner myself. Come!" "Flock" went to the window, blew a shrill whistle, once! twice! thrice! "Look out at the other window!" cried "Flock." "You see those fellows come out of the shops? Now, keep your eye open!" He took two old boots and put them on the window-sill. A man at the butcher shop opposite who was looking our way put a whistle to his lips and blew a blast. "Good!" said "Flock."

"Again!" He took a red waistcoat and waved it in the wind three times. "Potatoes for three," said he. The man at the grocer's shop replied with a whistle.

"Shall it be cabbage or spinach?" said "Flock."

"Cabbage!" said I.

"Right you are!" A coat was thrown in the air. Came the response instanter from below. Some socks, a pair of trousers, and innumerable garments carried the message to the waiting tradesfolk. Shortly a boy arrived with a basketful of food.

"You see, old man," said "Flock," "it saves a lot of trouble. I don't have to go down; they don't have to come up; one boy can do all the work. My own idea. Good, isn't it?"

Good it was, surely, and might be more universally adopted to the vast saving of labor and the general picturesqueness of life.

The dinner was excellent. Beefsteak and kidney pie, bread of "Flock's" own baking, English tea imported especially by "Flock" for "Flock," a Manchester pudding—"The only place in America where you can get one, my boy"—a great dinner! "Flock," cook, waiter, bottle-washer, here, there, and everywhere, Salvini, a dear fellow, happy as a child. In England most actors live in lodgings, and when they come to America they like to find lodgings to live in. They are fond of certain particular and long-established dishes, such as beefsteak and kidney pie and Manchester pudding. A friend of "Flock's" named Paxton, the scion of a distinguished family in England, being down on his luck went as a waiter in a third-class restaurant in New York. A more fortunate acquaintance entered the restaurant one day and picked up the bill of fare. He turned to the waiter to order his meal. It was Paxton.

"Great Heavens, Paxton!" said the customer, "you don't mean to tell me you are a waiter in a place like this?"

"Yes," said Paxton, "but I don't get my meals here."

"Flock" played many parts with me. I never saw him disturbed or at a loss on the stage but once. We had produced a play by Paul Potter called "The Victoria Cross." "Flock" was my father in the play. I and my sweetheart and a number of others in a certain garrison of a fort in

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India are surrounded by hostile natives. There is no hope for us; we are all doomed; our defenses are being undermined; we can hear the enemy knocking—knock! knock! knock!—as they dig tunnels under the very building we are in. We get ready for the explosion of the mine which is to blow us all to atoms. We hear the picks in the very wall; we take fond farewells and level our guns, to sell our lives dearly. The explosion takes place, the wall falls in, and out of the aperture, amid falling brick and stone and dust, appears my father, "Flock." "Fine, my boy! Splendid!" said "Flock" with enthusiasm. "Good! Explosion! Centre of stage! Expect enemy! Old father! Embrace! Splendid!" The scene was built with much detail. We rehearsed with our usual care; but even the best regulated families encounter disaster. On the first night we had trouble, indeed. The many pieces of stone were put in position for the twentieth time; the real bricks and the real dust were there in their accustomed places. "Flock" was enthusiastic as he pictured himself as the old general in his khaki, sword in hand,

From a photograph by Sarony.

Charles P. Flockton in "Sheridan."

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coming through the smoke and ruin, and standing right in the centre of the stage and in the midst of his family crying: "You are saved!" The cue came; the explosion went "bang!" the property man pulled his strings; the wall gave way; "Flock" dashed through flame, fire, smoke, and dust, when some perverse bricks, having delayed their descent, now fell from the height of five or six feet right onto the top of his dear old head. "Flock," staggered from the blow, got entirely out of his part, looked at me, and said: "Hang it, old man, this is all wrong, you know! Smashed my blooming head, old man! Oh, no, this won't do!" and much to the same effect. His anxious family surrounded him and led him back to the plot of the play, but it was an awful moment.

From a photograph by Sarony.

Belle Archer, Maude Adams, and E. H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley."

There came a time when "Flock" began to look very untidy and careless in his attire; also he was late for rehearsal occasionally, an unheard-of thing for "Flock"; also he went wrong in his lines now and then, an equally unheard-of thing. He was quite a different man as the days went by. "Are you ill?" I asked him.

"No, old man; never ill."

"Are you worried?"

"No, old man; never worry about anything."

Days, some weeks passed by; more and more marked became "Flock's" distraction. Some embarrassing moments occurred in our play, Miss Marguerite Merington's comedy of "Lettarblair," wherein "Flock" had himself arranged a sweet scene where he, as old Dean Ambrose, makes love to an old flame of his through the medium of that song, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms which I gaze on so fondly today," sung in his trembling, aged voice with great feeling, to the accompaniment of the zither, which he played exquisitely. This scene was touching and beautiful.

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"Flock" went all wrong with the zither; he could not go on; lost his head. For a moment the ship floundered, but he regained the helm and continued. This was quite distressing; no one could throw light on the matter. At length I reached the conclusion that "Flock" had fallen from grace; that one of those strange and unaccountable revolutions of character and habit we sometimes encounter had overturned "Flock's" admirable serenity. I could get no word of explanation from him, but was given to understand that my inquiries were impertinent and that "Flock's" business was his own. However, I felt that my business was also mine, and that certain breaches of discipline must be called attention to; so I spoke harshly to "Flock" one night, and said in effect that he must be more careful and that I would have no more of it.

The next night a note came to say that "Flock" was ill and could not play. An understudy went on. "Flock" was down and out. He could keep up his brave fight no longer.

"I give up, old man," said he when I went to see him; "I give up. I didn't want you to know."

There, on a bed across the room, was all that was left of an old friend of both "Flock's" and mine. "Flock" had nursed him night and day for weeks and weeks. The man had given way to a weakness, common enough, which quite incapacitated him from such precise work as play-acting. To be known as a victim of that weakness was to be ever out of work so far as the theatre was concerned. "Flock" did not want me, he did not want the world, to know that this unfortunate had crawled into his house one night, a helpless, hopeless wreck; nor that he, "Flock," had, without help, tried to nurse the wretched man back to sanity and health, reputation, cleanliness and happiness. "Flock" had given of his all —money, time, health. He had sat up, holding the unhappy man on his bed, and gone exhausted to his work the next day; he had gone without food and without sleep, and had suffered suspicion and abuse, and had had to give it up at last. Good old "Flock"!

This was not the only time he played the good Samaritan. The things he so strenuously denied himself he conferred with lavish hand on those about him less fortunate than he. Strange, mysterious meetings he had with poor vagrants, which always ended with "Flock's" hand going into "Flock's" pocket and then seeking the hand of the oppressed one.

At Prince Edward Island, on the sea, "Flock" had bought a lot of land and a modest house. Here he had intended to spend his last days, but it was not to be.

"Spread my ashes to the four winds," said "Flock" when his time came, and so it was. Some friends took a journey to Prince Edward Island, and the mortal remains of old "Flock" were wafted to the breezes.

"Oh, such a little while, alas! have we
To gentle be and kind!
Ere we shall blend into the vagrant wind,
Shall mingle with the never-sleeping sea,
Then, ever seeking, shall we ever find
I, you? You, me?"

"MRS. MIDGET"

It is generally difficult to determine the origin of nicknames. As a rule, however, they are founded on some evident characteristic of the individual thus labelled and defined; so that when "Mrs. Midget" was called "Mrs. Midget" it seemed a most proper cognomen. "Mrs. Midget" was small and elflike; bashful, elusive, and, in a sweet way, mysterious; eager and earnest about her work, ready, indefatigable, and observant. Her forehead was high, her nose, tip-tilted like a flower, was slightly on one side, and she laughed with lips close together like a rosebud. She had a great sense of humor and her eyes were full of wonder.

In the same manner, when "Mr. Oldest" was dubbed "Mr. Oldest" that seemed an entirely appropriate name for him. He was only about twenty-four, but there was a general impression that he was at least a hundred and two. Anyhow, he seemed appallingly ancient to "Mrs. Midget," who herself was just sixteen.

It was the habit of "Mr. Oldest" to work very hard at everything and at nothing. In fact, a candid and unpleasant friend had said to him one day: "You think you work, but you don't, you fidget." Indeed, this was frequently the

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case, for much of the effort of "Mr. Oldest" failed to get him anywhere. Still, his restlessness was of the kind exhibited by persons eager to start in a race, and who lift up first one foot and then the other, who hop about and swing their arms and cry "ha! ha!" as the war-horse of the Scriptures (is reported to have done) when he scented the battle from afar, and who clap their hands as the little hills are admitted to have clapped theirs, on the same excellent authority. The little hills behaved thus because they were glad, and "Mr. Oldest" was glad—not about anything in particular, but just because he wanted to work and because there seemed to be plenty of work to do.

"Mr. Oldest" was, in fact, so anxious to be up and doing that no doubt his features at twenty-four took, on occasion, the aspect of Methuselah; so that when, one fine day, he was addressed as "Mr. Oldest" he became "Mr. Oldest" from thenceforth.

It was in the summer of 1885 that "Mr. Oldest" started in to fidget abnormally concerning a certain play. "Mrs. Midget" was cast for a part in it. That is now thirty years ago, but "Mr. Oldest" can remember quite well the slim, childish figure in a summer frock who came to rehearsal. She had very little to say, but watched with large eyes everything that transpired. At that time "Mrs. Midget" had a way of speaking with her mouth pursed up and her lips not opening very far. She laughed after the same fashion, and "Mr. Oldest," who took upon himself to rehearse this play and to tell everybody how to do everything, tried to get "Mrs. Midget" to talk with more open lips and to laugh with wider gladness. This matter of laughing was a particular fad of "Mr. Oldest." His own laugh was mirthless to a degree. It was not properly a laugh at all, but a succession of short, sharp explosions; or, when he was uncontrollably merry, a wail as of some lost soul or of some animal in pain. In ordinary social intercourse this did not matter, but when it came to impersonating characters which should indicate merriment, joy, or humorous appreciation, here was a serious defect. Therefore, "Mr. Oldest" had determined to conquer it. He would have what he called "laughing parties." That is to say, he would gather together four or five victims—the low comedian of his company, the old woman, the soubrette, and any other who had a blithe spirit, a comic face, or even a miserable countenance which might excite laughter. He would seat them on chairs very close together in a circle. He would say: "Now, then, we will laugh."

"At what?" some one would ask.

"At nothing," would say "Mr. Oldest." "One, two, three, laugh!" and they would laugh, at first without any mirth at all, then the absurdity of it would beget mirth. The distorted face of the comedian laughing against his will, the distress of the miserable man who objected to laughter, the old lady conscious of dignity outraged—shortly the whole lot would feel the contagion of laughter and would become hysterical. Meanwhile, "Mr. Oldest" would direct operations, his voice rising above the din.

"We will make various sounds," he would say. "We will laugh: Ho, ho! Ha, ha! Hi, hi! He, he! Hu, hu! Again! Keep it up!"

The martyrs would obey, and thus "Mr. Oldest" cultivated his own laughter at the expense of the peace of mind, and perchance the sanity, of his friends.

When it became evident that "Mrs. Midget's" laugh was open to improvement, "Mr. Oldest" took her aside and explained his system. Soon she was made one of the party, and, seated with the others on the stage after a rehearsal, she was made to laugh. To this day she will tell you that the laughter with which she now fascinates you was due to this treatment.

"Mr. Oldest's" laugh yet troubles him. He has to keep his eye on it constantly. It is spoken of still as a stage laugh and is accounted painful to the listener. But "Mr. Oldest" perseveres and hopes to laugh loud and long before he dies.

For two years "Mrs. Midget" played parts with "Mr. Oldest," and then the charm and industry for which she had become noticeable attracted the attention of wise men, and she began to climb, step by step, the ladder of fame.

She was in the habit of declaring that

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the fidgeting of "Mr. Oldest" had induced her to fidget, too. She became renowned as a great worker, quite indefatigable, with a consuming ambition to do great things in the theatre.

"Mr. Oldest," between moments of fidgeting, had confided to her that one day he meant to play Hamlet. He had mentioned this weakness of his to others, who laughed, but "Mrs. Midget" did not laugh; she did not say anything, but she did not laugh, and "Mr. Oldest" was not in the least surprised to learn later on that "Mrs. Midget" was at that very moment at work on her prompt-book of "Romeo and Juliet."

"Mr. Oldest's" fidgeting led him a pretty dance. He played all sorts of parts in all sorts of plays, while "Mrs. Midget" steadily climbed up and up year by year. On the 6th of December of every year "Mr. Oldest" would always receive a telegram which read:

"DEAR MR. OLDEST: Many happy returns of the day.

"MRS. MIDGET."

This was not a voluminous correspondence, but it was a link which held two fidgeters together in an interesting and pretty way for a number of seasons.

One day, when "Mrs. Midget" had become a "star" actress and "Mr. Oldest" was rehearsing a new play, he received a note asking if she could attend his rehearsal. Now, this was a thing that "Mr. Oldest" would never allow anybody to do. He hated to have people sit in front and watch him in the process of self-discovery. He preferred to fidget without the gaze of prying eyes. Still, he felt sure of "Mrs. Midget's" sympathy and understanding, so he wrote her an affectionate note and begged her to come. She was to sit up in the gallery, and no one was to be aware of her presence. She was to have pencil and paper and make notes. It was a dress rehearsal, and "Mr. Oldest" was to play the heroic rôle of a Huguenot outlaw. There was much sword-play and much love-making, and there was moonlight, a sun-dial, and a troubadour; there was a king whom one had to defy, a castle to be taken by strategy, a terrible duel, and, generally speaking, "Mr. Oldest" was to be a very fine fellow, indeed. In his secret heart he rather fancied himself in this character, and he was rather inclined to think that he would make something of an impression on "Mrs. Midget." She came into the theatre by the front way, so that the rest of the company should not know that they were being observed; since "Mr. Oldest" firmly believed that actors should not be reprimanded or corrected before people not concerned with the matter in hand, it makes them feel foolish and humiliated and distracts their attention to the detriment of their work.

"Mr. Oldest," having attired himself in all his finery, visited "Mrs. Midget" in front of the house, placed her comfortably in a seat in the balcony, quite out of sight, saw that she had pencil and paper, and departed to take his place in the rehearsal. In those days agility was "Mr. Oldest's" strong point. It was declared, indeed, that he acted more with his feet than with his head; also those who wrote plays for him were careful to provide him with plenty of love-making under picturesque circumstances. Firelight, moonlight, sun-dials, turnstiles were enlisted to assist the melting mood. On this occasion "Mr. Oldest" threw himself into his part with enthusiasm; his duels were terrific, his comedy was side-splitting, his love-making adorable—at least, so he thought when he had a moment to consider; for he was terribly busy directing everybody and attending to everything, and quarrelling with the man who worked the moon, and the man who led the orchestra, and the man who rang the curtain up and down.

At last the rehearsal was over and "Mr. Oldest" sought "Mrs. Midget" so that he might receive her commendation and approval. She was nowhere to be seen. Those in front of the theatre said she had gone home as soon as the final curtain fell.

"Ha!" thought "Mr. Oldest," "she is overcome. The beauty of the thing was too much for her. That love scene about the sun-dial, while the troubadour sang in the distance of 'fond love and false love'! And then the sword-play! That would upset any woman; perhaps it was too real, too terrible. One should have some

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consideration for the females in the audience."

"Mr. Oldest" discussed the rehearsal with his friends in the company. They thought he was very fine, indeed, and he thought they were almost as good as he was.

The next morning "Mr. Oldest" received a letter, covering about sixteen pages, from "Mrs. Midget." He began it with a smile of confidence and ended it with an inclination toward suicide. "Mrs. Midget" wouldn't have the play at all. The love scenes were nonsense; the comedy was horse-play; the fighting was lacking in spirit and danger. "Mr. Oldest's" make-up was all wrong; his costumes made him look too short. The music was too frequent and out of place. The lights were badly managed. The plot was obscure. One could not hear what was said at vital parts of the play. "Mrs. Midget" was very sorry, but failure stared "Mr. Oldest" in the face.

There was no time to lose. In two days the play was to be produced. There was to be one final dress rehearsal. "Mr. Oldest" recognized that every word written by "Mrs. Midget" was true. Her criticisms were astute, the faults found were evident as soon as she pointed them out. As is so frequently the case, "Mr. Oldest" had fallen in love with his errors. These things he would have become painfully aware of the morning after the production; thanks to "Mrs. Midget," he knew them now. It was extremely unpleasant but it was extremely fortunate. "Mr. Oldest" rehearsed like mad. He explained to his stupefied comrades that everything which he had thought was all right was all wrong. Love scenes, combats, lights, music, make-up, costumes were rewritten, reorganized, reformed, altered, modified, perfected. The play was a great success. The author and "Mr. Oldest" alone knew whose medicine had cured them. Everybody else believes to this day that they did it all themselves.

The fact is that "Mrs. Midget's" art is not accidental nor by any means a thing of chance. She worked very hard to find out why things are, and she was able to apply method to her analysis. She is a living instance of the truth that faith can move mountains and that work can accomplish what seems to be impossible. She is a small, fragile woman and she has done the labor of a strong man.

Says the intelligent reader: "This is all very pretty, but it is clear that you yourself are 'Mr. Oldest.' We know you quite well with your sword-play and your sundial. You have revealed yourself during this tale in a hundred ways. But who is 'Mrs. Midget'? That is what interests us. Who is this quaint, mysterious, elfin creature who hid up in the gallery and is so strangely wise? It is very evident that you have a soft spot in your heart for her."

"Hush!—bend over—lend me your ear. Is any one listening? Here in the twilight I will whisper: 'Mrs. Midget' is——"

"Yes! Yes! Go on!"

"You promise not to tell?"

"Yes, I say!"

"Whom do you think?"

"I can't imagine. Tell me quick!"

"You'll keep it dark?"

"Oh, yes. Who is she?"

"'Mrs. Midget' is Maude Adams."

One day "Mrs. Midget," now become a great star, very sweetly confided to Miss Katherine Wilson, a mutual comrade and old friend, that she would like to meet "Mr. Oldest," after many years, and exchange reminiscences over the festive board. "Mr. Oldest" jumped at the suggestion and invited Miss Wilson and "Mrs. Midget" to dine with him at his abode. He ordered a delicious dinner and made great preparations; but, being a stupid creature, capable of entertaining only one idea in his head at a time, and being absorbed, as usual, with his propensity for fidgeting, he meanwhile accepted another invitation for the very evening on which he had asked "Mrs. Midget" to dinner. Herr Conried had sent word to "Mr. Oldest" that he had a fine play for him which he wished to talk about, and desired that "Mr. Oldest" would take dinner at his house on this identical evening so that Herr Conried could read the play and tell "Mr. Oldest" about its production in Germany. On the spur of the moment, and in the midst of his work, "Mr. Oldest" accepted the suggestion and promptly forgot about it. So that on

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the night when his party for "Mrs. Midget" was prepared and he, dressed in his best clothes, awaited her arrival, having ordered the most beautiful flowers for his table and lovely bouquets for "Mrs. Midget" and his old friend Miss Wilson, while he stood admiring the perfection of his preparations, fixing this and changing that, he was suddenly seized with the awful thought that this was the date of Herr Conried's dinner. What was to be done? He was due at Herr Conried's house in twenty minutes! "Mrs. Midget" was at that instant on her way to his door. Despair lent "Mr. Oldest" some semblance of wit, and he seized the telephone and called up Mr. Conried, told him frankly that he had mixed his dates, and asked Mr. Conried to come and dine with *him*. Mr. Conried declared he could not do that, since he had invited some friends to meet "Mr. Oldest," but said that he and Mrs. Conried would be delighted if "Mr. Oldest" would bring his two friends to dine at *his* house. "Mr. Oldest" accepted gladly and hung up the receiver, only to recall that he had not confided to Mr. Conried who his two friends were. At that moment the bell rang. "Mr. Oldest" opened the door himself, and there stood "Mrs. Midget" and Miss Wilson.

"Stay!" cried "Mr. Oldest" to the driver of the carriage which had brought them. "Stay—one moment! Quick!" said he to the astonished "Mrs. Midget" and the confounded Miss Wilson. "I am going to take you out to dinner! The most wonderful plan! You will be delighted!"

"Where to?" said "Mrs. Midget" and Miss Wilson with one voice.

"No matter," said "Mr. Oldest." "Leave it to me!"

They were off by now, and there was much excitement and curiosity as to their destination. Soon they arrived at Herr Conried's door. "Mr. Oldest" hurried them up the stoop to the house and rang the bell.

"Whose house is this?" said "Mrs. Midget."

"Herr Conried's," said "Mr. Oldest." "We dine with him."

"No! No!" cried "Mrs. Midget." "I can't do it! We don't speak! We have quarrelled! We——"

But she was, by now, inside the door, and, despite her protestations, was greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Conried. Soon she was in the midst of a joyful occasion. The dinner-party was delightful. Herr Conried was gay, wise, kind, and made much fun of "Mr. Oldest's" dilemma. "Mrs. Midget," in a dream, saw her quarrel, whatever it was, fade away into thin air, in a whirlwind of laughter and gayety. "Mr. Oldest" never discovered what the trouble between her and Herr Conried had been; but one thing was certain, he had been the means of their making friends again; so that what had promised to be a disastrous occasion turned out to be a night of rejoicing.

Mr. Conried thanked "Mr. Oldest," "Mrs. Midget" thanked "Mr. Oldest," Miss Wilson thanked "Mr. Oldest," and "Mr. Oldest" went to his rest persuaded that he was a very clever fellow, indeed.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

By Eliza Morgan Swift

To think that you and I have wandered through
The by-paths and the highways of the world
For years without a sign. Can it be true
That we have watched the storm-clouds hurled
Across the same great mountains? Or in the incensed air
Of some deep dim cathedral, side by side,
Have listened to the beauty of the prayer?
Surely my hand had touched your hand,
My heart had found you there.

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MINSHEW MAKES GOOD

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

IN the train-despatcher's office, where he had the car-record desk, Minshew figured as a very ordinary young man with a clot on his brain. "Nerve," "sand," and a fair degree of instantaneousness were Chief Despatcher Congdon's standards; and Minshew, called now and then to the train wires in moments when a relief man was needed, usually proved that he had none of the three.

"Never make a railroad man if he sticks at it a thousand years!" was Congdon's verdict, passed upon the car-record clerk, and vocalized one day for the benefit of MacFarland, the train-master; and, inasmuch as the saying fell into a momentary lull in the wire chatter, Minshew overheard it and the little frown of concentration deepened between his rather near-sighted eyes. He had been hearing similar estimates of himself all his life, but there are some things that one never really gets used to.

"You'd oughta be getting yourself something to live up to, Mister Minshew; that's what you need," was the way Kate Gallagher—"Kittie of the Coffee-Cups" we used to call her, because she presided at the station lunch-counter—handed it out to him; and the bit of good-natured raillery embarrassed Minshew to the roots of his hair, partly because Kittie was such a raving beauty and partly because he was naturally shy with women.

"I guess I wouldn't know how to go at it," he demurred; and, after due time for reflection: "If I did, I don't know what it would be."

Kittie's laugh was a gibe, and her black eyes dared him. "It'd be a girl, mostly," she flung back; "some fluffy little blue-eyed thing that'd be thinking the sun rose and set in you. Then you'd be making a grand-stand play to show her what she'd be missing, and after that you'd have to live up to it, don't you see?"

"I—I don't think I care very much for fluffy blue eyes," said Minshew soberly.

Kittie was giving him his cross-section of jelly-roll and the second cup of coffee, and she finished the service before she said: "You'll be taking her to the picnic next Saturday, I suppose?" quite as if Minshew had admitted the existence of the blue-eyed person with the confused astronomical impressions.

"I might, if there were any such person—and if she'd go with me," he ventured.

"There's Lettie Brannan," she suggested impersonally.

Carberry, the superintendent's second man, was sitting two stools away from Minshew, and he testified to what followed. Otherwise it would have been unbelievable. According to Carberry's account, Minshew choked over his jelly-roll, blushed a dark magenta, and stammered: "I'd like to take you—that is, if you—if you'd go with me."

Miss Gallagher's reply—again according to Carberry—was altogether cryptic. "Hear the man talk!" she said, and with that the matter seemed to rest. None the less, on the Saturday morning it was John Minshew and no other who marched Miss Kittie out to the special train and found her a window-seat on the shady side of the rear observation-car.

The railroad employees' picnic on the Burnt Hills Extension was an annual institution. On the Saturday falling the nearest to the middle of August the company donated a special train, a brass band was requisitioned from Grass Valley, and everybody who was off duty, or who could get off, fell into line for a day of old-fashioned merry-making at Three Buttes Lake.

On the occasion of Minshew's bold capture of the prettiest girl in Forty Rod, there was the usual programme: foot-races, hammer-throwing, a tug of war, and other feats of strength for the athletic, dancing in the lake pavilion for the

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young folks, a basket dinner of a quantity and variety to shatter the strongest digestion, and in the afternoon a baseball game between the engineers and firemen and a scrub nine from the shops. And at all hours in the day there were free excursions up and down the lake on a barge towed by the Three Buttes Lumber Company's motor-tug.

Minshew, with Kittie Gallagher to rally him tirelessly, had managed to steer clear of the athletic stunts as a participant. Also he dodged the baseball game—in which he scarcely knew the numbers of the bases—substituting therefor a trip on the barge. It was on the return run that he became an involuntary hero. The barge was crowded and there were no bulwarks. In mid-passage the band on the tug's after-deck began to play foot-prompting medleys, and somebody proposed a dance on the barge deck.

In clearing a space for the dancers there was a good bit of crowding, and Minshew, who was still trying to play up to Kittie Gallagher's chaffing, found himself perilously near the unguarded edge of the barge. Suddenly there was a shriek, and he glanced over his shoulder in time to see a young woman, the daughter of a bridge foreman, slip and go overboard. What came to pass in the next few minutes had every appearance of being a heroic rescue. Minshew tumbled awkwardly over the side, fairly upon the heels of the disappearing young woman, and when the tug was stopped and everybody got busy Minshew was discovered holding the young woman's golden head out of water and clinging for support to a wooden bench that somebody had chucked overboard.

Taking it by and large, this is a grossly hero-worshipping world. Regarded, before his plunge into the lake after Buck Brannan's daughter, as a sort of harmless nonentity, Minshew suddenly found himself pedestalled and spot-lighted as a fellow of infinite nerve and with the quick wit to give it room to play in.

"Why, great Jehu!"—this was Brannan's own comment—"him jumpin' in after Lettie that way when he couldn't swim a lick himself! That's what I call clean sand! I've heard 'em say that up in the offices he goes by the name of a dub. I'm givin' it out cold that anybody that calls him that 'round where I am has got Buck Brannan to lick!"

Subsequent events, after the barge reached the picnic landing, were merely a matter of course. Half a dozen young fellows ran Minshew off into the sagebrush, stripped him, rubbed him down, dried his clothes over a greasewood fire, and then brought him back to an admiring and enthusiastic mob of hero-makers. Everybody wanted to shake hands with him, and the big railroad family, which had hitherto marked him only as an office drudge, took it all back and acclaimed him worthy of honor; worthy, in fact, of a rechristening into the Extension clan. The ceremony was performed on the spot, big Bill Grimmer, the Forty-Rod yardmaster, acting as interlocutor.

"What's the matter with Jack Minshew?" (Ear-splitting chorus of everybody) "*He's* all right, you *bet!*"

Minshew took his honors blushingly, evincing a strong disposition to duck. Later, when the tired crowd was strung along beside the railroad track waiting in the twilight dusk for the picnic train to back down from the lumber siding, Carberry overheard a bit of talk between Minshew and Kittie Gallagher, who were sitting together on a pile of cross-ties with their backs to the eavesdropper.

"It's the grand little hero you've made of yourself this day, John," said Kittie, still joshing, as it seemed. "One of these fine days you'll be living up to your reputation and marrying Lettie Brannan."

Minshew repelled the prophecy anxiously.

"Oh, no, indeed—I couldn't do that!" he protested.

"But hasn't she the beautiful blue eyes and the pretty golden hair?"

"I shouldn't care if she were made of gold."

"Listen to the man!" said Kittie. "And him only having to crook his finger! This very minute she's wishing her hardest that she hadn't come with Lenny Kenney so she could be making you take the two of us home!"

"Rats!" said Minshew. (Carberry swore to this, though it was so utterly out of character in Minshew that many of us doubted it.)

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"'Tis so," the girl went on, laughing. "But Lettie Brannan's not all, nor the half of all. You've got the fine, grand reputation now, John, and you'll have to be living up to it. I'm thinking we'll be hearing great things of you."

It was at this point—so Carberry said—that Minshew came back into character. Turning solemnly upon his tormentor, he said: "It's a fake, Kittie, the biggest fake that was ever pulled off, and you know it. I can't swim, and I hadn't the slightest notion of jumping in after Lettie Brannan. I just tangled my feet trying to turn around, and then somebody in the crowd pushed against me and gave me a shove. And I didn't do a thing after I got in. The girl grabbed me around the neck and I grabbed the bench; that's all there was to it."

"I never saw a girl try so hard not to explode," said Carberry, telling us about it afterward. "Kittie was shaking all over and holding her sides. By and by she rubbed it into him once more, just for luck: 'It's no use your trying to get out of it that way,' she says. 'You've set a stunt for yourself and you'll have to run fast and work hard to keep up with it. You mark my words, John Minshew.'"

Whether Minshew marked the words or not, those of us who came in contact with him every day soon began to call him a changed man, the change dating from the day of the employees' picnic. There were many little indications to emphasize it. A new, quiet alertness took the place of his former labored concentration over his work; his blackened corn-cob pipe was discarded for a short-stemmed brier of the bulldog variety; he dressed better and took to wearing his hat a little on one side. Past these, he stopped blushing when the rank and file joked him about Kittie or Lettie Brannan or when some belated enthusiast pounded him on the back and told him what a brave fellow he was. Better than all, he seemed to be acquiring a certain deliberate swiftness which was in striking contrast to his former attitude of brain-fog.

One noontime, when this changed, or changing, Minshew was eating his customary snack at the lunch-counter, a transient travelling man tried to be fresh with Kittie. Minshew went on munching his jelly-roll until the freshness grew plainly offensive. Then he laid his paper napkin aside, got down from the perching-stool, and proceeded to disfigure the stranger's countenance in a manner that was as painstaking and thorough as it was apparently disinterested.

Naturally, this set him still another peg higher in Extension appreciation; and later in the day Tim Gallagher, little, wizened, and with the eyes of one who has looked too long upon the wine when it was red in the cup, came over from the round-house to clap Minshew on the back and call him a man.

"'Tis the fine bould lad ye are to be standing up f'r a dacint gyerl like my Kittie, Jack Minshew!" he applauded. "'Tis a grand, upstandin', fightin' man ye are, and ye can have the shirt off Tim Gallagher's back anny time ye'll be sayin' the wor-rd!"

It was inevitable that this incident should load Minshew's new reputation with added responsibilities, and it was little short of wonderful to see how fast he grew to fill the larger niche. From the beginning our car-record method had been out of date and inefficient, and Minshew had been merely keeping it going in the ruts left by his predecessors. But now he began to suggest short cuts and improvements, and before long the results began to show up where they would do the most good.

"Who is your new man at the car-record desk, Congdon?" asked Mr. Witherby, the general superintendent, one morning when Congdon had been called in about another matter.

Congdon shook his head. "We haven't any new man. It's still Minshew."

"Oh! the fellow who pulled Brannan's daughter out of the lake at the picnic? That was a neat bit of work. Seems to have soaked some new ideas into his head, too. He's bettering the car-record system every day. Keep an eye on him. We're looking for young fellows like that, and they're hard to find."

Congdon's plain-song face registered grim humor.

"It's a miracle and no less," he asserted solemnly. "I used to put him in the hopeless class, and pretty well down

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Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"I'd like to take you—that is, if you—if you'd go with me."—Page 54.

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toward the foot at that; good enough clerk, but just a plugger. But since people have taken to patting him on the back and telling him what a fine thing he did out at the lake he's like another man."

Not long after this Minshew gave the entire headquarters a taste of his new quality on still broader lines. Since the miraculous turn-over he had taken to coming down evenings to work out his new kinks in the car record, staying usually until the lunch-counter closed at ten o'clock, when he would call it a day and go and take Kittie Gallagher home. One evening, when he was plugging away at his desk—deaf and blind, you would have said, to everything save the "lost-car" diagram he was working out—Bergmann, first-trick night despatcher, made the fatal mistake that is always lying in wait for a master of moving trains.

It was this way: No. 16, an east-bound time freight, had lost an hour and was therefore unable to make its scheduled meeting-point with No. 7, the west-bound fast passenger, thus putting it up to Bergmann to establish a new "meet." He went at it with German placidity, calling Arroyo on one side of the gap and Three Buttes on the other to place the order. Minshew, still busy at his desk in the corner of the room, heard the call, heard Three Buttes answer and Arroyo fail to answer, and then heard Bergmann break a rule by giving the order to Three Buttes for the passenger—meaning, of course, to repeat it immediately to Arroyo for the freight. With that new quick deliberation he had acquired, Minshew got out of his chair and came striding across to the train-desk.

"What are you trying to do, Dutch?" he demanded crisply. "Don't you know that Arroyo has been discontinued as a night telegraph-station?"

Of course Bergmann knew it; he had merely forgotten it for the fatal moment. Phlegmatic as he was, he bounded out of his chair, and with an "*Ach! Gott im Himmel!*" flung himself upon the key and began to pound out the Three Buttes call to try to undo the mischief. With the order already placed at Three Buttes for the passenger, and Arroyo unreachable for the instruction of the freight, his only hope now of averting a head-end collision lay in holding the passenger at Three Buttes.

"That's no good!" snapped Minshew. "Seven's on time, and she has already taken your order and pulled out. Get out of the way and let me take that key!"

By this time the rest of us were getting busy. Cardiff, the commercial wire man, made a dash for the telephone to ring up Mr. Witherby at his house, Wingfield jumped for the local wire to call up the round-house and give the alarm, and I broke for the other end of the corridor on the chance of finding MacFarland, the train-master, in his office.

When I got back with MacFarland, Mr. Witherby was already on hand. Bergmann was walking the floor with the sweat running in rivers from his fat face. Minshew was still at the train-desk, rattling the key in a call that none of us recognized. MacFarland, dour, Scotch, and always bitter in times of stress, began to swear softly under his breath, and I saw Mr. Witherby's hand on the desk-edge grip the wood until the finger-nails grew white.

"What are you trying to do, Minshew?" he asked; but Minshew merely shook his head and kept on sending the strange call. After a nerve-cracking minute or so the break came. Minshew held his key down to give the answering operator his chance to sign in. Then we all heard the order that went clicking over the wire to the stranger:

"*Get out quick flag freight from west. Hold for orders. Hurry.*"

There were three or four minutes of a silence that was thick enough to slice. Then the answer came dribbling in.

"Got No. 16. What orders?"

Minshew calmly consulted the train-sheet, read Bergmann's latest notation, and then gave the meet-order slowly and distinctly, adding a few words of instruction to the man at the other end of the wire, telling him how to make three copies of the order, retaining one to be mailed to the general office and delivering one each to the conductor and engineer of the freight. Nobody spoke until after the routine business was concluded. Then Mr. Witherby took hold.

"To whom did you send that order, Minshew?" he demanded.

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Minshew sat back in his chair and, seeming to realize for the first time that he was once more in the lime-light, took off his straw hat in some embarrassment.

"I sent it to a young fellow named Carter, timekeeper at the Long Mountain lumber-mill. He has a telegraph set in his bunk-shack and he knows Morse. I got the wire chief to cut him in on our wires a week or so ago so that I could keep track of the empties that go out on the lumber company's spur. I just thought I might be able to wake him up if I kept at it long enough."

Mr. Witherby made no comment. Instead, he asked a curt question:

"Where did you learn to despatch trains?"

Minshew looked surprised. "Why, I've been right here in this office for a year or more!" he said.

"Oh! you mean you've just soaked it up. Well, can you keep things moving until Wardlaw comes on at two o'clock?"

Minshew glanced up at the master-clock on the wall.

"I've got a—a sort of an engagement at ten-five," he objected; ten-five being the time when the station lunch-counter closed for the night.

MacFarland grinned ferociously. "Ye shouldn't talk back to your betters, young man," he admonished. "I'll keep that engagement for ye."

The superintendent broke in sharply.

"You can go home, Bergmann," he directed; and then to Minshew: "You stay on until Wardlaw comes. And to-morrow morning I want to see you in my office."

Of course "Dutch" Bergmann was dropped and Minshew got his step up as first-trick night despatcher. Naturally, there were a few jealous ones to say that he wouldn't be big enough to hold the job down, but he fooled them beautifully. Two weeks after he took the train wires there was a washout wreck on Horse Mountain, and the way he handled the train tangle that ensued got him a word of praise from MacFarland—which was going some. In every respect he seemed in a fair way to live down his past; or perhaps he was only proving the old adage which asserts that the more you expect of a man the more you'll get.

He was nearing the end of his first month on the night trick when the real test came. During the interval something had gone wrong with the Kittie Gallagher end of things, and it was remarked that Minshew went no more to the lunch-counter for his noonday snack. Also it was remarked that Kittie's badinage with the rest of us had taken on a sharp little tang, as if she were making us all pay for something that one of us had done—or failed to do.

Meanwhile, Lettie Brannan, the golden-haired, appeared to be getting in her work. Minshew had been seen walking her out to the mines on Nugget Mountain one Sunday afternoon, and later she took to strolling down to the station with him now and then in the evening. Carberry, whose girl in the East had broken with him to marry somebody nearer home, touched it off rather bitterly. "That's the way of it!" he growled. "Kittie Gallagher slapped him alive and made a man of him, and now he's going to marry the other girl. I know what's the matter—he's ashamed of old Tim."

It was agreed upon all hands that Tim was a drawback and that Kittie needed all of her wit and beauty and wholesomeness to carry the handicap of her silly old father. In former days Tim Gallagher had been a crack driver of fast trains and the ranking man on the enginemen's pay-roll. But the drink got him, and step by step he had backed down the ladder that it had taken him the best years of his life to climb.

Past that, his wife had died while Kittie was a mere slip of a girl, and after that Tim became a derelict. It was Kittie herself—the grown-up Kittie—who had pulled him measurably straight after a number of the bad years, and it was for her sake that Mr. Witherby had given him a job as hostler—the man who gets the engines ready for the road and turns them over to the regular runners. For a man to be a hostler on the road where he had once been the top-notcher was a heart-breaking come-down, and at times, when old Tim would get to thinking too pointedly about it, he would take a sudden lay-off, and vague tales would come drifting in from some neighboring mining camp, telling of a crazy railroad man

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running amuck and trying to tear the town in two.

We never found out how much or how little the bosses knew about Tim's "periodicals." In our time the Extension was as dry as a corn-husk, and the man caught crooking his elbow had to go. But all of us underlings knew; and there was a good-sized guess out that Tim's semi-occasional "lay-offs" were winked at, partly for the sake of his good-record past but more for the sake of the brave little girl who practically carried him in her arms.

One night, after Minshew had been a month on his new job, I was walking down from the boarding-house with Carberry. At the street-crossing nearest to the headquarters we passed Minshew and the Brannan girl. Minshew was on his way to take his trick, and Lettie Brannan had walked with him as far as the crossing. As we swung past we could hardly help hearing what Minshew was saying. He was trying to argue the girl off, telling her that it wouldn't do and that people would begin to talk.

This started Carberry, and after we were out of earshot he said: "I've been doing Minshew an injustice. He did propose to Kittie Gallagher—just after he got his raise—and she turned him down. Little Wilkins overheard them talking, and he told me. Minshew has been only hunting sympathy in his fooling around with Lettie Brannan, and now, it seems, he's getting a little too much of it."

We talked about it for a while, loafing on the train platform and killing time because we were both too lazy to go upstairs and go to work. Later, after we had exhausted all of our guesses as to why Kittie had encouraged Minshew only to drop him, we climbed the stair together, and I fell in at my desk in the despatcher's office.

For three good hours nothing happened, and the office routine, with Minshew at the train-desk, went on without a break. I was getting up some statistics for Mr. Witherby, and at eleven, when I began to put away my books, everybody but Minshew had gone. This was the stage setting—the big room empty of all but us two—when the door of the outer office flew open, and Kittie Gallagher ran in to slip through the counter gate and drop into a chair beside Minshew's table, sobbing and gasping and trying to talk all in the same breath.

It came out presently in scared little jerks. Poor old Tim was off the hooks again, and this time he had not taken the preliminary precaution of leaving town. Worse still, he had gotten the notion into his addled old head that he had been called out to take a special west, and in spite of all Kittie could do he had slipped away, climbed into the cab of the "Flyer's" waiting relief engine at the coal-chutes, and was now on his way out through the upper yard with it.

Before the girl was half through Minshew had grabbed the situation and was pounding out a call to the "yard limits" operator. He was too late. The wild engine had just gone by, running westward on the main line at passenger-train speed. I think most men, even the cold-blooded Congdon himself, would have blown up when this hurry answer came clicking in over the wire. Think of it! A wild engine in the hands of a temporary maniac flying over the road through the night, with the regular traffic moving, all unsuspecting, in both directions ahead of it!

But Minshew was a man with a reputation to live up to, and he was strictly on the job. "Quit it!" he yelled at me when I was half-way across to the telephone in a dash to ring up the train-master and Mr. Witherby; "come back here and sit down and hold your breath! The bosses couldn't do any good if there were a hundred of them and they were all here!"

I didn't sit down; I went to stand behind his chair. When he had sent the first three or four orders rattling through his key, I saw what he was doing. He was telling the different night operators ahead of Tim that a light engine, *with regardless orders*, was moving westward, and directing them to clear for it. This meant that he was going to take all the thousand and one chances and let Tim run till he wore himself out—if, by all the tricks and dodges, the track could be cleared for him to run over. The other and the simpler thing would mean death to Kittie's father. Ninety-nine despatchers out of a hundred would have wired

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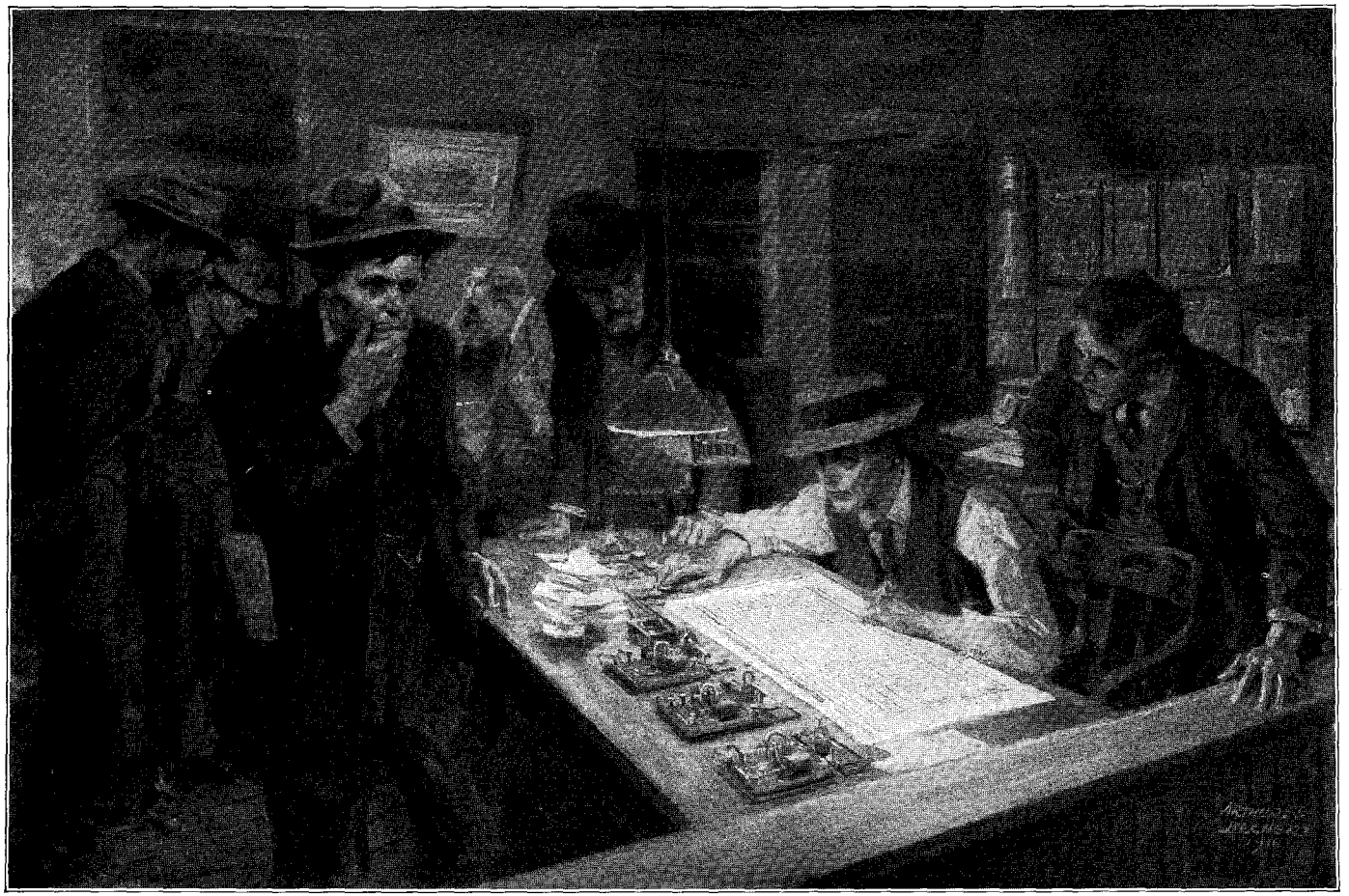

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

Minshew was still at the train-desk, rattling the key in a call that none of us recognized.—Page 58.

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ahead to some station with an open siding and ordered a switch set to derail and smash the runaway; but of course Minshew couldn't do that, with Old Tim's daughter sitting there beside him, crying quietly with her face in her hands.

It was plain by the look of him that he knew fully the size of the frightful job he had undertaken. With his near-sighted eyes glued upon the train-sheet, he was picking up the various trains in transit and providing for their side-tracking. It was blind work—horribly blind, since he had no means of determining the speed of the runaway. But if he were excited or rattled it was all on the inside. Once in a while I could hear his teeth come together with a little click, but that was all.

At Oberville, twenty miles out, a westbound freight, which the flying engine was due to overtake, had a close call. But a minute later Oberville reported that the freight had the siding and that the light engine was coming around the curve below the station. At Mauryburg, twelve miles farther along, Minshew caught and held and side-tracked the east-bound night passenger. Beyond that there was a freight moving eastward in three sections. This presented a much more difficult problem, but the new quick deliberation was equal to it. "Check me from the time-card!" snapped Minshew to me, and almost before I could do it he had caught and held up each of the three moving sections, and once more the track was clear ahead of the maniac.

As long as there are men to gather in freight-offices and switch-shanties on the old Extension there will be some to tell the thrilling story of how John Minshew fought that night to save poor old Tim Gallagher and all the others whose lives Tim was threatening. To me, standing at the back of his chair, it seemed as if the fight went on for uncounted hours, but of course it didn't. Minshew was only fighting for time. Tim was alone on the runaway, and in the nature of things he couldn't be both fireman and engineer on a big "Pacific type" running at full speed for many hours or miles. In time his steam would run down and the engine would stop; and I guess Minshew was praying, with Kittie and me, that the stop would happen at some station where there would be somebody to get hold of Tim.

That, luckily for all concerned, was exactly what did happen. At five minutes after midnight the big engine, with her steam all but gone, came limping into Buford, the "pusher" station at the foot of Horse Mountain grade, fifty-five miles west, with a wizened little Irishman asleep on the right-hand seat. We got the story of it a few minutes later from Matt Burke, the pusher-station foreman.

Tim had been taken off and put to bed in the bunk-house and the engine had been looked over and found to be unhurt by the furious run.

Minshew gave the order to have the engine turned and sent back to Forty Rod as first section of Train 18, slipping in a word to Burke to have Tim looked after and kept away from the whiskey until he was himself again and able to come home. By that time Shaughnessy, our night round-house foreman, had come up-stairs to report that he was shy an engine—the engine that was bulletined to take the "Flyer" west at 1.20. Minshew gave one glance at the girl sitting like a graven image beside him; then he climbed into the breach like a man and a lover.

"If anybody should ask you, Shaughnessy, you might say that there was an accident of some kind on the 369—throttle jumped open or something of that sort. She got away from the coal-chutes and kept on going till she ran out of steam. Nobody's hurt, and this is a case of the least said the soonest mended. Get the 371 out for the 'Flyer,' and let it go at that."

Shaughnessy was gone, there was a lull in the wire-chatter, and I had slipped over to my corner to get my hat and coat, when the girl in the chair beside Minshew spoke up for the first time since the hair-raising fight had begun.

"You tried to cover it up with Mike Shaughnessy," she said, "but it's no use. Everybody will know it to-morrow. And you mustn't lie to the bosses, John."

Minshew was staring at her gravely. "I'd lie about it in a minute if it would do any good; you know I would, Kittie."

"Don't I know it?" she flashed back. And then: "We'll just be dropping out, quiet like, the two of us. Daddy Tim

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won't wait to be fired when he comes to himself and finds out what he's done. He's been too long a railroad man for that."

Minshew seemed to have forgotten that I was still in the office, but I don't know as it would have made any difference to him if he hadn't.

"I can't let you drop out, Kittie," he said. "I owe you too much."

"And what would you be owing me, John—you who have just put ten years on your life working to save my father?"

"I owe you mighty nearly everything, I guess. Before I fell in love with you I was only half a man: half-dead, or asleep, or something. Why did you wake me and then turn me down cold, Kittie?"

Her answer came like a shot.

"Can you ask me that—after this night? Oh, John dear—it was I that saw what was in you, long, long ago!

Tim Gallagher.

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You're climbing fast now, and you'll be climbing high before you're through. Would I be letting you marry Tim Gallagher's girl to be going around begging everybody's pardon for it one day when you've climbed out at the top? 'Tis not that way that an Irish girl loves, John!"

I sure felt like a dog sitting there like a bump on a log and listening to all this, but I couldn't get away without going right past them. Minshew stood up and put his hand, sort of fatherly like, on the bowed head with its shining, jet-black hair.

"That's enough," he said quietly. "We're going to hit the hill road together, Kittie girl, and you'll go up it faster and farther than ever I shall. More than that, I'm going to need you every foot of the way. You told me once that I'd got to have something to live up to, and it's so."

She was laughing now, and her face was fairly radiant when she twisted her head to one side to look up at him.

"You have your reputation, John dear; you got it that day when you jumped into the lake after Lettie Brannan!" Then, with the black eyes flashing soberly: "*She* has no poor, broken-down old father to be a drag on the man that marries her, John."

"Never mind the father part of it; together we'll be big enough for that, too. Besides, I didn't jump in after Lettie—I fell in."

She flicked the fatherly hand aside and sprang up to stand facing him.

"Wait!" she panted. "You'll never want to be marrying me when I tell you the truth, John! I saw you were asleep like, and I wanted, *that* hard, to do something that would shake you alive. 'Twas I that pushed you in, John!"

Minshew's smile was a cross between a good-natured grin and the ecstatic kind.

"Pshaw!" he burbled gravely; "I've known that all along." And then, quite as gravely, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

CHILD, CHILD

By Sara Teasdale

CHILD, child, love while you can
The voice and the eyes and the soul of a man,
Never fear though it break your heart—
Out of the wound new joy will start;
Only love proudly and gladly and well
Though love be heaven or love be hell.

Child, child, love while you may,
For life is short as a happy day;
Never fear the thing you feel—
Only by love is life made real,
Love, for the deadly sins are seven,
Only through love will you enter heaven.

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A BOMB-THROWER IN THE TRENCHES

BY LIEUTENANT Z OF THE BRITISH ARMY

THESE letters are written from the trenches by an Englishman who enlisted as a trooper in one of the new cavalry regiments at the outbreak of the war. His regiment remained in camp in England all winter, waiting impatiently to be called to the front, and when spring came and there was still no need for cavalry, they volunteered dismounted and were sent immediately to Flanders. There he joined the Bombing Squad, or "Suicide Club," as it is called in trench vernacular, and was twice promoted for bravery, finally being offered a commission in his regiment for "setting traps for Fritz when he goes a-sniping." After six weeks at the Officers' Training-Camp in Ireland, he returned to the front as first lieutenant, only to find that his regiment had been remounted in his absence and was doing patrol work behind the lines. He therefore joined the Machine Gun Corps, and after completing his month's training, hoped to "be able to pay his way in Huns once more." Most of these letters are written to his sister in England, others to friends in America.

MARESFIELD PARK—etc. 29 *April* 1915.

DEAR I:

We got the news from the Colonel at about 2 P. M. today and I wired you as soon as possible. The Colonel said we would leave for the front, Flanders, the real front, on Saturday, but we go without our beloved horses. Dismounted, foot-sloggers, bang into trenches I suppose. But everyone is very pleased. My feelings are those of ferocious glee. I had begun to despair. As cavalrymen we were dodos, out of date relics of wars far past where small handfuls of men scuffled together. This is a new war absolutely.

I can add nothing now but I will wire as soon as I can.

Goodnight.

Yours always

F.

8 *May* 1915. 11 A. M.

DEAR I:

We left the camp I sent the post cards from day before yesterday, travelled all night by train in horse boxes, then were billeted in a big farm. Today we moved away to another big farm. Our Brigade is still intact and the Canadians are with us yet in other farms near by. The sound of the big guns is to be heard all day and all night, and the sky at night in their direction is lit up by their flashes. About 7 P. M. last night the motor hospital vans passed near us on the way to the railway. A long line of searchlights. It is all very wonderful, and we are greatly honoured to be where we are.

These farms produce eggs and milk and butter and crisp long rolls, so we do ourselves well, and the weather is perfect.

No time for more and post is going.

IN FRANCE. 13 *May* 1915.

DEAR N:

I. has written to you by this time, I expect, if she has had time, so it may not be a surprise to learn that we have crossed the Channel. The censorship does not allow me to say much, but, here we are, in sound of the big guns. Soon we hope to get to close quarters with "Kultur" and find out what it is stuffed with. The disciples of anti-vivisection ought to relax their principles in favour of allowing vivisection to be practiced on German adults of male sex for the true interests of medicine. The sort of vivisection which goes on on the battlefield does not, I fear, add much to human knowledge. They might begin with gases on some of the interned in England. The *Lusitania* news reached us here and it is no use saying anything; the future will repay.

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We are billetted in a big farm-house surrounded by green fields of grain and grass. Scattered all around are small villages, now full of troops, and the whole atmosphere is one of agricultural peace and plenty. But, in the distance, the big guns at the fighting front rumble and roll exactly like summer thunder. Last Saturday and Sunday they never stopped night or day. It was one continuous rattle and roar, reminding me, more than anything else, of a battery of stamps in a big stamp mill or a gold mine. In the night you could see the shells bursting high up in the sky. In the evenings, after sun-down, in the long twilight, if the weather is clear and fine, our aeroplanes, four or five at a time, come out to scout. They fly apparently where they please with the shells bursting about them. With my Zeiss glasses you can see a lot of the fun. No shell ever seems to do them any harm and it is a beautiful thing to watch. Dotted about, generally singly, in the fields of grain, or along the hedge rows in the green turf, are graves of British regulars, most of them Rifle Brigade men, all of whom seem to have been killed on October 13th, 1914, when the enemy was through this country with cavalry and some few machine guns. The French take good care of the graves and leave on them various articles of the man's equipment, such as his cap or knapsack or bandolier. All the farm people around tell us of the time last October when the Germans entered their houses demanding food for men and horses at pistol's point and leaving without paying for anything; besides other outrages not parliamentary. They seem not to have shot or killed people but they were in a hurry and could not stay long, arriving at 6 P. M. and leaving before dawn as a rule. Some of our men who were in the Boer War and are not much on education insist on speaking Boer Dutch or Taal to these French farmers, and are quite puzzled when they are not understood.

I have volunteered for the hand-grenade throwing section of the regiment. You have long known of my dislike for Germans and anything German so you will not be surprised. To blow up the beggars and to see them blow up oneself is a pleasure denied to most people.

We are here without our horses as a Canadian Brigade to help the Canadian infantry which lost so heavily lately.

Wed. 19 *May* 1915.

DEAR I:

Since I last wrote we have had a trying time. I went on guard that night (Sunday) and gathered very little sleep, and at 4:30 A. M. there came the order to march off at once. As we had already (the guard) lighted the cook's fires, we had tea ready and after a cup of boiling hot coffee we pulled out. Soon it began to rain and the rain stayed with us practically all day. We marched about 11 miles and, what with halts long and short, we did not arrive at the town we were destined for until about 12 A. M. All this time we were carrying the full pack, over 90 lbs. in weight, and we were wet and cold and mortal hungry. But most surprisingly cheerful, the men singing songs as the big guns sounded nearer and nearer. Very few men even fell out. These were a few of the sick and the sore footed. We were billeted in a big forge, and soon we fed and were busy cleaning water soaked rifles, as we did not know but what we might go right on into the thick of it. The town was literally full of troops. Regulars, Indians, artillery, transport in a never ending shifting stream. All the while the guns banged and whacked away and rattled the windows. At one place, with my glasses, I saw shells bursting. Several bands of German prisoners were marched by under guard. Miserable looking men, some wounded and bandaged, all muddy and all yellow with lyddite fumes. Their physique was not bad on the whole but their type of face was evil. I was told they were Bavarian and Saxons. I saw one officer with his Iron Cross of course. About 6 P. M. we marched off again, a little over a mile, to a really dirty farm, where troops have been billeted for months, I should think, and here we are yet. The rain has hardly stopped and the place is an eye sore.

Yesterday afternoon the bomb-throwers were called out for a lesson and a lecture. It seems to be quite a ticklish business needing care and accuracy, and the actual throwing will require practice

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to be able to do it properly. A badly thrown bomb may kill ones own men remarkably easily, and in the hands of inexperienced men I should call them good allies for the German.

Please send me some writing paper and envelopes of small size. Also a set of Gillette Safety razor blades, and I packed up a new pair of gloves in the kit bags I sent to you. Please send these to me for I lent mine here to D-H and the old wretch lost them. Do not please send any more of the white cloth stuff for cleaning rifles. White cloth is too dangerous here owing to its colour. The first parcel from the Army & Navy came yesterday, also 100 cigarettes, and the two paper bound books. All highly and greatly appreciated. I just jumped into the thin socks, for I do so loathe the thick ones.

"In France."
21 *May* 1915. Friday 9:30 A. M.

Dear I:

Since my last letter, we have left behind us the rainy weather and the cold and that very dirty farm and have come about 3 miles to another inevitable farm, where the natives are clean and kindly disposed and there is no mud.

We are nearer now than ever to the big guns, and it cannot be long before we shall be right underneath them. We marched to this place on Wed. night arriving at this billet about 1 A. M. Thurs. (yesterday). I never saw so many aeroplanes. They hum around all day and seem to have the field to themselves. No hostile machine appears to chase them and no shells are fired at them. I got up at dawn today to watch two of them sailing along very very high over the fighting lines, circling and turning back and forth unmolested. Sometimes one will come down from the front very fast, and when close to the ground (2 or 300 feet) will drop something which is no doubt news and maps, and then return to duty up aloft. Last night and all night the guns kicked up a dickens of a row. The flashes of bursting shells were like fireflies flickering along a lake shore in Florida, and high up too flared the rocket star shells, all to the accompaniment of the bang of the guns.

"In France" Friday. 28 *May* 1915.

Dear I:

I hastily sent you a service post card on our return from the trenches yesterday morning to say that I was well, because you will see that I am returned as "wounded." But my wound is only a scratch on the arm and I did not show it to the doctor until our return to these billets yesterday. It is ridiculous to return me as "wounded" as it might give you all sorts of wrong ideas, but there it is and all beyond my stopping.

The first thing to tell you is that poor —— was killed along side of me. —— got a slight scalp wound from the same shell. I got a touch at the same time and another man was killed by it. We had crouched low to where the sand bags were thickest when that shell came booming into our trench, and a good thing too, for, just by my head, close enough to raise a bruise above my right ear, a piece of shell slammed a hole, 2 inches across, into the sand bag.

At the same time, almost, another shell burst in our trench in the next traverse to mine, about 40 feet away and killed four men. All this happened last Sunday afternoon.

We buried —— that evening at dusk right behind our trench in a shell hole and under shell fire, and I am sending his wife his diary and all the letters I could find in his kit. Cannot you go to see her? He suffered nothing because he was terribly smashed up and lived less than ten minutes. We gave him morphine but I do not think he was conscious after the first minute. —— went to the hospital at once and I have not seen him since, but tell Mrs. —— that his was a scalp wound only and not to be the least worried about him. He went off to the dressing station quite cheerfully himself after we had bandaged him up in the trench and the bleeding had stopped entirely.

We went into the trenches on Sat. night, last, and came out yesterday, Thursday, morning just before dawn. Four days and five nights practically without sleep, and being shelled by Jack Johnsons more or less the whole time. This is just a hasty letter generalizing events but I will give you a more detailed account during our rest here. It is a one

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sided game, with the odds with the artillery. We sit and hold a trench, being the nine pins while the guns roll the ball at you. You can do nothing but swear softly. No Germans actually attacked our trench, but they tried to do so on each side of us. But on Tuesday afternoon about 6:30 P. M. I got a little of my own back from them. I had just returned with a sack full of water bottles from a stream near by behind our trench, where we dodge snipers, when the call suddenly came for "Bomb throwers to the front" and the rifles and machine guns started a terrific popping. I was in shirt sleeves, and just slammed on my ammunition equipment and skedaddled off with my rifle up the trench towards the racket.

After a long time, as it was a long way, crouching and running and crawling I got to where I could see our men throwing bombs into the Germans. You could hear nothing for the noise for it seemed as if every German rifle, maxim, and big gun was turned on that spot; their shrapnel was going "Brrangg" over head and their shells going "Whangg" all about. I took a few shots at the devils with my rifle, by way of resting and getting my breath, and then I got hold of a box of bombs and started to crawl and drag it up there. The box was heavy and, to my delight, another young chap, a Strathcona, came and helped me. We dragged and humped it along, over bumps and across shell holes and over our dead, until we got to the extreme point where the Germans were retreating up their trench and being bombed by our men unmercifully. There I found my own Sergeant of our own bomb throwing squad, to my great relief.

I had never thrown a live bomb in my life but soon found out, as it is quite a simple affair and they were lovely bombs for working. You could see a clump of German bayonets huddled like sheep, over their parapet top, and you chucked a bomb into it and prayed for the explosion. When it came the bayonets wavered and wobbled and then disappeared. If the bomb did not explode you waited and backed up because those plucky Germans lighted it again and threw it back. And so on and so on. I *know* I got 3 bombs into them fairly and squarely and heard them explode and saw the bayonets flop down. We finally got to a place at a turn in the trench, an angle, and our own men, the —— something or other, were firing directly across us, excitedly of course, and they killed about 12 of our men there; two of them being of my squad and within a few feet of me, and two more were wounded. I was by that time about played out and the bombs were all exhausted, so we sat down to wait for more, and when they came I could not get up for I had cramp in both of my legs and had to be rubbed and rubbed. That must have been about 8 P. M. But I could drag around so I dressed two wounded men and helped to fill sand bags and pass them along until 10 P. M. I should judge. About 10:30 P. M. the only officer present told us the thing was over for the time and no more could be done, and we crawled back, as the rifles and maxims and shrapnel and Jack Johnsons were just as busy all the time. The Sergeant and I got back to our own trench after 11 P. M. and I was more than tired. Never have I been so played out in my whole life. We lost 3 killed, 2 wounded, and another who went off his head later, out of nine, including the Sergeant, out of our bomb throwing squad. And I had not a scratch. Just a bump on the breast bone from something kicked up by a Jack Johnson. It was a bad thing for the Germans but we lost a lot of good men there.

Am all fit and well, having had some much needed sleep and will stop as mail is going. Do not know our plans for the future but will write again as soon as possible. I found several packages and letters at the billet we are in, on my arrival. Writing paper and gloves, etc. book and *Strand*, etc. for which many thanks.

Our troop was 38 strong but now only 26 are left. We were in the foremost British trench of the British front here and our Troop had the post of honour. So we ought not to mind anything.

Goodbye.

"In France" Friday. 28 *May* 1915.

Dear I:

Please send enclosed letter to Mrs. ——. I do not know her address. It is just a description of how the old chap met his death and how we buried him under fire

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and about the funeral service and firing salute 2 days later, also under fire. Details of that sort will please her, and his children will want to know when they get older.

We are resting in a very nice billet—the one we left just before going to the trenches. Today, the squadron marched to the nearest town and had a hot spray bath, which was needed although we had streams and the canal near by, also much mud. The packages of razor blades, vaseline, tooth paste, and lovely rifle cloth came yesterday including toffee.

I will try to write you an account of our doings this afternoon and send it tomorrow.

"In France" 29 *May* 1915.

Dear I:

I'm going to try to give you an account, roughly, of our doings during the four days and five nights we spent in the trenches taken from my diary and memory.

We marched from our billets at 6:30 P. M. Saturday, the 22nd, about 6 miles towards the heavy gun firing, passing through a good sized village which had been shelled thoroughly. Some houses were hardly hurt and others all round were in ruins. The church was absolutely wrecked and shells had torn up the graves, but a great life size crucifix of the Saviour, high in the air, was quite untouched. I noted shell holes in stiff soil 4 feet deep, about 9 feet across at the bottom and nearer 15 feet across at its upper circumference. These are made by "coal boxes." When they go through the air, high over you, on their way to some spot a mile or so away, they sound exactly like a freight car moving slowly on the rails.

Leaving the village on a straight, hard road to the trenches our regiment was shelled repeatedly. There seemed to be some hitch going on, with frequent halts wherein we sat by the road side, or grovelled in a ditch, according to the various temperaments of the men, and the shells exploded every now and then near enough to scatter mud and stones on us. This in the dark is very uncanny. Before we left the road our Adjutant was wounded and another man or two.

We arrived at the support trenches and went on to the front line trenches, after much stooping and falling flat when star shells lighted up the sky, and with a heavy pack and 300 rounds of ball, I was nearly dead. Very uneven, shell-torn ground, barbed wire and bad tempers all around. It must have been about midnight when we were finally assigned places in the trench and when the —— infantry we were relieving had gone. They were only too glad to get out and told us gruesome tales of 99 casualties that day. The truth is that this trench was a German trench, recently captured, and of course what had been its back parapet was now our front parapet, and back parapets are not built very strongly, because there is no need for strength in them. All trenches just here are made and built up of sand bags for you come to water pretty soon if you dig much. So you see that this particular trench offered no great resistance to shells coming against our front, being really a sort of man-trap.

Before dawn a nuisance of a thunderstorm passed over and wet us quite distinctly and then it was cold. We stood to arms practically all night, feeling very new and ill at ease. Soon after dawn we were quite heavily shelled with H. E. (high explosives). It comes from afar with a moaning whistling sound, nearer and nearer and still nearer and nearer, and louder and louder Whangg!! somewhere near you and often pieces of dirt fall on you. This shell makes a hole in the ground not as large as the "coal box" but over half as big. Up and down the trench these shells played, giving one every now and then to the support trench behind us. Generally from left to right. You can do nothing but crouch low where the sacks at the base offer a greater thickness to attack, and grin and bear it. That is the trouble, you have no answer, and must take it all and return nothing.

No one near me was damaged by that shelling. The sun came out strong and we were soon warm. Meals were eaten and guards kept and forty winks also, here and there, until about 4:30 P. M. Sunday the 23rd, when we got our fatal shelling, the shells coming right through our front parapet and killing poor old —— and the five other men in our Troop, and wounding —— and five others of ours.

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At 4:30 A. M. the 24th they began to shell us again, both trenches, and the devilish bombardment kept up practically all the day long. This support trench was a much more substantial affair though and one felt safer. All the same there were quite a few casualties and Lt. —— and two Sergeants were buried in sandbags in their dugout from a shell landing in the wall itself. Very luckily none of them were hurt when we got them out. All day long till evening the racket went on and the shells came all around us. We were sprinkled with mud and dust and bits of shell repeatedly. To get water you went to a stream about 250 yds off and dodged snipers and shells.

Our guns finally seemed to silence the enemy and then they, alone, kept it up. At dusk I was one of a "ration" party of about 40 men to go to the village I mentioned for food supplies down that same hard road. On returning, very soon, we went back to the front trenches and again one got no sleep at all. As soon as possible we dug ourselves in behind the rear parapet (which was the strongest) making dugouts, leaving only the men on lookout in the man-trap proper. This was the 25th. We heard our men, of another regiment to our left, attack about 1:30 A. M. and we heard after that they got the German trench. These dug outs saved us a lot of casualties for they shelled us for a while about every 2 hours, all day. One made tea and boiled water in the open behind our trench, with one ear open for the particular moan and whine which meant us, and joked and lived a normal existence as it seemed. Quite a few wounded today and one or two killed. In the evening I heard the call for bomb throwers and just lit out, with no officer or non-com or any one, finding my Sergeant up there, and I have already written to you about all that. You know how rumours fly about. Well it is Troop and regimental talk that this Sergeant —— has been recommended for the V. C. There were the Germans in the trench and we threw all the bombs we could at them and that is all there was to it. Out of our party of nine bomb throwers, including the Sergeant, 3 were killed dead where they stood (2 of whom I could have touched as they fell) 2 more were wounded, and another young chap, big fine fellow, came to me with cramp in the thick of it just when I had cramp also, and I rubbed him as he lay and swore. This young chap then seemed to get back safely to his own trench but temporarily lost his reason and wandered off into trouble, a shell, I suppose, and had a hand blown off. So that leaves only three of us intact. The Sergeant, a man of our squadron, ——, and myself. And jolly lucky too! I was so dog-tired when I returned about 11 P. M. that I crawled to a dugout and went to sleep all standing for a couple of hours. A heavy shelling going on top of us continually, as the Germans were very much worked up over our attacks, and kept their artillery busy. At dawn of the 26th (Wed) we were ordered (Our Troop only, under Lt. ——) to climb out over our front parapet and occupy an empty trench, just made after night fall by the R. E. We sailed over the parapet expecting a lively fusillade and rushed headlong ahead. As it happened there was mist enough to hide us completely. The trench was 3 to 400 yds ahead where we struck it and we had to cross 3 streams. It was just possible to jump them with a good jump, but many of the men plunged in to their waists and even to their necks, slap into boggy mud below, and these had to be pulled out. We passed our dead lying there for days or weeks. Pretty bad!

This new trench was not very deep so we dug and the more we dug the more water came in, so we had a very wet affair after a while. Being an open trench if the Germans had seen us, we should have been wiped out by shrapnel. But they did not as we were protected by high grass a good deal. Anyway, we spent a quiet restful day there, because the enemy shelled over and behind us into the trench we had left and we could watch the aeroplanes at work quite serenely. Just after dark, squads and parties of R. E. came along to dig more trenches and later another whole regiment relieved us (Sunday 29th 5 P. M. as I write the guns at the front have started a terrific row again). We left the trench and walked in the dark up above, dropping to the flare lights the Germans kept nervously sending up. We were only about 400 yds from their trench,

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full of rifles and maxims. But at a turn where the whole trench struck the road, known as "Suicide Turn," when we were well bunched up, the Germans, who had the exact range, sent up a light, saw something and let fly "Brangg" with shrapnel. Luckily it burst too high or it would have been bad. As it was there were about 20 casualties for there were a lot of men of other regiments there. I had just time to fall flat, but with no luck in the shape of finding a hole or cover. I was on the flat, bald, hard ground. The stuff pattered round me but as usual I had not a scratch. We gathered the wounded and hurried away from that unholy place, down the road to billets and straw and peace from shells, and sleep, and letters and parcels and a wash.

We got to our old billets at dawn of the 27th, tired, tired, tired out. Since then you know.

"In France" 1 *June* 1915.

Dear I:

I am sending a copy of a communication read out to us on parade yesterday afternoon. That is to say, read by Major —— to our Squadron and it was also read to the other Squadrons of the regiment. The Squadron gave three cheers for the Sergeant and three more for the "grenadiers." That is a good start and I hope we can keep it up.

All names are left blank of course.

—— —— ——

May 31st, 1915.

To officer commanding C. Squadron:

Be good enough to read out the following letter to your Squadron when paraded for marching out this evening by order of the O. C.

"*To O. C.* —— —— ——

Sir, I have much pleasure in forwarding to you the report of one of my Company Commanders, regarding the behaviour of one of your Sergeants ——.

Sergeant —— —— —— shewed conspicuous gallantry in the attacks. At a critical moment he brought up his section of grenadiers to the assistance of the Battalion who had lost the majority of their *bombs*. By throwing bombs himself and by directing the throwing of the remainder he helped greatly to ensure the success of the operation. The operation referred to was an attack on the German trench etc. etc at etc etc on May 25th 1915.

(Signature) *Lt. Col.*"
(Regimental name in full)

"In France" Sunday 6 June 1915.

Dearest I:

I have been busy for the last two or three days in getting valuable instruction about bomb throwing. The chance was to get it from a very famous regiment of regulars billeted near us. So I have been leaving in the mornings and not returning till evening.

You will be pleased and proud to hear that, today, I was read out officially as an unpaid Lance-Corporal, the first, I expect, that ever existed in the family. So you see it is quite a distinction. I shall sport 2 stripes in the future. Mr. —— told me to write to him when I got promotion, so I must tell him.

I am hurrying to catch the post so think it better to stop as it is hard to think quickly enough.

"In France" Thursday 10 *June* 1915.

Dear I:

We returned from, virtually, the trenches last night for a rest and fit up. Though we were not actually on duty in the trenches, B. Squadron of ours was, while we lay in the woods just behind. And really, we were in more danger than if we had been in the trenches, for we were exposed to shell or shrapnel if those galoots of Germans had surmised that we were in that innocent wood. The night before (Wed. night) we were tumbled out at about 12:30 A. M. to carry ladders to the reserve and front trenches. Others carried shovels and faggots also. It was my fate to carry two ladders about 9 feet long. Imagine a very deep and narrow trench, with traverses at right angles every now and then (abrupt turns) and further imagine yourself with two of those condemned ladders on your shoulder and a rifle and ball cartridge equipment besides. You scraped both sides of the trench all the way, you fought the turns in the dark as if they were human beings you left the skin from your hands wherever you went and you hung up a ladder

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or your rifle on a telephone wire overhead, or you tripped over them at your feet, every few minutes. Snipers sniped at you unceasingly and stray bullets whined overhead all the time. To add, our guide lost his way, and it was dawn before I laid those blessed ladders down. I had the appalling thought, too, all the time, that probably the ladders were not, and would not be, needed at all. The rest of the day, yesterday, we spent in that delightful wood, surrounded by the marsh deep water on three sides. Behind us about a mile, one of our batteries was busy with most offensive guns. The roar, which was incessant, was a physical and mental pain each time. Above us grew the tallest and largest and straightest willow trees I ever saw, enormous affairs. These were ready to seed their fluffy stuff and the concussions from these guns showered it down on us all the afternoon. It seemed strange, too, to hear the cuckoos. Never have I heard so many cuckoos, or so near. They cuckooed all day long, at the closest ranges. There were other birds also that whistled wonderfully. Loud and musical whistling calls, entirely new to me. All this going on, almost in the firing line. I actually saw a bird fall dead, or nearly so, out of the sky, when we were in the support trenches during a heavy bombardment a week or so ago. It dropped close to where I was flattening myself against the sand bag parapet, about 30 yds. away, and looked like a swallow. I should think that the rush of air around a big shell would easily kill a small bird, and I noticed a good many swallows flying about that day. Larks too, up on high.

It is rumoured that our Division is to be thoroughly overhauled, and that would mean weeks of absence from the trenches. But I never believe this kind of rumour. I believe we shall go back to the trenches and keep on doing so.

In France. Sunday. 20 *June* 1915.

Dear I:

I am writing this letter in the front firing trench with the Huns 250 yards away to the eastward. Our "vis-à-vis" are Saxons and seem to be peaceable folk, but they have just begun their "evening hate." I have most discreetly retired to my burrow. It is too small to be a "dug-out," as it just allows me inside if I tuck my knees in, but as I want to write I find my knees in just the right position, so they can be hanged. As if in rage at what I have just written a shell has just burst close enough to spatter me with dry bits of clay. Now the shelling has passed me, going down the line to the right. They always shell from our left to our right.

I wrote to you on Friday last. That evening our regiment marched off to support trenches where they are now, but Sergeant —— and I were told to stay behind as "bombers." The only two from our Troop. For this reason. The bomb-throwing section of the regiment and of the brigade is going to be properly organized now. They have begun with ten men from each regiment, a Sergeant from each regiment and an officer in charge of all. We met and slept in another billet a few hundred yards away (Friday night). Saturday (yesterday) we spent the morning with dissertations on bombs, time fuse, and percussion, and gascons, and in throwing both dummy and live bombs. At 3 P. M. four of us from each regiment, with Sergeant —— in charge, under the officer marched up to the front firing trench, where we are now. We are split up into 3 parties, one at each end of the regiment holding this section of trench and one in the centre. Our party is in the centre, and we have a fine collection of bombs, all ready for instant use, in a dug-out magazine. Our party is made up of Sergeant ——, who wears the two South African war medals, for he was in that famous charge there; a man who has just come from the Andes for the War, where he has been engineering; another young chap from the Argentine where he has been on a big stock ranch—both of these being gentlemen and very fine types—and myself. The regiment whom we are with persist in calling us the "Suicide Club" and are very merry about it. To be a "bomber" seems to be a most intimate introduction to anyone wearing khaki, with offers of tea, cigarettes, and particular delicacies. So you see how well I am looked after. Apparently, whenever the Brigade needs a bomb-throwing display it will call on us. The

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rest of the bomb-throwers stayed behind to receive more instruction and practise, but I have heard, pretty safely, that we are to be relieved tomorrow by some of them who may be considered proficient enough. So far our time has been that of comparative indolence, but the time will come when we shall have to once again blot out the Hun at close quarters and forget everything else. It will be much more satisfactory now that we are well organized and better instructed and equipped. The rest of our regiment is just behind in support trenches and I paid them a visit today while filling our water demi-john, and heard that they had no casualties so far, but that one of the other squadrons had not been so lucky. I do not like being separated from my Troop and hope it will not be for long. This is a life of surprises and one must expect nothing else. I suppose a friend from the Troop is coming up tonight with our letters and I will give him this letter to take back. Shelling has all stopped. "Evening hate" is over, and it is getting dark and what I call "beastly cold."

In France. 28 *June* 1915.

Dear I:

I wrote to you last on Friday when we were in the clay tile factory ankle deep. Some books from you came and saved the situation. Rained much in the night, but cleared in the morning. On Saturday evening (night really) we marched away north parallel to the trench lines. Leaving at 9:30 P. M. we did not stop until about 3:30 A. M. Fifteen miles we must have walked, carrying these dreadful packs. I never saw the men so badly broken up before. Very few fell out, but the majority were absolutely dead beat. I suppose some guiding hand (apart from Providence) directs these affairs, and it is probably proud of its directing powers. Why men should be run off their legs, almost, when there is no need at all of haste is incomprehensible. Let anyone try to carry over 90 lbs. dead weight for 15 miles much faster than he wants to walk!

Personally, I seem to manage it without any serious trouble to myself, but my whole life has been a training for just this sort of thing, while many of these men have not had that chance. So I am able to discuss it from both points of view.

Luckily our farm billet was the nicest place we have tried yet. Such a quaint old thatched house and buildings and crops the very richest and thickest. But it rained off and on and was grey and damp. In the evening, yesterday, we marched off again, a very dubious dotty lot, about five miles to our old stamping grounds of 6 weeks ago, being billeted in the same farm house as before. Here we are, and quite comfortable. Friends all about who welcome us, and plenty of good coffee, eggs, milk, butter. We shall, probably, leave this afternoon and march about 8 miles or so to the trenches of this district. These trenches are, perhaps, the most famous of the whole of our line, and I am quite keen to see them. Moving so much, we get few posts and it is also hard to send letters away. All is well, though, in spite of the weather.

In Belgium. 29 *June* 1915.

Dear I:

We left our nice, friendly farm house at 4:15 P. M. yesterday and marched in the same ruthless, brainless manner a matter of about 11 miles to this heavily shelled and battered village less than two miles from the most famous trenches of this whole front. Talk about riding willing horses to death! Almost three hours with six minute rest at one go, and we arrived about 9 P. M. with no earthly reason to hurry at all. Stony, uneven roads and much heavily cobbled. Such limping and shuffling and language! But there it is.

In Belgium. Wed. *June* 30, 1915.

Dear W:

I am standing it as well as the best and better than the most. So far I have never been on the sick list since I enlisted except for a burned hand.

We are dismounted cavalry yet and there are no signs as yet, of our ever being anything else. The whole future is a colossal gamble, and you go along never knowing if there will be a tomorrow at all. Night and day, sleep and waking times, food and rest, are all mixed up. Regularity is not known. One time we slept practically not at all from Friday night

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to early Thursday next, at dawn. It was cold too but we were out of front line trenches and in a farm yard near by, and I allowed myself merely to fall down in a heap in the kitchen garden and was asleep. When I awoke about ten A. M. the kindly farm dame had thrown a heavy coat over me. At other times we are in reserve billets near the big canal and we swim, play water-polo, etc. And there is football, baseball and cricket. Usually with shells occasionally passing overhead, or whanging into the ground a few hundred yards away in their search for our hidden batteries.

I am in the attic of this house and the rest of the Troop is scattered all through it. The windows are all gone, shattered. The house next door is half gone and the third house on the other side has a shell hole clean through it. The whole town, once so very pretty is now very dishevelled. All these Belgian people speak English now, a Tommy Atkins lingo. You ask a small girl how she is today and she answers "In the peenk." They are very friendly and do a rushing business in coffee, eggs, bread and rolls and butter and milk. They sing all Tommy Atkins songs and are most cheery.

Tomorrow, I think, we go up to one of the famous places of the war, into trenches with historic names. Anyway in a day or two. Bombers are free from all other duties in their Troops, because they may be called upon at any moment of day or night by the Brigade if an attack is on. My bombing exploit, that day, May 25, got for me my first promotion, and I am now a Lance-Corporal.

IN BELGIUM. 2 *July* 1915.

DEAR I:

Two letters from you today, with numerous enclosures, and a big "tuck hamper" from ——. It must be true that man's affections are warmest in the regions of his equator, because my affection for —— when I opened the parcel, was —well, she had even included a can opener, and I had only just lost my treasured one a week ago.

Since I last wrote I have been going through a further course of bombing instruction. The course is largely to weed out the men who cannot be depended on to throw well and straight, and to weed those that get excited when it comes to live bombs. Some of them, just as soon as the fuse begins to fizz fling it away as if it were red hot, anywhere, almost. These men are highly dangerous to their own friends, more so to them than to the Huns. The result will be to get a squad of men who can keep cool, which is all that is necessary.

We go up into the front trenches tonight for 7 or 8 days, so we are told, but I can send and receive letters, probably every day. This front seems to be quite peaceful, much more so than the one we left to the South, because, down here, if we are not hammering them, the French are. The French 75 gun reminds me of a great pneumatic drill pounding on a boiler. It has a clanging sound and is very rapid, with a most emphatic note.

Every evening since I last wrote the "evening hate" has been regular (this is 4 P. M.) and it is due in an hour. Yesterday evening we were sitting out in a field, with cows snuffling around, having tea, bread and jam, when the first whine was heard ending in the familiar "whangg." They were, no doubt after the church, and a battery behind the village to our left. About fifteen shells they hurtled at us. A piece of one came buzzing at us, after the shell had burst, and hit young S. in the knee just hard enough to make him yelp and break the skin. Another time we take tea there we shall keep farther away. One shell crashed into an inhabited house near us, but the family happened to be out at the moment, and the house next door to it has six small children in it, with the necessary complement of parents. Today the family and neighbors are patching up the half demolished house and the six tow headed dirty and healthy children are still just where they were before. The Belgians joke about the shells and call them "Souvenirs." No one seems to alter his life for them.

(To be concluded in August.)

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

A Fourth of July lawn fête—inflating the balloon.

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THE REMAKING OF COLLEGE LIFE

AN UNDERGRADUATE POINT OF VIEW

By George F. Kearney

WHILE our colleges are managing to maintain a placid exterior, it is obvious to the undergraduate, and to those who are living within the college walls, that this is a time of great internal conflict; a time when nothing seems fixed about college life except continual change. A disrupting force is, apparently, working itself out in our college communities which is bringing about a decided shift in the standards of college life. One after another the cherished traditions of many college generations have been smashed and the order within the college community has been reduced to chaos. Not long ago the criticism of the college was mostly external, but now the critic from within has taken up the cudgel with the most astounding results. One has only to glance through our undergraduate publications—excellent barometers, when not saturated with schoolboy smugness—to sense the many changes that are being brought about and the great hope which the college life of the future extends.

Most of the reforms have come about through a changed attitude of our college authorities toward the communal life of the students under their care. Yesterday the college concerned itself chiefly with the classroom; it was the old idea to give the student enough classroom work to keep his life busy with intellectual pursuits. Now our authorities do not stop at the working out of the classroom problem—they are studying the every-day life of the student and are endeavoring to make the college communal life a greater cultural factor. They have found that the accepted college life has, too often, worked at cross-purposes with the cultural aims of the college. Now they are studying the life of the student more closely, with an eye to reconciling the atmosphere of the classroom, and the ideals of the university, with the twenty-four hours of the student's day.

The results of such a study have been interesting although rather disconcerting. It has been found that the college community, once very closely knitted together, where every one knew each other, has become unwieldy and has lost some of its intimacy and some of its democracy. Because of the increasing number of students attending our colleges they have lost most of their power of communal assimilation. It is increasingly possible for groups of like character to settle out by themselves, while widely different personalities, with differing tastes, standards, and breeding, are less liable to interact with each other. Again, besides this tendency to separate into little isolated groups, the undergraduates are dividing into two distinct classes—the civilians and the hoi polloi. It has been found, moreover, that the civilians, the class which lives the traditional college life, with its inner communal interests such as fraternities, athletics, publications, class activities, etc., is being greatly outnumbered by the college hoi polloi, living individual lives in the outer limbo of the college community and having apparently only a detached interest in student activities. Such a distinct cleavage has made it possible for those in the inner circle to accentuate and render ridiculous their characteristics, and for the outer barbarians to lose the training which intimate, friendly contact with varied types brings. This tendency to settle out, like with like, and the division between the civilian class and the hoi polloi is making the interaction of college communal life—with all its developing possibilities—more cumbersome and less effective.

Such a condition, while harmful to both classes, probably does more harm to the excluded class, which doubtless includes some of the more sincere, less frivolous students. They need the socializing forces which many of our undergraduate activities offer, but of course they cannot

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move freely in groups in which the gilded youth of the college play so big a part. The social activities of our student bodies, run now by the élite few, are so deeply rooted in schoolboy snobbishness that they can no longer be attractive to the sincere undergraduate. So we find him, now, too liable to live off by himself with his books and other personal activities in a self-absorbed, hermit-like way. This is true of even the student who has a social impulse, but the new condition of college life also makes it possible for the young fellow, who has little desire for human association, who is standardless, self-centred, with hidebound conceptions and ugly points of personality, to live his whole four years of college unmodified by the communal life forces that could do so much for him.

This condition presents quite a complex problem for the college to work out. For a long time our colleges have been searching for an adequate solution. It is indeed a problem to work out a scheme of community life under which each individual will become acquainted with every one else by natural means, without encroaching on the personal liberty of the students and without rendering the life mechanical. Again and again the college has asked itself what the trouble was and why the average student does not accept all the life forces that its community offers. Surely, the investigator has argued, the college student comes to college with the impulse to expand his life; why, then, does he narrow his college life down so? With the logical instinct to consider first things first, the freshman was closely studied, and the answer to this perplexing question found. It was discovered that, while the freshman undoubtedly came to college with a desire to accept everything that came his way, he soon was intimidated by the antiquated and boisterous American system of welcoming freshmen by suppressing them. Yesterday, when our colleges were small organizations and the students that came to them were hardly over sixteen years old, it was necessary, evidently, that stringent methods be used in order to get them into the vital life of the college community as soon as possible. But in the expanded college community of to-day it is no longer possible to follow up the introductory drubbing with con structive measures, and, furthermore, ou freshman has grown up, he has turne from a verdant green to a pale emerald and no longer requires the use of an suppressive measures. Hence the colleg has set itself the task of getting rid of deeply rooted student custom which ha demanded an instant humbling of it freshmen.

The college saw that the freshman o to-morrow must be welcomed by mor natural means; that his first impulse must be preserved in order to spur him o to accepting as much life as he can durin his four college years. Not only must h be welcomed, but it was seen that no pit falls must be placed in his way and tha he must be given the widest possibl choice of college companions. Towar this end three great reforms have bee introduced, and to-day we are findin them working out in most of our colleg communities. The first is the abolition o the hazing of freshmen, the second th modification of a ridiculous system of fra ternity rushing, and the third an estab lishment of a democratic system of fresh man dormitories, with separate common where the freshman meets everybody, i his first year, on equal terms. The firs two reforms have been practically accom plished, while the third, more difficult be cause of the eternal poverty of most col leges, is only fairly on the way.

It has been no easy task to shift under graduate opinion in regard to the ruthless welcome accorded to the freshman of yes terday. It was one of the early sports o the college year for the sophomore to re turn to the incoming freshman the drub bing he received the year before. Hazing was a deep-rooted custom, and any move to abolish it was looked upon by the un dergraduate as a kill-joy assault on a cherished, valuable tradition. But, while hazing was an excellent method of intro ducing the student into a small college community, where he had to be taught to seek his place and where constructive training measures followed up the hazing, it has been found that in a large college community hazing actually suppressed the necessary spirit which the newcomer must have to embrace the widest pos sible life of the expanded college com-

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unity. Now it is being recognized that is better to open up immediately everything in college life to the freshman in der that he may lose no time in accepting the great training it has to offer. And we find that almost every American ollege has given up its hazing and is well n the way to dropping the other supressive measures once embodied in a gorous series of freshman regulations.

Another universal reform has been the odifying of the old fraternity "rushing" ystem. Formerly the prep-school celebty found himself surrounded on his first ays at college by upper classmen eager o "rush" him into their fraternity. ometimes he would be met at the station nd hurried off to the fraternity house the inute he arrived at the college town. It as not been more than four years since ne freshman at my own college—which insist is practically civilized—was acually kidnapped at the railroad station, nd, although already pledged to another raternity, was locked up in a heated oom of one of our frat houses and acually put through a third degree to make im consent to join that particular group. ll night he held out, but toward morning e gave up and was immediately initiated nto the fraternity, but wisely enough his particular student left the college the ext day. This ridiculous system of early raternity "rushing," bound to give the ictim an entirely disproportionate idea f himself and his college world, has been reatly modified in practically all our colleges. By interfraternity agreements the reshman is left alone for at least half a ear to choose his own friends among his lassmates; to decide whether or not he vants to join a fraternity; and, lastly, vhat fraternity he wants to join.

Following on the heels of these two reforms has come the new movement for reshman dormitories, in which all the reshman class is housed. This has long been the dream of Cornell, the University f Wisconsin, Princeton, and the Univerity of Chicago, but Harvard has taken he first actual step in the practical working out of the scheme. In September, 1914, Harvard opened up three residential halls, Standish, Smith, and Gore, in which hey have housed their entire freshman lass. It is too early to predict results, but there is every indication that these new halls are succeeding in their purpose of democratizing the student body of Harvard. They cannot help bringing about a greater communal assimilation and eventually a more natural, friendly, and democratic basis of college life.

These three great reforms—the abolition of the freshman hazing, the modification of our fraternity "rushing" system and the establishment of democratic freshman dormitories—are going to mean a great deal to the college student of the future. When he enters his college he will be put at his best instead of his worst by the hearty, sincere welcome of the undergraduate body instead of their former abusive treatment. He can avoid the pitfalls of joining exclusive groups and fraternities before he has learned to know his own classmates. Lastly, when the freshman dormitory system is well established a definite assimilative organization will be accomplished. These are the college's corrective measures to bridge the gulf between the college civilians and the growing class of the hoi polloi, and to restore the interacting communal life of yesterday. They cannot help making our colleges more democratic—more in accord with American ideals—and they will go a long way toward making it possible for the student to live a freer and broader life in his college.

But these changes—so easily traced out in our college communities to-day—are only a part of a great movement that is readjusting college life to its new conditions. Yesterday great emphasis was laid on classroom efficiency; to-day the college is more concerned with "culturizing," not especially the classroom, but college life at large. A very sincere effort is being made to reconcile the intellectual life of the classroom with the life of the university, which has too often, in the past, worked at cross-purposes with the ideals of the institution. There is no use of recreating the communal life at college if it is going to result in a flattening of its intellectual life to conform with the intellectual and cultural standards of our average student. An atmosphere must be created which will play up to the cultural ideals of the college and not down to schoolboy standards.

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One reform which is being recognized as a means to further this ideal is a further humanizing of college dormitories. To-day dormitory life is too barren, too liable to produce unsocial individuals and incorrigible bachelors, and it does not seem to connect in any way with the cultural influences of the classroom. The dormitories in American colleges have become too unwieldy; they are little more than rows of pigeon-holes in which our college students are housed. Yesterday they accommodated a small congenial group; to-day they are housing students by the thousands. The life of our modern dormitories is too barren, too far removed from the refining influences of a home—not at all calculated to produce the highest type of a cultured individual. They offer only a disconnected environment for the student to live the four great formative years of his development in. To remedy this condition the fraternity and the eating clubs have been substituted, but because the membership in these organizations is selective they are not democratic and are liable to centre their life around some very small ideals. There is a general feeling prevailing among the colleges that the fraternity-group idea is a good one, but that the whole college should be so grouped in order to do away with the present undemocratic, un-American feature of the fraternity. When once the exclusive, selective idea of the fraternity is removed, its great objectionable feature, which now is responsible for so much schoolboy snobbishness, would be done away with. This could be most effectively done by providing fraternities for every one by grouping the dormitories around a series of small commons, practically creating little family groups having their own communal life.

A number of our colleges have definitely worked out such a scheme of communal life and are awaiting funds to put it into operation. This is, of course, the Oxford plan of undergraduate life. The Oxford colleges are little groups into which a man is taken, if he cares to come, regardless of who and what he is. He is welcomed and all the cultural forces of the college communal life are brought to bear upon him at once. His atmosphere is one of refinement, he is expected t read good books and to show his taste i selecting good pictures for the walls o his room. Each college stands back of it men and endeavors, as the American fra ternity does to-day, to get him to mak the most of his college life. The grou takes upon itself the responsibility o helping along the weaker man, and her is the strong, distinctive point of Oxford' communal system. Toward this sort o thing the American college is tending; i is inevitable that such a system should b eventually adopted if the numerical ex pansion of our colleges is to continue The system of undergraduate life of to morrow will be probably built in broa outline on the Oxford idea, but it wil have its own distinctive stamp and wil be designed to feed more readily into the common life of the whole university.

There is another readjusting reform which is necessary to reconcile the atmosphere of the classroom with the life of the university. To-day, with the alarming increase of the size of our classes, the college professor has become a lecturer when once he was a teacher. For ten students yesterday he now has fifty, which makes personal contact in the classroom well-nigh impossible. The student is little more than a name on a cumbersome roll; there is little chance for intimate contact of the student's personality with the expansive personality of the teacher. Here is an unsolved problem, yet there is an effort being made to alleviate present conditions. Student faculty advisers are gradually becoming more of a factor in the life of the student and less roster-making machines. Moreover, Bible and ethical discussion groups, led by prominent professors, are now big factors in the college intellectual life. Then we have groups like the one which Professor Copeland, of Harvard, known as "Copey" by the students, conducts every week at the rather original hour of ten o'clock in the evening. Here he makes a deliberate attempt to stir up the intellectual life of the students by presenting some dynamic thoughts of the day. At the University of Pennsylvania this sort of thing is very effectively done by an afternoon series of "two o'clock talks" given by a number of prominent professors, a new one each

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week, in which they attempt to discuss enthusiastically with the students some present-day problem.

But the best way to promote intellectual enthusiasm among the students is to give them some means of self-expression. Our literary societies, once so much in disfavor, are coming back into their own again as the undergraduate taboo is gradually lifting itself. Other forces, however, are at work. At Dartmouth they have established a college theatre, run entirely by students, in which they are presenting regularly some of the best plays of the day. Other colleges, like Ohio State, have taken up the idea and there seems to be a general tendency toward the development of a college drama—a very excellent method of putting into expression the impulse of the student toward broader and higher conceptions.

The newer college seems to be endeavoring to further vitalize its communal life. Our college communities are becoming less like huge intellectual manufacturing plants—they are tuning their life more with the outside world, so that the graduate will no longer have to take a dizzy step downward from his college to the outside world. We are getting away from the idea that college is simply a preparation for life, and hence out of life, and we are shifting more and more to the idea that college life is life and is designed to send men deeper and deeper into life.

THE OLD TEXAN CAPITAL

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WE are accustomed to think of our Southwest as an arid land, a solitude of vast horizons and rainless skies—as a new land, too—so that it is with some surprise that the traveller, stopping off at San Antonio upon his long transcontinental voyage, finds this old Texan capital set in a semitropical valley presenting that charming mixture of old and new that we are accustomed to associate only with some quaint city in a foreign land.

Many of a certain class of its citizens called the city San Antōn, with a very broad "o" and a special sort of affectionate accent, and when I spoke to one of them about it he said: "Yes, we call it so because we kind o' jest love it." And who can wonder! To many of them its balmy winters and pure air have spelled restored health and a new lease of life; to others its opportunities have brought ease and sometimes wealth, and to all alike it extends the welcome of its pretty streets aglow with flowers and blossoming shrubs.

You plunge in an instant from the bustling business quarters into quiet, shady byways where boarding-houses and family hotels invite the winter sojourner. Tucked away among modern residences stand unmistakable little Spanish villas smothered in vines and fig-trees, semi-abandoned, and old adobes, pink, gray, or blue, with overhanging porches, silently awaiting destruction.

The city, indeed, is improving so hastily that it is a pity that more of these landmarks of the old days have not been spared. Realizing this, both of the main railway stations have adopted a well-considered Spanish type, and I cannot but lament that the designers of the City Hall, the battlemented post-office, and other public buildings could not have done likewise instead of trying to graft versions of official Washington or New York upon so unsuitable a background and adapt them to so dissimilar a climate.

In my walks about I constantly came upon the San Antonio River that traverses the city in a number of loops and

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bends, so twisting, indeed, that thirty-seven bridges span its meandering waters. Some of the older ones are strictly utilitarian in character, but those of more recent date are made of concrete, well designed, and ornamented with drinking-fountains, potted plants, and appropriate architectural features.

The river banks themselves are confined by stone copings and laid out with lawns and handsome trees—peppers, palms, and oaks—thus forming a charming feature of a city neither too large nor too small, a *rus in urbe*, a delightful combination of town and country. Overhanging the stream in several places restaurants are installed as well as "candy kitchens" that invite you to linger, while an enterprising boatman has even established a "boat club," and takes those who will on excursions in motor-boats up and down the current.

San Antonio, from the date of its foundation, by Alarçon, has been a combination of *villa*, mission, and presidio. This last was situated in the Plaza de las Armas, now Military Plaza, and the civil life centred near by in Main Plaza, or the Plaza de las Islas, as it was then called, in honor of the families from the Canary Islands, sent over by the king's orders to help populate the infant colony. The soldiers' barracks faced on the north side of Military Plaza, and the governor also resided in this square in an old palace that stood until very recently, indeed, with the arms of Spain and Austria quartered on the keystone of its main entrance.

It and the Veramendi Palace near by, where dwelt Bowie's sweetheart and where Ben Milam died, were swept away but a year or two ago in a wave of "improvement" that might well have spared two such interesting structures and two such important relics of the past.

The west side of the Plaza de las Armas was given over to the clergy, who here built a pueblo church.

This church has now grown into the cathedral of San Fernando that still marks the geographic centre of the city. It is a queer composite of varying styles. The oldest part extant fronts the City Hall in Main Plaza, and takes the form of an apsidal chapel whose stunted buttresses and low, flat dome, painted pale blue, give it a decidedly Moorish aspect. The façade, with its limestone walls and pointed arches, has gone through so many vicissitudes and been modernized to such an extent as to leave its original appearance in doubt.

Not so the interior, however, for that, though also new, transported me in an instant to the Spanish churches of Latin America, stimulating the senses with its colored images, its candles, its vivid pictures, its stations of the cross and lingering smell of incense. The old men that shuffle up the aisle; the ladies in mantillas kneeling in the pews; a venerable woman, her head wrapped in a black *manta*, mumbling and crossing herself before the figure of a saint; a tired-looking mother with a sickly babe upon her knee and her dark eyes fixed imploringly upon a Murillo Virgin—all these fit the picture admirably, but seem strange and out of place in America.

Their presence ceased to surprise me when I had investigated the quarter that lies to the west of the church—a veritable township of tumble-down shanties so extensive and so completely peopled by Mexicans that I am told that Spanish is the language of more than half of San Antonio's population. In spite of this fact the external aspect of the quarter is not Mexican, for its constructions are too flimsy and too densely shaded by trees and shrubs to resemble a Spanish settlement. It is, notwithstanding, full of picturesque courts and corrals where animals and humans live in very close companionship.

The strange associations thus formed are best studied in the teams that congregate about the City Hall and at the big public market near by: wagons of poultry venders and produce dealers; buggies drawn by thoroughbreds with tails that sweep the ground; buckskin mules and mustangs hitched to buckboards, shaded by great umbrellas under which a Mexican face or two shines dark and swarthy. The younger women are often quite lovely, and I shall never forget two nuns in a surrey whose sweet, pale faces framed in white glowed like polished ivory in the luminous shadow out of the fierce glare of the sun.

The cathedral marks the transition from the somnolent Mexican quarter to

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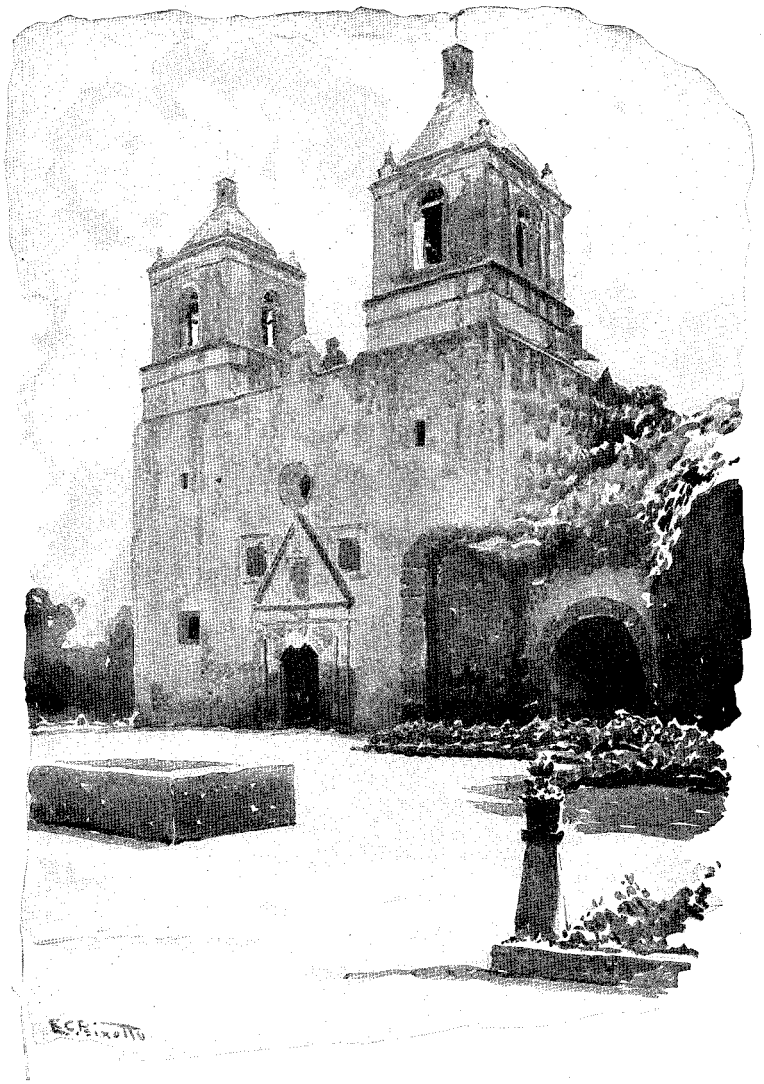

Mission of the Concepcion built about 1731.

the hustling American business section that stretches its broad, glittering thoroughfares to the eastward. Here are assembled the attractive stores that still display the legend "invitamos especialmente la clientela Mexicana"; the little shops to entice the curio-hunter and those soda-fountains palatial in equipment and ever popular that draw the crisp young girls like magnets, while to attract the ranchers and cattlemen saloons open wide their portals. Two of these are veritable hunters' dreams of paradise, for their walls are literally covered with big-game heads, "the grandest and largest collection of horns existing," as one of them modestly announces in a folder.

Remarkable collections they certainly are: Cape buffalo and antelope, rhinoceros and hartebeest, waterbuck and brindle gnu, elk from Colorado, moose from Canada, and heads of wild mustangs and long-horn steers from Texas itself, one pair of horns measuring eight feet from tip to tip. There is, too, a deer head, quite unique, whose antlers count no less than seventy-eight prongs, while around the base of the walls pictures of animals and

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inscriptions are carried out in rattlesnake tails, of which I was told there were thirty thousand in the collection, though I do not vouch for the accuracy of the figures.

The business quarter extends up as far as Alamo Plaza, a square of modern aspect upon which fronts the oldest of the missions, San Antonio de Valero, now called the Alamo. It was the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes of American history—the tragic siege which takes on new interest and significance in these troubled days of Mexican strife, and for that reason, if for no other, will bear repetition.

Since 1822, when Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the few American colonists in Texas had endured much at the hands of the new government. A climax was reached when Santa Anna seized Mexico City, overthrew the constitutionalists, and made himself dictator. He was the particular enemy of the Americans, and ordered the arrest of some of the most prominent among them. This brought clashes between them and the Mexican soldiers. Friends came from Missouri and Louisiana to help, until finally they organized a little army and, with Ben Milam at their head, marched upon San Antonio. After a stubborn house-to-house fight they took the town on the 7th of December, 1835.

Here they were joined by Davy Crockett and others, and here they awaited the coming of the enraged dictator, fortifying themselves as best they might in the old mission church and its outbuildings.

When Santa Anna arrived, at the head of his five thousand men, he summoned the two hundred Americans shut up in the Alamo to surrender. Their only reply was a shot fired from the cannon that William Travis commanded. The Mexicans immediately laid siege to the old church and for ten days pressed it with vigor. Its defenders, hopelessly outnumbered and with no chance of reinforcement, prepared to fight to the death. On March 6, to the sound of the "deguillo" (no quarter), the Mexicans advanced for the final assault.

Their ammunition exhausted, but fighting with their clubbed muskets or anything else that they could find, the heroic band of Americans fought on until, little by little, they were killed to a man, Travis athwart his cannon, Crockett upon a heap of Mexican soldiers in front of the main church door, Bowie, sick upon his cot, defending himself with his famous knife. So "Remember the Alamo" became the watchword of Texan freedom.

The stout old building, with its thick, low walls, its stockaded outbuildings, its buttressed sides, remains quite as an old picture of the time depicts it and, were it not for the florid portal, might still be mistaken for a ruined fortress. The scale of its façade is exceptionally small, so that, upon entering, I was surprised at the size of the interior—quite an extensive church, with shallow transepts and a square-ended apse where the green leaves thrust themselves in through a small window over the altar. There are a few relics in cases—all too few, it would appear—and, well up the nave, an old cannon pointing toward the door, grim reminder of the siege, upon which I could still decipher "1698, Philipus IIII."

To the left of the entrance opens a squarish chamber that served the monks as a burying-ground, and adjoining it is the sacristy. Owing to their protected situation, these two rooms were used as magazines during the siege, while the baptistry opposite served as a place of refuge for the few women and children.

Quite recently the old quadrangle to the north has been freed of encumbering buildings (a scheme for a "million-dollar hotel" upon this site having happily been quashed still-born), so that the old buildings preserve a fitting sense of isolation and stand quite apart from their modern surroundings.

The Alamo itself, with its associations, is quite enough of a legacy for an American city, but when you add to it four other mission churches, San Antonio's heritage from Spanish days well entitles it to one of its sobriquets, "The Mission City."

These four missions lie southward along the banks of the San Antonio River, almost equidistant from each other at intervals of two or three miles. They are easily visited by motor in a few hours, so that they really form an integral part of the city's attractions.

South Flores Street leads to them—one of the very oldest of the city's thoroughfares, still guarding here and there, along its sides, adobes with colonnaded porches

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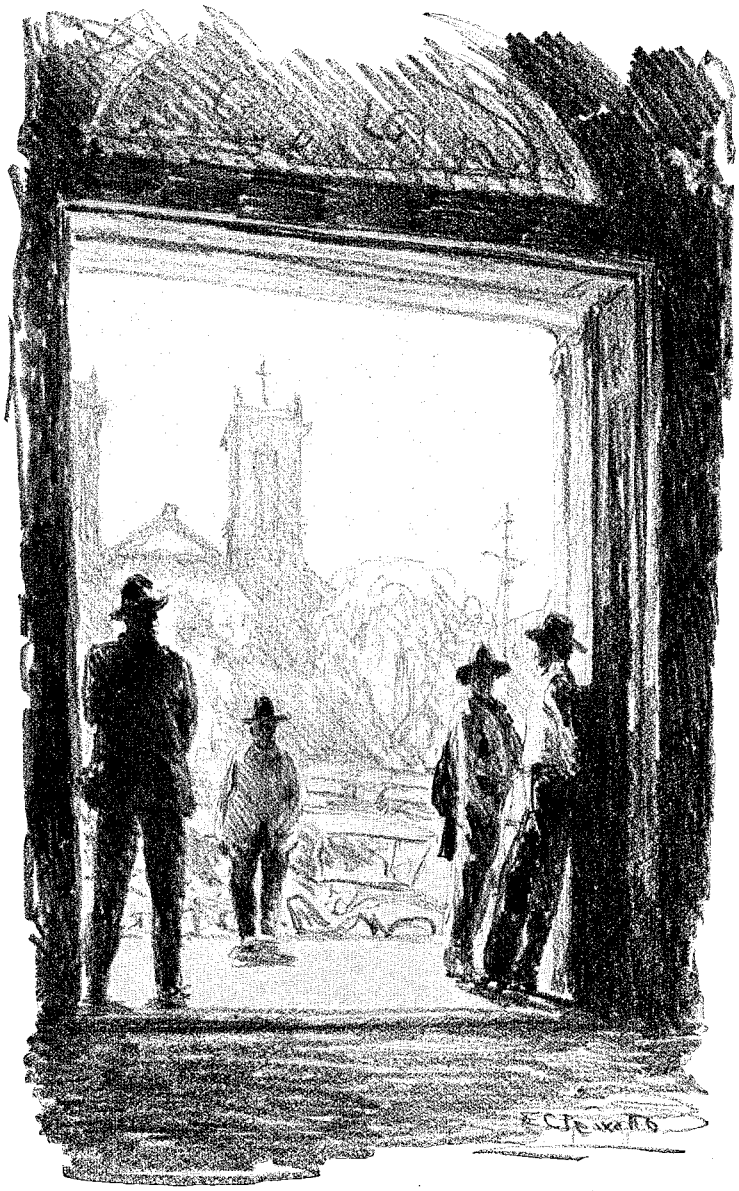

On the steps of the City Hall.
Cathedral of San Fernando beyond.

to remind one of the Spanish days. Soon, above fields of white poppies and golden nigger-heads, the massive twin towers of Concepcion rise to mark the First Mission, a stately church with a simple but dignified front. A tangle of ancient constructions still surrounds it, remains of its extensive viviendas, its granaries, stables, and outbuildings, and the vast containing-walls that protected it from Indian raiders, so that it makes quite a perfect type of an old-time mission.

An excellent idea of the life that was led here can be gained from a report of the missionaries, dated 1762, that gives a full record of its possessions: its fat fields, well watered by *acequias*, or irrigating ditches; its two hundred mares and

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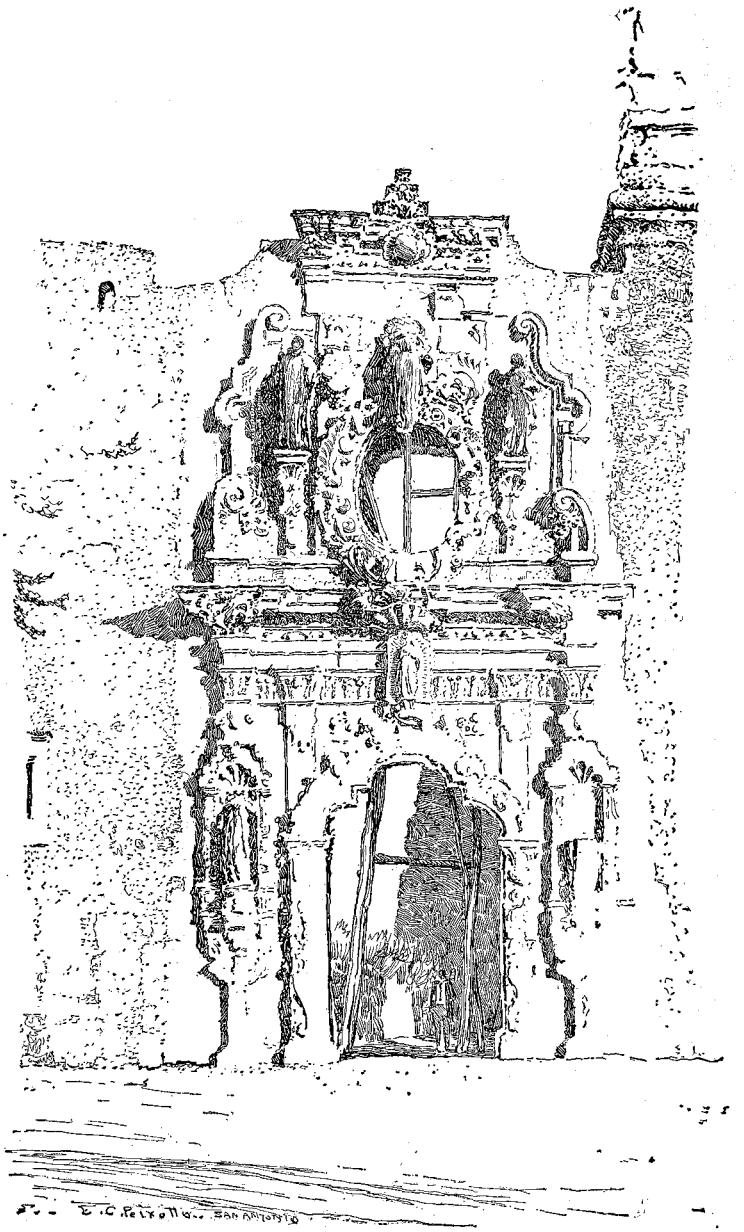

San José de Aguayo, the second mission.

The most ornate piece of Spanish baroque that I know of in our country.—Page 87.

hundred hogs; its six hundred head of cattle; and its flocks of goats and sheep, two thousand or more in number. The report also tells of its varied activities, and describes how, while the monks were caring for the souls of the Indians and teaching them the catechism, the lay brothers instructed them in weaving blankets, *rebozos*, and *mantas*, in the arts of agriculture, and in making sugar from the sugar-cane, to such good purpose that the granaries were bursting with countless *fanegas* of corn and beans, while the excellent work of stone-cutter and mason,

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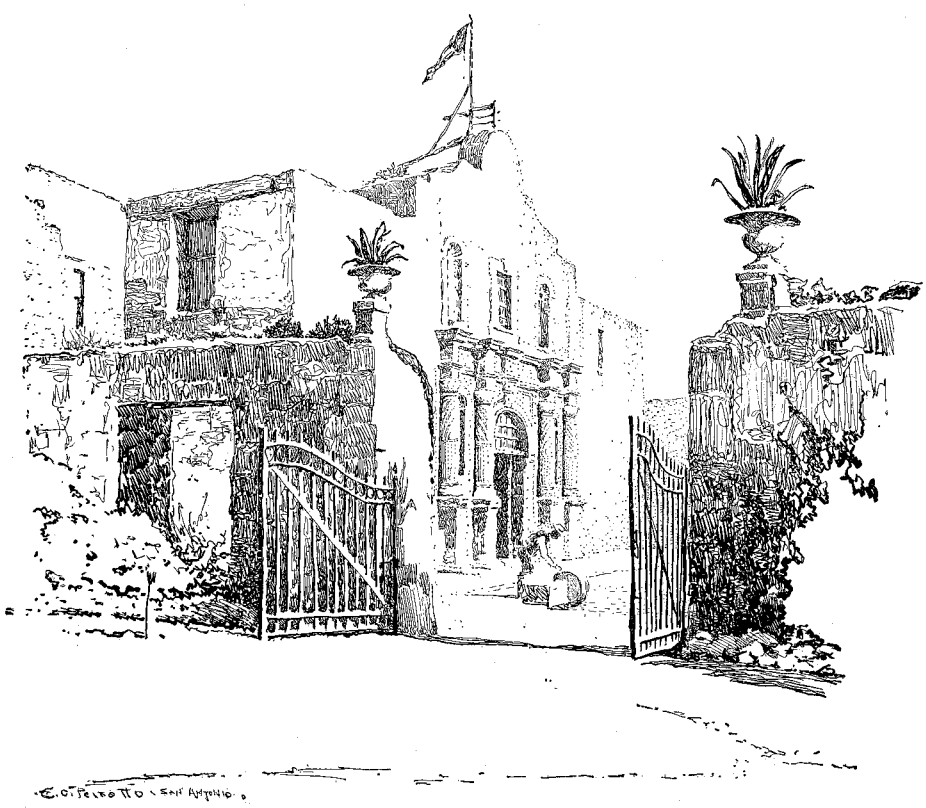
taught by the Spanish fathers, is still to be seen upon the mission buildings themselves, in spite of the fact that this same report records the Indian's "want of culture, his little talent, and great sloth."

The second mission, San José de Aguayo, is architecturally the most interesting of the four. It was begun in 1720, so was the earliest in date, but was not completed until eleven years later. Its façade is the most ornate piece of Spanish baroque that I know of in our country—a genuine surprise with its richly ornamented cornices and keystones, its winged cherubim, and its panels whose sculptured niches are peopled by cassocked saints. Unhappily, the roof has fallen, and the nave and transepts stand open to the four winds of heaven, but there remains a chapel, once perhaps the baptistry, that is still used for services. Its place in the south wall is plainly marked by an elaborate window whose picturesque design conforms to the ornamentation of the west portal and whose tarnished panes are still protected by the remains of a delicate iron *reja*.

It is entered by a doorway that, owing to its sheltered position under a low stone arch, has remained quite intact, stonework, panelled doors, and heavy wrought-iron fittings. The chapel itself has distinct architectural interest, vaulted as it is with flattened domes and low arches, and retaining its Hispanic character unmarred by modern furniture, for the broken-down pews of its little congregation, the simple altar and its furnishings, the cloth of appliqué (made by Mexican women some fifty years ago) that does duty as a reredos, are all in keeping with its original character. It contains, too, a few remnants of the church ornaments that once belonged to the main edifice: a mutilated crucifix, a section of the circular stair that led, I suppose, to the tower, some candlesticks and other tarnished relics. Adjoining the church to the east



The Alamo.

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are extensive corridors of brick arches covered with stucco that probably formed part of the refectory and living quarters, while to the west extends a long stone granary.

The third and fourth missions, San Juan Capistrano and San Francisco de la Espada, are much simpler in character than the first two, each having stepped belfries attached to churches of primitive design. Each shows extensive remains of its old mission quadrangle and the last the ruins of its *baluarte*, or bastion for defense.

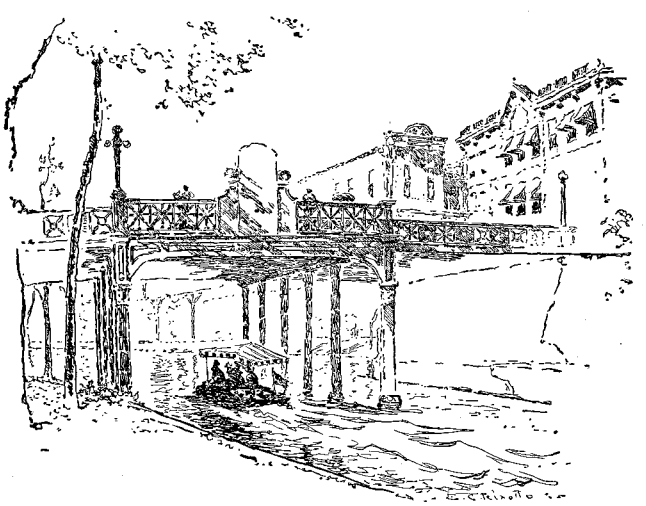
Near the last-named rise arches of the aqueduct that supplied the missions with water and fed that intricate scheme of irrigating ditches that, until the day of artesian wells, formed so necessary an adjunct to the city's life.

You may return to town by way of the ostrich farm and the fair grounds, where Theodore Roosevelt assembled his Rough Riders and trained them for the war with Spain, almost in the shadow of the old Franciscan churches.

The rough riders of to-day are trained out on the hills at Fort Sam Houston, named for the hero who avenged the Alamo, took Santa Anna prisoner at San Jacinto, and assured the independence of the Texas republic.

This fort, locally called "army post," is one of the most important presidios in our country. It has three vast parade-grounds surrounded by comfortable-looking officers' quarters, and long lines of red-roofed barracks for all branches of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—while a powerful wireless plant and aeroplane sheds bring the equipment well up to modern requirements. There are comparatively few men to occupy these barracks just now, as most of them are out on patrol duty along the Mexican border. Headquarters staffs and regimental bands are still there, however, and help to bring social life and gayety to the city that sorely misses its larger soldier life, of which it has been deprived for two years now.

The band plays once or twice a week in front of the commanding general's headquarters upon a broad, grassy slope dominated by a conspicuous clock-tower. I found these concerts most enjoyable on a balmy summer night, for the townsfolk turn out in crowds, some in motors that they park in a great circle, others by the street-cars, sitting or stretching themselves full length upon the grass. The women are crisp and fresh in spotless white, the men more rough and ready, while the fireflies flicker and twinkle from group to group like stray nebulæ dropped from the myriad stars that shine overhead, in this clear atmosphere, with a brilliancy beyond belief.



One of the city bridges over the San Antonio River.

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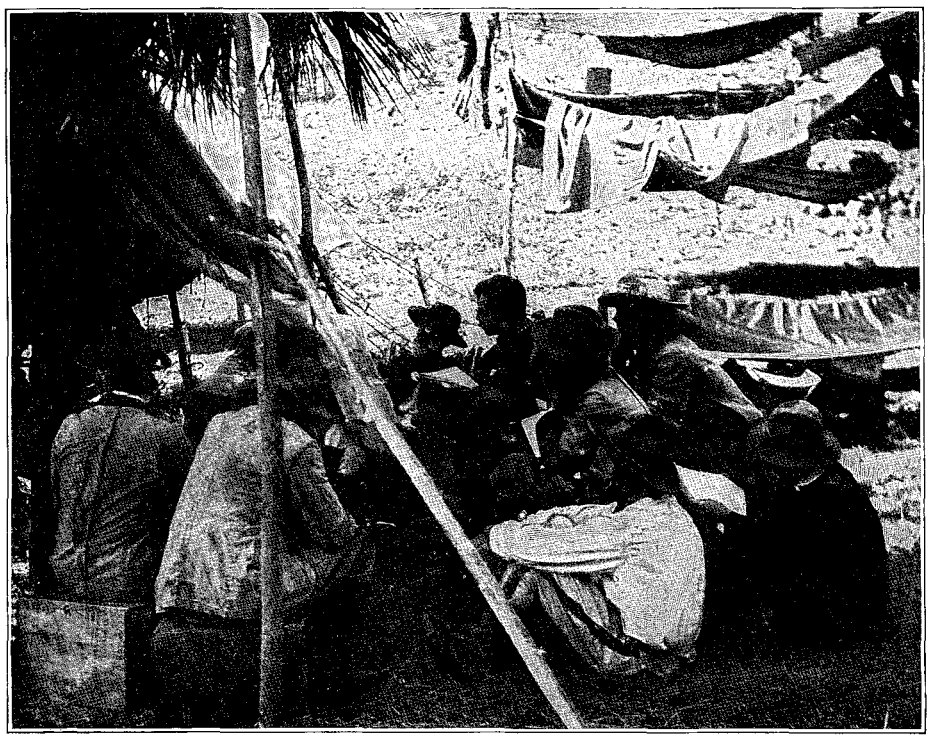
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Gen. Wheeler. Col. Roosevelt. R. H. Davis.



Gen. Wood.

A consultation at General Wheeler's headquarters.

Reproduced from *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1899.

DAVIS AND THE ROUGH RIDERS

By Theodore Roosevelt

I KNEW Richard Harding Davis for many years, and I was among the number who were immediately drawn to him by the power and originality of "Gallegher," the story which first made his reputation.

My intimate association with him, however, was while he was with my regiment in Cuba. He joined us immediately after landing, and was not merely present at but took part in the fighting. For example, at the Guasimas fight it was he, I think, with his field-glasses, who first placed the trench from which the Spaniards were firing at the right wing of the regiment, which right wing I, at that time, commanded. We were then able to make out the trench, opened fire on it, and drove out the Spaniards.

He was indomitably cheerful under hardships and difficulties and entirely indifferent to his own personal safety or comfort. He so won the esteem and regard of the regiment that he was one of the three men we made honorary members of the regiment's association. We gave him the same medal worn by our own members.

He was as good an American as ever lived and his heart flamed against cruelty and injustice. His writings form a text-book of Americanism which all our people would do well to read at the present time.

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THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF DAVIS

By Charles Dana Gibson

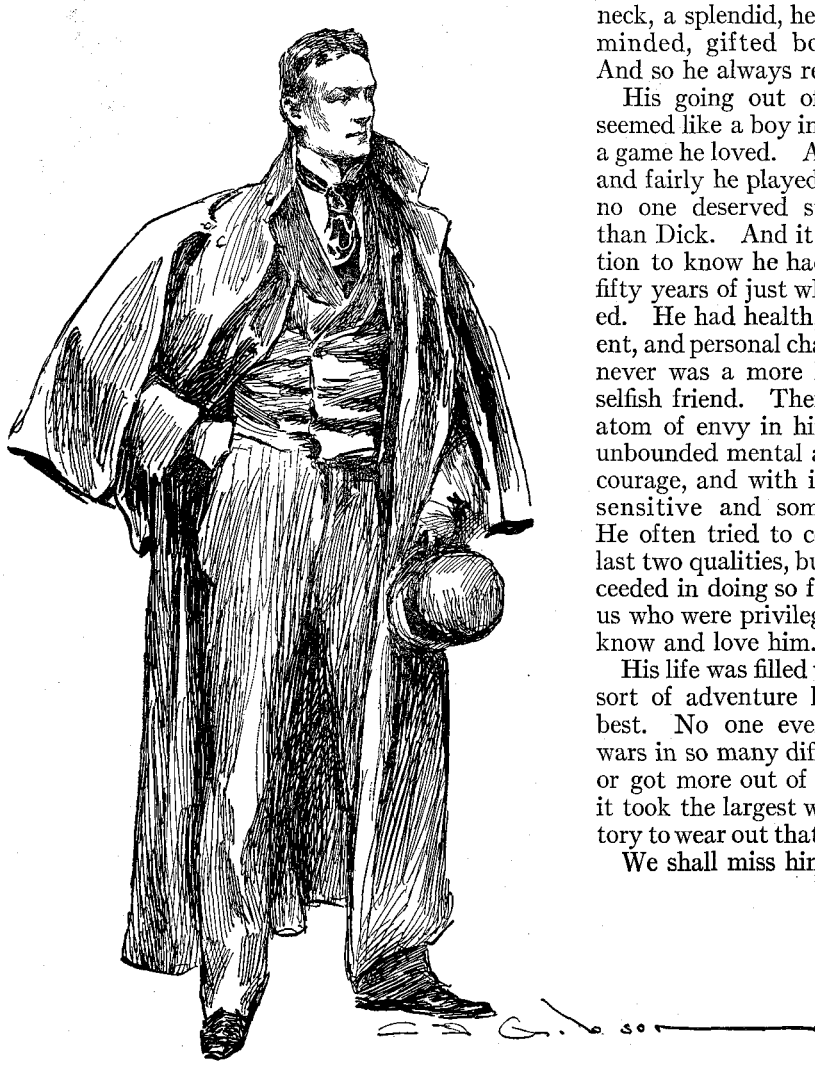
DICK was twenty-four years old when he came into the smoking-room of the Victoria Hotel, in London, after midnight one July night—he was dressed as a Thames boatman.

He had been rowing up and down the river since sundown, looking for color. He had evidently peopled every dark corner with a pirate, and every floating object had meant something to him. He had adventure written all over him. It was the first time I had ever seen him, and I had never heard of him. I can't now recall another figure in that smoke-filled room. I don't remember who introduced us—over twenty-seven years have passed since that night. But I can see Dick now dressed in a rough brown suit, a soft hat, with a handkerchief about his neck, a splendid, healthy, clean-minded, gifted boy at play. And so he always remained.

His going out of this world seemed like a boy interrupted in a game he loved. And how well and fairly he played it! Surely no one deserved success more than Dick. And it is a consolation to know he had more than fifty years of just what he wanted. He had health, a great talent, and personal charm. There never was a more loyal or unselfish friend. There wasn't an atom of envy in him. He had unbounded mental and physical courage, and with it all he was sensitive and sometimes shy. He often tried to conceal these last two qualities, but never succeeded in doing so from those of us who were privileged really to know and love him.

His life was filled with just the sort of adventure he liked the best. No one ever saw more wars in so many different places or got more out of them. And it took the largest war in all history to wear out that stout heart.

We shall miss him.



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Richard Harding Davis.

The figure of Davis was one in a composition by C. D. Gibson in *Life*, May 22, 1890.

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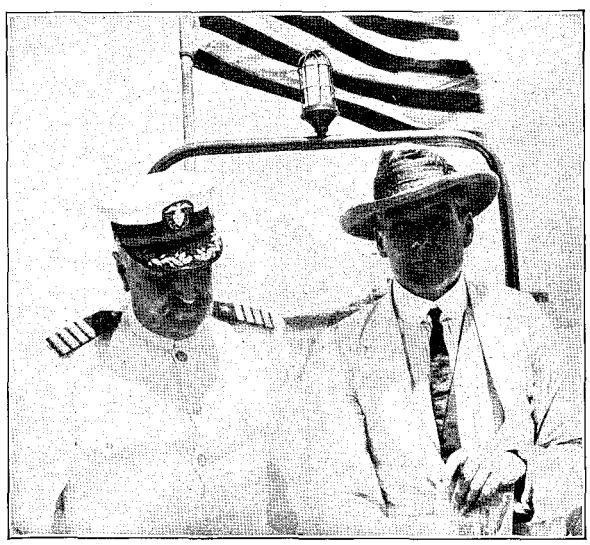
WITH DAVIS IN VERA CRUZ, BRUSSELS, AND SALONIKA

By John T. McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Captain Glennon and Richard Harding Davis.

From a photograph taken on a steam-launch going out to the battleship Wyoming, which was the flagship of the Atlantic Squadron at Vera Cruz.

IN common with many others who have been with Richard Harding Davis as correspondents, I find it difficult to realize that he has covered his last story and that he will not be seen again with the men who follow the war game, rushing to distant places upon which the spotlight of news interest suddenly centres.

It seems a sort of bitter irony that he who had covered so many big events of world importance in the past twenty years should be abruptly torn away in the midst of the greatest event of them all, while the story is still unfinished and its outcome undetermined. If there is a compensating thought, it lies in the reflection that he had a life of almost unparalleled fulness, crowded to the brim, up to the last moment, with those experiences and achievements which he particularly aspired to have. He left while the tide was at its flood, and while he still held supreme his place as the best reporter in his country. He escaped the bitterness of seeing the ebb set in, when the youth to which he clung had slipped away, and when he would have to sit impatient in the audience, while younger men were in the thick of great, world-stirring dramas on the stage.

This would have been a real tragedy in "Dick" Davis's case, for, while his body would have aged, it is doubtful if his spirit ever would have lost its youthful freshness or boyish enthusiasm.

It was my privilege to see a good deal of Davis in the last two years.

He arrived in Vera Cruz among the first of the sixty or seventy correspondents who flocked to that news centre when the situation was so full of sensational possibilities. It was a time when the American newspaper-reading public was eager for thrills, and the ingenuity and

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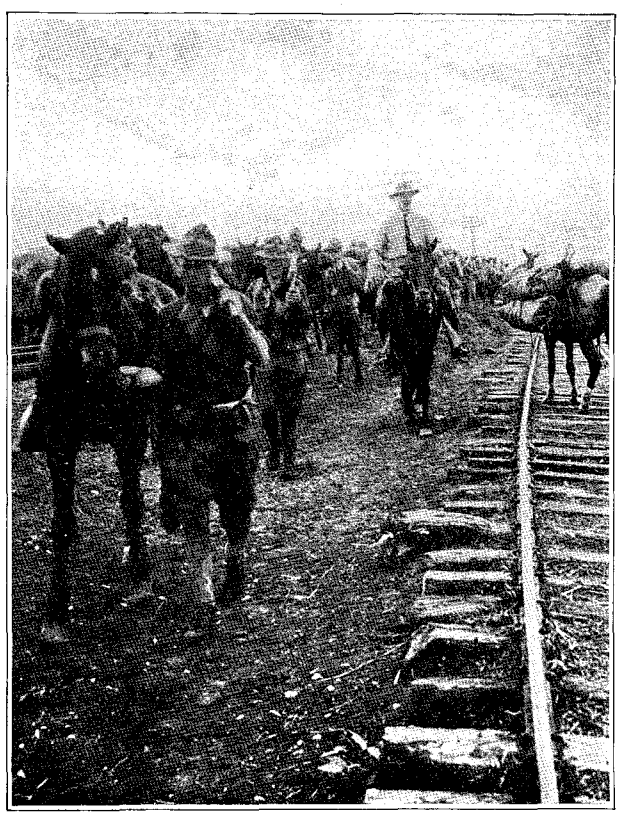
resourcefulness of the correspondents in Vera Cruz were tried to the uttermost to supply the demand.

In the face of the fiercest competition it fell to Davis's lot to land the biggest story of those days of marking time.

The story "broke" when it became known that Davis, Medill McCormick, and Frederick Palmer had gone through the Mexican lines in an effort to reach Mexico City. Davis and McCormick, with letters to the Brazilian and British ministers, got through and reached the capital on the strength of those letters, but Palmer, having only an American passport, was turned back.



Richard Harding Davis riding out with the cavalry patrol between Vera Cruz and El Tejar.

After an ominous silence which furnished American newspapers with a lively period of suspense, the two men returned safely with wonderful stories of their experiences while under arrest in the hands of the Mexican authorities. McCormick, in recently speaking of Davis at that time, said that, "as a correspondent in difficult and dangerous situations, he was incomparable—cheerful, ingenious, and undiscouraged. When the time came to choose between safety and leaving his companion he stuck by his fellow captive even though, as they both said, a firing-squad and a blank wall were by no means a remote possibility."

This Mexico City adventure was a spectacular achievement which gave Davis and McCormick a distinction which no other correspondents of all the ambitious and able corps had managed to attain.

Davis usually "hunted" alone. He depended entirely upon his own ingenuity and wonderful instinct for news situations. He had the energy and enthusiasm of a beginner, with the experience and training of a veteran. His interest in things remained as keen as though he had not been years at a game which often leaves a man jaded and blasé. His acquaintanceship in the American army and navy was wide, and for this reason, as well as for the prestige which his fame and position as a national character gave him, he found it easy to establish valuable connections in the channels from which news emanates. And yet, in spite of the fact that he was "on his own" instead of having a working partnership with other men, he was generous in helping at times when he was able to do so.

Davis was a conspicuous figure in Vera Cruz, as he inevitably had been in all such situations. Wherever he went, he was pointed out. His distinction of appearance, together with a distinction in dress, which, whether from habit or policy, was a valuable asset in his work,

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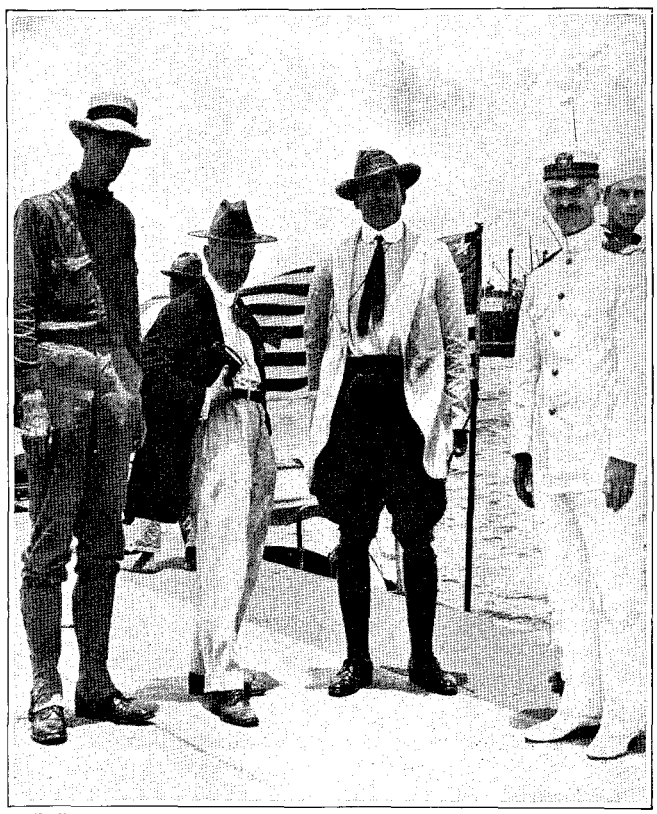
made him a marked man. He dressed and looked the "war correspondent," such a one as he would describe in one of his stories. He fulfilled the popular ideal of what a member of that fascinating profession should look like. His code of life and habits was as fixed as that of the Briton who takes his habits and customs and games and tea wherever he goes, no matter how benighted or remote the spot may be.

He was just as loyal to his code as is the Briton. He carried his bath-tub, his immaculate linen, his evening clothes, his war equipment—in which he had the pride of a connoisseur—wherever he went, and, what is more, he had the courage to use the evening clothes at times when their use was conspicuous. He was the only man who wore a dinner coat in Vera Cruz, and each night, at his particular table in the crowded "Portales," at the Hotel Diligencia, he was to be seen, as fresh and clean as though he were in a New York or London restaurant.

Each day he was up early to take the train out to the "gap," across which came arrivals from Mexico City. Sometimes a good "story" would come down, as when the long-heralded and long-expected arrival of Consul Silliman gave a first-page "feature" to all the American papers.

In the afternoon he would play water polo over at the navy aviation camp, and always at a certain time of the day his "striker" would bring him his horse and for an hour or more he would ride out along the beach roads within the American lines.

After the first few days it was difficult to extract real thrills from the Vera Cruz situation, but we used to ride out to El Tejar with the cavalry patrol and imagine that we might be fired on at some point in the long ride through unoccupied territory; or else go out to the "front," at Legarto, where a little American force occupied a sun-baked row of freight-cars, surrounded by malarial swamps. From the top of the railroad water-tank, we could look across to the Mexican outposts a mile or so away. It was not very exciting, and what thrills we got lay chiefly in our imagination.



Dudley Harmon. James H. Hare. R. H. Davis. Paymaster Mayo, of the battleship *Wyoming*.

War correspondents at Sanidad dock, Vera Cruz.

Before my acquaintanceship with Davis at Vera Cruz I had not known him well. Our trails didn't cross while I was in Japan in the Japanese-Russian War, and in the Transvaal I missed him by a few days, but in Vera Cruz I had many en-

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joyable opportunities of becoming well acquainted with him.

The privilege was a pleasant one, for it served to dispel a preconceived and not an entirely favorable impression of his character. For years I had heard stories about Richard Harding Davis—stories perhaps unconsciously, after the favored types which his imagination had created for his stories. In a certain sense he was living a life of make-believe, wherein he was the hero of the story, and in which he was bound by his ideals always to act as he would have the hero of his story act.

Correspondents at the French front in the Balkans.

The Bulgaria-Greece boundary line is along the crest of the ridge upon which the figures are standing. Two shells were fired at this group shortly after this picture was taken, one shell bursting a short distance in front and the other just behind. The three figures at the right are R. H. Davis; Ferguson, of *Reuters*; and Londres, of the *Petit Journal*. Two French officers are with them. Other correspondents are seen in the trench a few yards ahead.

which emphasized an egotism and self-assertiveness which, if they ever existed, had happily ceased to be obtrusive by the time I got to know him.

He was a different Davis from the Davis whom I had expected to find; and I can imagine no more charming and delightful companion than he was in Vera Cruz. There was no evidence of those qualities which I feared to find, and his attitude was one of unfailing kindness, considerateness, and generosity.

In the many talks I had with him, I was always struck by his evident devotion to a fixed code of personal conduct. In his writings he was the interpreter of chivalrous, well-bred youth, and his heroes were young, clean-thinking college men, heroic big-game hunters, war correspondents, and idealized men about town, who always did the noble thing, disdaining the unworthy in act or motive. It seemed to me that he was modelling his own life, It was a quality which only one could have who had preserved a fresh youthfulness of outlook in spite of the hardening processes of maturity.

His power of observation was extraordinarily keen, and he not only had the rare gift of sensing the vital elements of a situation, but also had, to an unrivalled degree, the ability to describe them vividly. I don't know how many of those men at Vera Cruz tried to describe the kaleidoscopic life of the city during the American occupation, but I know that Davis's story was far and away the most faithful and satisfying picture. The story was photographic, even to the sounds and smells.

The last I saw of him in Vera Cruz was when, on the *Utah*, he steamed past the flagship *Wyoming*, upon which I was quartered, and started for New York. The Battenberg cup race had just been rowed, and the *Utah* and *Florida* crews had tied. As the *Utah* was sailing imme-

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diately after the race, there was no time in which to row off the tie. So it was decided that the names of both ships should be engraved on the cup, and that the *Florida* crew should defend the title against a challenging crew from the British Admiral Craddock's flagship.

By the end of June, the public interest in Vera Cruz had waned, and the corps of correspondents dwindled until there were only a few left.

Frederick Palmer and I went up to join Carranza and Villa, and on the 26th of July we were in Monterey waiting to start with the triumphal march of Carranza's army toward Mexico City. There was no sign of serious trouble abroad. That night ominous telegrams came, and at ten o'clock on the following morning we were on a train headed for the States.

Palmer and Davis caught the *Lusitania*, sailing August 4 from New York, and I followed on the *Saint Paul*, leaving three days later.

On the 17th of August I reached Brussels, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to find Davis already there. He was at the Palace Hotel, where a number of American and English correspondents were quartered.

Things moved quickly. On the 19th Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin, Arno Dosch, and I were caught between the Belgian and German lines in Louvain; our retreat to Brussels was cut, and for three days, while the vast German army moved through the city, we were detained. Then, the army having passed, we were allowed to go back to the capital.

In the meantime Davis was in Brussels. The Germans reached the outskirts of the city on the morning of the 20th, and the correspondents who had remained in Brussels were feverishly writing despatches describing the imminent fall of the city. One of them, Harry Hansen, of *The Chicago Daily News*, tells the following story, which I give in his words:

"While we were writing," says Hansen, "Richard Harding Davis walked into the writing-room of the Palace Hotel with a bunch of manuscript in his hand. With an amused expression he surveyed the three correspondents filling white paper.

"'I say, men,' said Davis, 'do you know when the next train leaves?'

"'There is one at three o'clock,' said a correspondent, looking up.

"'That looks like our only chance to get a story out,' said Davis. 'Well, we'll trust to that.'

"The story was the German invasion of Brussels, and the train mentioned was considered the forlorn hope of the correspondents to connect with the outside world—that is, every correspondent thought it to be the *other* man's hope. Secretly each had prepared to outwit the other, and secretly Davis had already sent his story to Ostend. He meant to emulate Archibald Forbes, who despatched a courier with his real manuscript, and next day publicly dropped a bulky package in the mail-bag.

"Davis had sensed the news in the occupation of Brussels long before it happened. With dawn he went out to the Louvain road, where the German army stood, prepared to smash the capital if negotiations failed. His observant eye took in all the details. Before noon he had written a comprehensive sketch of the occupation, and when word was received that it was under way, he trusted his copy to an old Flemish woman, who spoke not a word of English, and saw her safely on board the train that pulled out under Belgian auspices for Ostend."

With passes which the German commandant in Brussels gave us the correspondents immediately started out to see how far those passes would carry us. A number of us left on the afternoon of August 23 for Waterloo, where it was expected that the great clash between the German and the Anglo-French forces would occur. We had planned to be back the same evening, and went prepared only for an afternoon's drive in a couple of hired street carriages. It was seven weeks before we again saw Brussels.

On the following day (August 24) Davis started for Mons. He wore the khaki uniform which he had worn in many campaigns. Across his breast was a narrow bar of silk ribbon indicating the campaigns in which he had served as a correspondent. He so much resembled a British officer that he was arrested as a British derelict and was informed that he would be shot at once.

He escaped only by offering to walk to

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Brand Whitlock, in Brussels, reporting to each officer he met on the way. His plan was approved, and as a hostage on parole he appeared before the American minister, who quickly established his identity as an American of good standing to the satisfaction of the Germans.

In the following few months our trails were widely separated. I read of his arrest by German officers on the road to Mons; later I read the story of his departure from Brussels by train to Holland—a trip which carried him through Louvain while the town still was burning; and still later I read that he was with the few lucky men who were in Rheims during one of the early bombardments that damaged the cathedral. By amazing luck, combined with a natural news sense which drew him instinctively to critical places at the psychological moment, he had been a witness of the two most widely featured stories of the early weeks of the war.

Arrested by the Germans in Belgium, and later by the French in France, he was convinced that the restrictions on correspondents were too great to permit of good work.

So he left the European war zone with the widely quoted remark: "The day of the war correspondent is over."

And yet I was not surprised when, one evening, late in November of last year, he suddenly walked into the room in Salonika where William G. Shepherd, of the United Press, "Jimmy Hare," the veteran war photographer, and I had established ourselves several weeks before.

The hotel was jammed, and the city, with a normal capacity of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand, was struggling to accommodate at least a hundred thousand more. There was not a room to be had in any of the better hotels, and for several days we lodged Davis in our room, a vast chamber which formerly had been the main dining-room of the establishment, and which now was converted into a bedroom. There was room for a dozen men, if necessary, and whenever stranded Americans arrived and could find no hotel accommodations we simply rigged up emergency cots for their temporary use.

The weather in Salonika at this time, late November, was penetratingly cold. In the mornings the steam coils struggled feebly to dispel the chill in the room.

Early in the morning after Davis had arrived, we were aroused by the sound of violent splashing accompanied by shuddering gasps, and we looked out from the snug warmth of our beds to see Davis standing in his portable bath-tub and drenching himself with ice-cold water. As an exhibition of courageous devotion to an established custom of life it was admirable, but I'm not sure that it was prudent.

For some reason, perhaps a defective circulation or a weakened heart, his system failed to react from these cold-water baths. All through the days he complained of feeling chilled. He never seemed to get thoroughly warmed, and of us all he was the one who suffered most keenly from the cold. It was all the more surprising, for his appearance was always that of a man in the pink of athletic fitness—ruddy-faced, clear-eyed, and full of tireless energy.

On one occasion we returned from the French front in Serbia to Salonika in a box-car lighted only by candles, bitterly cold, and frightfully exhausting. We were seven hours in travelling fifty-five miles, and we arrived at our destination at three o'clock in the morning. Several of the men contracted desperate colds, which clung to them for weeks. Davis was chilled through, and said that of all the cold he had ever experienced that which swept across the Macedonian plain from the Balkan highlands was the most penetrating. Even his heavy clothing could not afford him adequate protection.

When he was settled in his own room in our hotel he installed an oil-stove which burned beside him as he sat at his desk and wrote his stories. The room was like an oven, but even then he still complained of the cold.

When he left he gave us the stove, and when we left, some time later, it was presented to one of our doctor friends out in a British hospital, where I'm sure it is doing its best to thaw the Balkan chill out of sick and wounded soldiers.

Davis was always up early, and his energy and interest were as keen as a boy's.

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We had our meals together, sometimes in the crowded and rather smart Bastasini's, but more often in the maelstrom of humanity that nightly packed the Olympos Palace restaurant. Davis, Shepherd, Hare, and I, with sometimes Mr. and Mrs. John Bass, made up these parties, which, for a period of about two weeks or so, were the most enjoyable daily events of our lives.

Under the glaring lights of the restaurant, and surrounded by British, French, Greek, and Serbian officers, German, Austrian, and Bulgarian civilians, with a sprinkling of American, English, and Scotch nurses and doctors, packed so solidly in the huge, high-ceilinged room that the waiters could barely pick their way among the tables, we hung for hours over our dinners, and left only when the landlord and his Austrian wife counted the day's receipts and paid the waiters at the end of the evening.

One could not imagine a more charming and delightful companion than Davis during these days. While he always asserted that he could not make a speech, and was terrified at the thought of standing up at a banquet-table, yet, sitting at a dinner-table with a few friends who were only too eager to listen rather than to talk, his stories, covering personal experiences in all parts of the world, were intensely vivid, with that remarkable "holding" quality of description which characterizes his writings.

He brought his own bread—a coarse, brown sort, which he preferred to the better white bread—and with it he ate great quantities of butter. As we sat down at the table his first demand was for "Mastika," a peculiar Greek drink distilled from mastic gum, and his second demand invariably was "Du beurre!" with the "r's" as silent as the stars; and if it failed to come at once the waiter was made to feel the enormity of his tardiness.

The reminiscences ranged from his early newspaper days in Philadelphia, and skipping from Manchuria to Cuba and Central America, to his early *Sun* days under Arthur Brisbane; they ranged through an endless variety of personal experiences which very nearly covered the whole course of American history in the past twenty years.

Perhaps to him it was pleasant to go over his remarkable adventures, but it could not have been half as pleasant as it was to hear them, told as they were with a keenness of description and brilliancy of humorous comment that made them gems of narrative.

At times, in our work, we all tried our hands at describing the Salonika of those early days of the Allied occupation, for it was really what one widely travelled British officer called it—"the most amazingly interesting situation I've ever seen"—but Davis's description was far and away the best, just as his description of Vera Cruz was the best, and his wonderful story of the entry of the German army into Brussels was matchless as one of the great pieces of reporting in the present war.

In thinking of Davis, I shall always remember him for the delightful qualities which he showed in Salonika. He was unfailingly considerate and thoughtful. Through his narratives one could see the pride which he took in the width and breadth of his personal relation to the great events of the past twenty years. His vast scope of experiences and equally wide acquaintanceship with the big figures of our time, were amazing, and it was equally amazing that one of such a rich and interesting history could tell his stories in such a simple way that the personal element was never obtrusive.

When he left Salonika he endeavored to obtain permission from the British staff to visit Moudros, but, failing in this, he booked his passage on a crowded little Greek steamer, where the only obtainable accommodation was a lounge in the dining saloon. We gave him a farewell dinner, at which the American consul and his family, with all the other Americans then in Salonika, were present, and after the dinner we rowed out to his ship and saw him very uncomfortably installed for his voyage.

He came down the sea ladder and waved his hand as we rowed away. That was the last I saw of Richard Harding Davis.

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THE SON OF PATRICK O'MOIRA

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

"PAT, Pat, no name but that!" came a mocking chant from the basement.

"I'd teach ye what me name is," retorted Patsy, clinching his fists; "I'd write it on the dirty mugs of ye, if ye stop skulkin' down there, cowards ye are!"

That they were his ancient enemies, his superiors in size and strength, he knew: Jacob Roschky, the Pole, and heavy-witted Karl Steinberg, the saloon-keeper's son.

"Ve don't fight dem dat has no names," sneered Karl in tardy reply. The coarse taunt scattered Patsy's prudence to the winds. He leaped forward with a cry of rage, and would have plunged right into the ambush behind the broken window had not a low command from overhead arrested him.

"Patsy!" called his mother. "Patsy, lad, come away up!"

Patsy hesitated, but there was a note not to be gainsaid in his mother's voice, and with a last defiance to the hidden foe he dashed through the door and up the narrow stairway to the little room where she sat at her perpetual lace-making.

He had not meant to tell his mother the cause of the trouble below, but under her gentle questioning his sore little heart could contain itself no longer.

"If only I could say who me father was," he choked out at last. "But it's Pat no name, and Pat who's yer daddy, till I'm weary of living, and that's truth!"

Nora thrust her work aside with a low cry and gathered her son to her arms.

"They've been saying that to ye!" she murmured in a stricken voice. "And I never dreaming, but thinking of ye as a baby still!"

With swift remorse she recalled the terrible time six years ago when she had come with her three-year-old son to the tenement, a girl half-mad with broken pride and outraged love, and remembered how she had tried to silence the curious questions of her neighbors by flinging a sharp challenge to the conventions.

"Nora O'Carroll's me name," she had announced to Mrs. Steinberg with a defiant lift of her chin; then, noticing her visitor's sly glance at her bare left hand she had added with a level look, "it's me maiden name, and I'll be known by no other."

By sundown the news of Nora the ringless and unashamed had passed to every virtuous matron in Harbor Court, and thereafter the stranger was left to the solitude she craved. To the effect of her defiance on Patsy's future she had never given a thought—his identity then had seemed so utterly wrapped up in her own.

"And I've brought this on him," she groaned in bitter self-reproach, "just because me pride wouldn't bear their knowing the truth! Listen, Patsy darling," she went on, bending over him, "listen, and whisht with your crying. I didn't mean to make it hard for ye. But your daddy—he went away and left us, and I couldn't bear to speak of him after."

"But why did he leave us?" asked Patsy, lifting a tear-stained face.

"He had to," was Nora's low reply. "I can't be telling you more. You're named after him," she added, tightening her clasp as if the words hurt her. "Patrick O'Moira's your name, though I've kept it from you all these years!"

"Patrick O'Moira," repeated Patsy, and the thrill of content in his voice stabbed his mother afresh. "A fine name, isn't it, mother? And won't they be jealous when they hear it," he went on with growing excitement, "and me making them call me by it all the time now! I must be goin' down to tell them," he added, wriggling in her embrace.

"Go, then," said Nora bitterly, giving him a little push. "Tell them, if that's all ye care for, and if ye don't care at all for the sorrow the name's brought me!"

The light died from Patsy's face.

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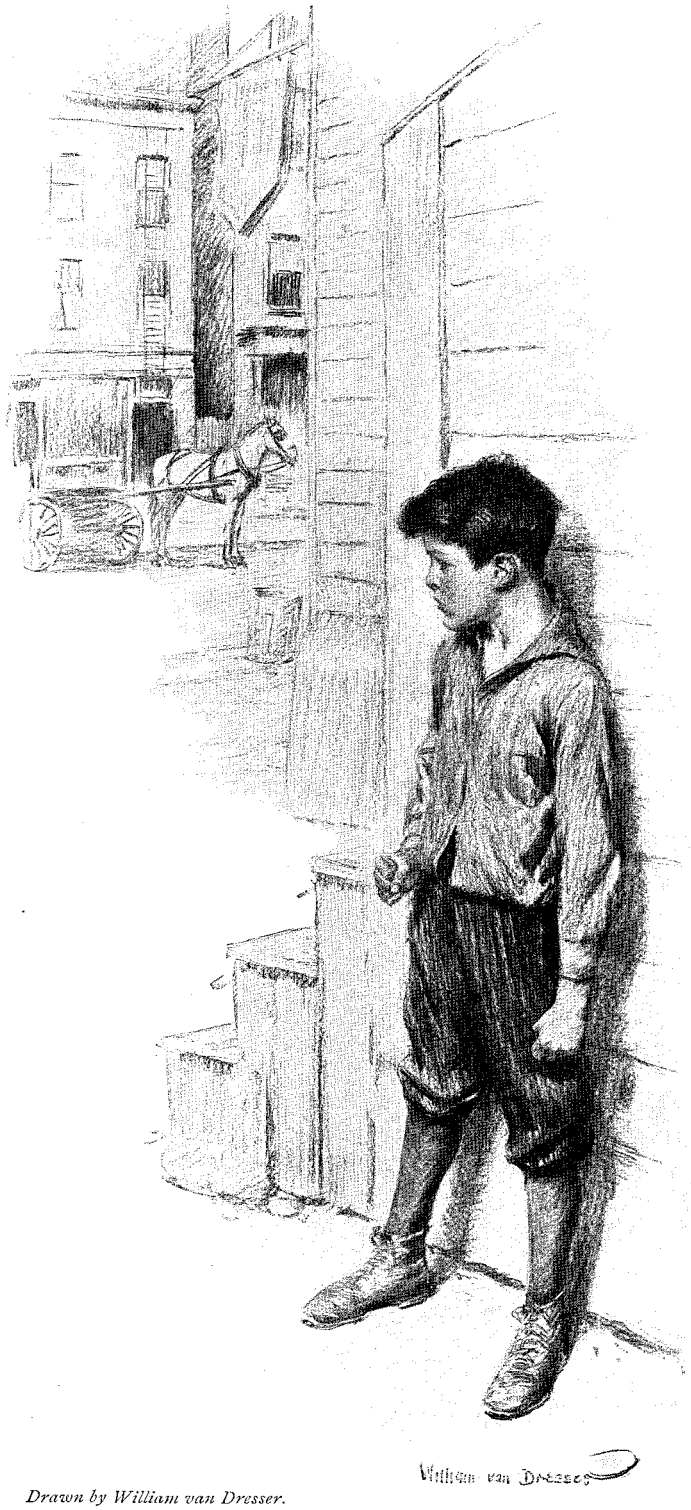

Drawn by William van Dresser.

"I'd teach ye what me name is," retorted Patsy.—Page 98.

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"I'll not be tellin' if ye don't want me," he said, renouncing with a gasp the possession that was to have made life tolerable. Then, since he was little more than a baby still, his tremendous manliness deserted him, and he clasped his mother's knees in a passion of grief.

"But what like daddy is he that I'm never to speak of him?" he wailed, "and why doesn't he ever come back to us?"

"He'd come if he could; ye mustn't think hardly of him for that," said Nora in a strained voice. It was as if some hidden loyalty drove her against her will to defend the father to his little son. "He—he said he'd come back when he'd served his time—he cried when he kissed you good-by—but I can't talk of it more!"

She turned her head toward the window, then with a painful effort at composure gathered up her work again.

"Run along now to Mother Flaherty's for the bread. And tell whom ye please," she added wearily. "I'm thinking it's best so, after all."

Her eyes, with their purple black fringes, of which Patsy's own were so exact a copy, became intent upon the flying needle, and Patsy knew that he must work out this new and puzzling question as he had learned to work out so many others, alone.

"What's yer hurry?" demanded Mother Flaherty querulously as, absorbed in his thoughts, Patsy received his bread and started for the door again. "Can't ye stop a minute with a poor old body? Sure, and it's lonely enough I am with me son Tim, that was me youngest and all that's left to me of five, gone overseas to fight for his counthry. Cruel it was for him to go away and leave his poor mother so!"

This was a new view of Tim Flaherty, who had been the hero of the street when he received his call and had gone away five months before.

"Why did he leave you, then?" demanded Patsy with unexpected vehemence. "It wasn't right, and you needin' him so!"

"Yer not to be speakin' of me Tim as if he'd done wrong," reproved Mother Flaherty with quick change of front. "He went because he had to serve his time. He cried bitter at leavin', and twice he kissed me good-by, but he had to go."

At the repetition of this phrase Patsy remembered what his mother had said, and his face lighted with sudden understanding.

"Then was that what happened to me daddy!" he murmured, more in assertion than questioning.

"Eh, what?" queried Mother Flaherty confusedly. Patsy laid his loaf upon the counter and came nearer.

"It's something me mother telled me that I wasn't understandin' before," he explained, looking up at her. "She was sayin' how me daddy had to go, too—years ago that was—and he cried when he kissed me good-by. Patrick O'Moira, me father. I'm named after him," he added with pride.

"Patrick O'Moira!" stammered Mother Flaherty. "But Nora never telled me. And ye say he went long time ago!"

Patsy nodded, unaware of the bearing of this question. "Me mother could never bear to speak of him, for sorrow of missin' him so. Ye like the name?" he added wistfully. "Patrick O'Moira, ye like the sound of it?"

"It has a fine, grand sound," pronounced Mother Flaherty. But something troubled her still. "Must have been the African wars they called him to fight in," she said as if to herself. "What a weary time for poor Nora, they keepin' him soldierin' all these years!"

"Good soldiers is scarce," Patsy reminded her, wagging his head.

"He'll not be a better soldier than me Tim," was Mother Flaherty's jealous response. "Tim's a born fighter. Hero's blood he is, though I do say it."

A streak of yellow gaslight from an open doorway lay across the lower hall as Patsy came home. Within the room Jacob Roschky crouched over a tiny stove, watching his two large-nosed older brothers busy with their long shears over heavy cloth.

"Pat, Pat, no name—" began Jacob shrilly as the little boy crossed the light.

Patsy darted through the open door, seized Jacob by his scrawny neck, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Me name's Patrick O'Moira, just

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Drawn by William van Dresser.

"Patrick O'Moira. . . . A fine name, isn't it, mother?"—Page 98.

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that! And ye'd best call me by it, Snippers!"

He released his enemy with a final shake, laughed into the faces of the stupefied elder Roschkys, and darted out again.

He tasted the sweets of another triumph on meeting Karl Steinberg next morning returning home with a jug of beer for his mother's breakfast. Karl was forced to choose between eating his taunt of the day before and risking a broken beer jug, which meant sure punishment at Mrs. Steinberg's heavy hand.

"Vy didn't you tell your name before, den?" he asked sullenly after having had to repeat "Patrick O'Moira" *ad nauseam*. "And vy don't your papa come to see you?"

"Because he's busy chasin' Dutchies," flung back Patsy airily as he strutted on.

The news of Patsy's having claimed a father in good and regular standing was met with varying shades of credulity in the court. Nora met questions with stony silence, save that she admitted the fact of a husband.

"And Patsy tells my Karl dat he is a soldier for die Englischer," sniffed Mrs. Steinberg. She noted with secret satisfaction the startled look on Nora's face; but the blue eyes with their shadowing lashes met hers with the old level gaze.

"Well?" The syllable was insolent.

"Then he fights against the Vaterland," announced Mrs. Steinberg, her heavy face flushing with anger.

"The O'Moiras never were cowards," said Nora softly. But when her tormentor had waddled down the stairs, defeated, Nora rocked her knees in tearless grief.

"God forgive me," she moaned, "but it's for Patsy's sake! He'll have to know the truth soon enough!"

She waited tremblingly for further questions from Patsy; but some obscure monitor warned him that unhappiness lurked that way. Sometimes at night, when he was too cold to sleep, terrible, vague fears would assail him. Why should there be all this mystery about his father's absence, when Mother Flaherty's Tim was inquired after daily by the whole street? Why did his mother never boast, as Mother Flaherty did, of the elder O'Moira's brave deeds overseas? Thinking of these things, a doubt not to be looked in the face would reach its cold fingers about Patsy's heart.

By daylight, however, his misgivings vanished. The street, the saloons, the corner grocery teemed with news of the great war, and Patsy, a precocious reader for his age, became a popular vender of the day's events as gleaned from the thin extras that found their way into the crowded district. The centre of an attentive audience, he would touch the most meagre details of the cautious war office communiqués to dramatic vividness, and whatever glorious achievements were here recorded had for their central figure Patrick O'Moira. There was no deliberate falsehood about this—it was just that his father had become the dominating personality of his universe to little Patsy.

As, for instance: "Did ye see how the Irish were first on the heights at Argonne?" Patsy would ask with eyes of fire. "Me father says 'twas a grand sight to see the enemy tumblin' to get away when they opened fire. A long fight it was, though," he added circumstantially; "three weeks and two days me father was with his boots on, and they'd like to have growed to his feet."

"Who might your father be, young Kitchener?" asked a big policeman who had been listening with an indulgent smile.

"Patrick O'Moira," replied Patsy, his tone a rebuke to the older man's levity. "And a grand soldier he is, too. Long ago he went away to fight the Africans, and he's been longin' to get back, but they're needin' him, so me mother says he must serve his time. I'm Patrick O'Moira, too, after me father," adding, with unconscious plagiarism: "I'm hero's blood, ye see."

"Patrick O'Moira," repeated the policeman in a puzzled tone to a brother officer. Later, as the two were swinging down the street, he uttered a loud exclamation. "By George, Perkins, you don't suppose it was the O'Moira that was sent up for killing Jim Bates! The little fellow spoke about his father serving his time——"

"I never saw O'Moira, but Jim Bates richly deserved shooting," said the other grimly.

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Patsy began a solemn chant of a nation's roll of honor.—Page 104.

"I know, so did his wife. She wanted to be rid of him, and she used O'Moira, poor devil, as a tool. Patrick O'Moira! His wife came with a tiny chap to say good-by, a slip of a girl with great blue eyes. It's the same, for the lad has her eyes."

"Where'd he get that story about his father, then?"

"Likely she told him to save her pride. Hero's blood, poor little chap! Well, we'll not pipe!"

So Patsy was left to the father of his dreams.

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He was getting him ready for the winter campaign now, attending to details with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a general.

"They're buildin' little huts to keep 'em dry in the trenches," he said. "Me father calls his Hotel Shamrock. He's hung me mother's picture over his gun on the wall—so." He illustrated with a gesture, and had a flashing desire to tell his mother this. He went to tell Mother Flaherty instead.

He found the old woman creaking sadly to and fro in her rocker, a paper from the old country on her knee.

"It's the toll of the dead," she whimpered, looking up at him with her faded eyes, "and I can't even be tellin' if me Tim's name is there. Ochone, the cruel war!"

"I'll read it for ye," said Patsy gently. Mother Flaherty handed him the paper with a sigh. "Didn't I hear of yer father bein' a soldier, too?" she asked confusedly after a moment. Patsy nodded.

"Nora O'Carroll's husband," mumbled Mother Flaherty, "and people tellin' lies about her, the low scum! But read me what ye find," she went on aloud, "and Herself comfort me if me Tim's name is there!"

Patsy climbed on a stool and, spreading the paper on the counter, began a solemn chant of a nation's roll of honor. Sons of peers, heirs of sonorous estates, held a last pitiful prominence at the top of the page; below came the list of humbler dead, but there was no Flaherty among them.

Having read the F's twice to assure himself of this fact, Patsy comforted Mother Flaherty, and was about to close the paper, when a name farther down caught his eye.

"O'Moira, Pte.," he read, and in finer print the comment: "Killed while trying to save a comrade."

The room seemed suddenly full of light and sound to Patsy.

"Me father's name's here," he announced in a hushed voice. "I must go and tell me mother." Slipping from the stool, he started for the door. There he turned, remembering even in the hour of his exaltation the weakness of Mother Flaherty's mental grasp.

"Yer son Tim, his name isn't there at all," he said in a tone of gentle pity.

There were cries in the street below, followed by the sound of hurrying feet. Nora did not hear the cries, for her thoughts were intent upon the letter in her lap, the letter that told her her husband had been paroled from the penitentiary and was coming home. She was thinking of what she should tell Patsy now.

As the feet drew nearer and the even tramp began ascending the stairs she rose with swift terror and put her hand to her heart.

It was Patsy they brought in. She knelt beside him without a sound, deaf, one would think, to the confused explanations they were giving.

"'Twas a man stepped in front of a motor-truck, and Patsy jumped to push him back," said Policeman Brown.

"What man?" asked Nora in a lifeless voice. But Policeman Brown was watching the young doctor's hands as they went skilfully over the broken little body. A man in the shadow near the door answered her.

"It was I," he said.

"You!" She raised her head with a little cry. "Oh," she moaned, "my Patsy hurt this way for you!"

"How is it?" whispered Policeman Brown as the doctor finished. A slight headshake answered him. "But he may come round for a moment," he said in a low voice, "so you'd better get these people out of here."

With a gruff "Now, then," the majesty of the law became active, and soon there were left only Nora and the doctor by the bed and the man in the shadowy corner.

"He's waking," said the doctor a moment later. Patsy's purple-fringed eyelids fluttered and opened, rested inquiringly on the young man's face, then sought his mother.

"I remember," he murmured. "I was comin' from Mother Flaherty's to tell ye about me father."

There was a sharp sound near the door, and Nora drew an anguished breath.

"'Twas in her paper," Patsy went on with difficult pride. "O'Moira, Pte.—

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that'll be for Patrick, ye see—and below it said, 'Killed tryin' to rescue a comrade.' None other names had that bit writin' under them." He turned shining eyes upon the doctor. "Me father, Patrick O'Moira. He had to go overseas to fight for his country. Hero's blood I am. . . . I'm glad I remembered that, or maybe I'd not have thought to push that mazed sheep back from under the truck. He acted like he wasn't used to bein' out alone——"

He laughed weakly at the memory, put a groping hand to his mother's cheek, sighed, and was still.

The doctor, who had other visits ahead of him, rose after a little and put on his overcoat.

"Tell me whom I may send in to stay with you, Mrs. O'Moira," he urged.

"No one," whispered Nora dully.

"But I can't leave you alone," he protested gently. "And you mustn't grieve too much, terrible as your loss is. Your husband and son have both died as brave men should!"

For answer the woman laughed in his face, and the doctor, helpless before grief taken this way, turned and tiptoed quietly out. He had not seen the figure in the shadow.

"Nora," said the man after a moment. "Nora, you know I'd have gone under those wheels before I'd have had this happen!" He came nearer the bed and looked down at the little form.

"My Patsy!" he groaned, twisting his hands. "My little lad!"

At the sight of his troubled hands his wife's unnatural stillness broke.

"Don't do that!" she cried passionately. "He used to move his hands so, and then I'd be cruel sharp to him, for it minded me of you!"

The hands were still. "Ye hated me like that?" he whispered.

"And why not? Ye married me from me father's house and brought me overseas to a strange country, and me thinkin' you so high above me that I'd as soon have believed evil of the dear God himself! And then ye killed another woman's husband for love of her!"

"Not that!" the man's voice rang out with sudden strength. "I killed him because he struck her . . . she said she was afraid of him. I know now she was a devil, twisting me round her finger for her own ends. But I've paid, Nora. Can't you forgive me?"

"What does it matter?" muttered Nora hopelessly, her brief passion spent. "Nothing matters now."

Instinctively the man's hand went out to comfort, paused, and rested instead on the soft, tumbled hair of his little son.

"What did he mean," he asked huskily, "when he said I'd been killed?"

"'Twas something he misunderstood," said Nora, with a gentleness more cruel than any anger. "I took me maiden name when I came here, not thinkin' of the trouble it might make for him. I had to tell him at last, and I said you had had to go away. I couldn't be telling him why, for it would have killed him. Some way he got the notion you were a soldier. He loved brave men."

"A soldier!" The man's weak, handsome mouth quivered. There was a long silence, broken only by Nora's sobbing breaths. At last the man straightened his shoulders.

"Nora," he said as he laid a packet by her clasped hands, "they let me work there, and I saved everything for you. I'd thought to come back and make it up to you and Patsy, but it's turned out different. . . . I'll be saying good-by."

Nora looked up then, constrained by the ghost of the old bond between them.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a low voice.

"To be the man Patsy thought I was," said Patrick O'Moira. In vain he searched the beautiful, haggard face upturned to his for some last sign of love to keep his courage high.

"Hero's blood," he repeated wistfully, and went, staying his heart on that.

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Dear child, do try to love me, won't you?"—Page 111.

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BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

XV

THORNBURG WINS

TWO weeks slipped by, and then one day at noon as Baron was emerging from the lobby of the *Times* building he heard a familiar voice in the street. The Thornburg automobile stopped and the manager pushed the door open.

"Been to lunch yet?" called Thornburg.

"Just going," was the response. Baron would have prevaricated if he'd had time to think; but now it was too late, and he made the best of the matter as Thornburg pulled him into the car.

"Come with me," said the manager; and then he became silent as he threaded the machine through the down-town congestion.

He did not speak again until they were in a comparatively quiet restaurant whose patronage was drawn chiefly from theatrical people who did not come in until late in the evening. Both men observed that they were to have the place practically to themselves; and then Baron was promptly given to understand what it was that Thornburg wanted.

"That's really a fine little girl," said the manager, frankly regarding Baron across the table.

"You mean Bonnie May. Yes, she certainly is. The fact is, you can't begin to realize how uncommonly fine she is until you know her better."

"Well, that's just the point. When am I going to know her better? When is she coming to us?"

Baron gave his whole attention to the waiter for a minute. He was trying to think of a response that wouldn't concede too much. He held the strong cards now. It would be foolish to relinquish them.

The waiter was gone now.

"The fact is, Thornburg," said Baron, "she doesn't seem at all eager to accept your invitation. I've told her about it, and explained what a fine place you've got, and all that—and she just changes the subject. You know, I didn't agree to force her to act. That's just what we both agreed not to do."

"Childish timidity—the first time," said Thornburg. "If you'd bring her over once, she'd get over feeling that way."

"She's just about as timid as a sunbeam. She'd go anywhere if she thought she'd enjoy it. The fact is, she's absolutely satisfied where she is, at present. Let the thing rest awhile. When things become monotonous I'll call her attention again to your invitation."

Thornburg shook out his napkin violently. "That sounds like beating about the bush," he said. "You know how to get a child started. 'Oh, look!' you say to them. Get them excited. Then they'll do anything."

"I don't want to get her excited," replied Baron dryly.

"Yes, that's just it!" retorted the other. "A little excitement would be good for her. I see the advantage of having her at your place part of the time, but I see the advantage of having her with us, too. It would be a shame if she ever got to thinking highly of some of this polite flubdub—" He checked himself in embarrassment and brushed imaginary crumbs from his waistcoat.

"Won't you enlighten me as to what you mean by 'polite flubdub'?"

Thornburg became almost defiant. "Being chilly, for one thing. And not seeing people. That kind of business." The manager was thinking of certain mat-

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Bonnie May" appears on page 7 of the Advertising pages.

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ters that had transpired the night Bonnie May was brought out to the garden. "It used to be all right, but it's all done away with now. You might as well hang a knitted tidy up in an art display. Nothing but the goods counts these days."

"No doubt you're right," responded Baron briefly. He felt it would be impossible for him to admit that he saw any special application in what Thornburg had said.

A silence followed. Baron permitted a considerable degree of arrogance to stifle his friendlier thoughts. Thornburg had spoken offensively, which was rather less excusable than "polite flubdub."

Yet, Baron reflected, nothing in Thornburg's manner could alter the fact that it might be greatly to Bonnie May's advantage to accept the hospitality of the manager and his wife.

"You're right, Thornburg," he said finally. "I've been procrastinating—that's all. I'll speak to her again. The next time I'll even say 'Oh, look!'—or words to that effect. In your own expressive phrase, we'll give her a chance to decide which of us has the better attraction to offer."

This new promise weighed heavily on his conscience that afternoon when he went home; for Bonnie May, unusually radiant, was waiting for him at the door.

"Mr. Baggott was here to-day," she began. "He left his play. And he talked to me about it. He said you might keep it as long as you liked."

"All very kind of Mr. Baggott." Baron thoughtfully disposed of his hat and cane. When he turned to the child again there was a little furrow between his eyes.

"Bonnie May," he began, "did I tell you some time ago that Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg would be glad to have you visit them?"

"Yes, I remember."

"They thought possibly you might have forgotten. They asked me to remind you."

"Thank you. And he's made the prettiest copy of it, with red lines drawn under the words you don't have to learn. Can't we go up-stairs and see it? I put it in your room."

"Yes, we'll go up-stairs." He was irritated by her supreme indifference to the matter which he had tried to bring to her attention. He meant to have the thing out definitely.

She rushed away in advance of him so impetuously that he paused and looked after her in amazement. The furrow disappeared and he was smiling.

And then the whole strange situation struck him with renewed force. Was she really the daughter of Thornburg, and was he afraid to claim her? Or was there no connection at all between her and the manager, and did he, Baron, hold the trump-card in that game which meant the permanent possession of her?

If she were Thornburg's, why shouldn't Mrs. Thornburg frankly say to her husband: "I know everything—but I still want her"? It occurred to him that it might be his duty to suggest just that course to her. But old habits of restraint were too strong for him. After all, he didn't know the Thornburgs very well. He scarcely knew Mrs. Thornburg at all. He went up into the attic, which was made golden by a flood of late afternoon sunlight. In truth, he found himself in an atmosphere that was delightful in its warmth and aloofness and quietude.

Bonnie May hurried toward him, the manuscript in her hands. She was trembling with eagerness. A foolish little creature in some respects, surely, thought Baron. He glanced at the title-page and turned half a dozen pages aimlessly. And when he glanced at Bonnie May he was amazed by her expression of wonder, of distress.

"You don't seem to be interested in it?" said she.

"Not a great deal—just now. I'd have to get into it, you know. When I've more time. Besides"—he tossed the manuscript aside—"I'm deeply interested in something else just now."

She quickly evinced a pretty spirit of submission. In response to his gesture she sat down near the window, opposite him.

"I've been thinking about you to-day. Seriously."

"I hope I haven't been queering anything?"

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"Not a bit of it. We're all very much pleased with you."

There may have been something of patronage in the tone. At any rate, she replied with a little smile. "Thank you," she said. "You know, an artist always strives to please." As he regarded her quietly she added, more earnestly: "It's strange that I got by, too, when you come to think about it. I was hardly prepared to play a nice part when I came here. Anyway, not a part where you have to have so much—what the critics call restraint. You can take it from me, the nice parts aren't half as fat as the nasty parts."

He did not remove his eyes from her face. He had the thought that she was very far away from him, after all. From all of them. "I wish," he said, "you wouldn't always talk as if you were only taking part in a play. Somehow, it doesn't seem quite friendly. We're trying to make this a real home for you. We're trying to be real friends. We're trying to live a real life. Why not look at it that way when you're with me? Wouldn't that seem friendlier?"

She looked at him with a little flicker of anxiety in her eyes. "You see," she said, "I can't help thinking all the time that everything I do must be like a nice ingénue part—and being afraid that you'll come home some day and find I've been doing some soubrette stuff."

He shook his head and abruptly assumed a new attitude. "Did you understand me clearly when I said that Mrs. Thornburg wishes you to visit her?"

"I think I didn't pay much attention," she admitted, looking away from him. "Did you—wish me to go?"

"I think it would be very nice. If you didn't like them, you needn't ever go again." He tried to speak lightly.

She brought her eyes to his anxiously. "When did you think I ought to go?" she asked.

Baron brought his chair down with a bump. "I didn't say you ought to go, exactly. Don't put it that way. I only thought it would be nice and kind of you to go, because they wish it. I'd be anxious to have you come back quite soon, of course."

"And—and mother—does she wish me to go, too?"

Her use of that word brought warmth to his heart. "She doesn't wish it. Frankly, I think she wouldn't like it at all. But I think she'd consent."

She was greatly relieved. She leaned forward and patted him on the knee. "I was afraid you might be planning to cut down the company," she said.

He looked at her without comprehending readily.

"I mean," she elaborated, "I thought maybe it was a case of cold feet."

He flinched. "Oh, Bonnie May!" was his disapproving rejoinder.

"You mean it's stale?" she asked. The expression in her eyes was innocent, perplexed.

He slowly shook his head in despair, and then he saw the swift look of comprehension that brightened her eyes.

"Oh, I know," she said. "Knockabout talk!"

He sprang to his feet and thrust his chair aside. "For a few moments I would be glad if we might use the English language," he said. "I was hopeful of arriving at an understanding with you on a certain simple proposition."

She began to laugh unrestrainedly, after an instant of shocked silence. She "stared him out of countenance," as the saying is. He had never heard her laugh so hilariously. Yet even then he could not be blind to the look of appeal in her eyes—appeal mingled with a defiant consciousness of guilt.

Then she became grave and conciliatory. "I'll go," she said. "It's nothing, after all. Just drive up some day and ring the bell and say, 'My lady, the carriage is waiting,' and I—I'll take a chance."

XVI

CONCERNING LAUGHTER—AND OTHER THINGS

Baron had one more talk with her on the subject of her visit to the Thornburgs' before he reached the point where, under urgent reminders from the manager, he actually took upon himself the task of conveying the child from the one household to the other.

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It was in the attic—where all their confidential conversations took place—and Baggott's play, forgotten for the moment, lay on a table at Baron's elbow.

"You know, I can't stay over there long," said Bonnie May abruptly, with quiet determination.

"At the Thornburgs'? No, I hope you won't stay *very* long. But why can't you?"

"I have to take my lessons from Flora—and give *her* a lesson, too."

Baron didn't know what she was talking about.

"Flora is giving me lessons in reading," she explained. "You know, I'm to go to school next fall."

"No one has mentioned it to me. But of course you will. Everybody goes to school. And about giving *her* a lesson?" he added.

"I'm not sure I ought to talk about that. But why not—to you? You see, I'm teaching her how to laugh."

Baron stared. "Teaching her how to *laugh!*" he echoed.

She was immediately on the defensive. "I certainly am. You must have seen that she doesn't know how!"

"Nonsense! You're talking just plain nonsense!"

"You might think so. A good many people would. But I wish you would tell me how many people you know who really laugh right."

"Right! There's no question of laughing *right.* People laugh when there's an occasion for laughing."

"They don't really laugh, because they don't know how. And very few people know anything about the right occasion to laugh."

"Meaning——?"

"I can make it quite plain. You see, it's a custom to teach children how to talk, and some are taught how to sing. I say nothing about the silly things that are taught to 'speak pieces,' Heaven help them. They are taught these things because they wouldn't know how to do them right if they were left to themselves. They try to talk and they try to sing, and they get it all wrong. And then they are taught."

"That's an entirely different matter."

"Not at all. When they try to laugh they get it all wrong, too, but nobody thinks it's necessary to teach them any better. You can see I'm perfectly right."

"I think what you say is quite absurd."

"It's just new to you, that's all. You know perfectly well that when most people try to laugh what they really do is to cackle, or giggle, or shriek, or make horrible noises until they nearly choke. Women try not to cry because it makes them look ugly. But just think how some people look when they laugh! All they need is a few lessons at the right time. Then they know how to laugh naturally and freely. You have to think how you are doing it at first. Afterward you laugh the right way without thinking at all."

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing Mlle. Bonnie May, laughing expert,'" said Baron derisively.

"A very fine argument," responded Bonnie May, nodding graciously. "And about the 'occasion' to laugh," she persisted seriously. "There's a whole lot to be said about that. You frame up a speech with a lot of care—to get out of a scrape, or to make people do something they don't want to do—or for something like that. You ought to laugh on the same principle. You know, you smile sometimes when you don't mean it, just to help things along; or you say you pity people, or you say something to encourage them, for the same reason. Well, then, you ought to laugh sometimes when you're not really amused. And you can make people take a sensible view of things sometimes just by laughing at them. But, of course, you have to know how to do it right. If you bray at them, or giggle, they'll be insulted, naturally."

Baron shook his head. "Where did you pick it all up?" he asked.

"I didn't pick it up, exactly. Miss Barry took particular pains to teach it to me. On account of my work, mostly. And I thought a lot of it out for myself."

Before Baron had time to make any response to her she sprang to her feet and picked up the neglected manuscript. All her interests were immediately centred in it.

She turned a dozen pages rapidly. Then she paused in indecision and turned

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back a page or two. She was anxiously searching.

"Here it is!" she cried. She was much relieved. "Please read that to me." She indicated a sentence.

Baron perceived that it was a longish passage—a grandiloquent flight which he read shamefacedly.

She stopped him on the word "harbinger." "That's the word," she said. "Say that again."

He complied.

"What does it mean?" she wanted to know.

He had scarcely started to explain when she exclaimed, "Oh, I see. Go on."

A voice interrupted them: Mrs. Shepard, announcing that dinner was ready.

On the way down-stairs Bonnie May amazed Baron by repeating in its entirety the passage he had read to her—"harbinger" and all. "It's pretty, isn't it?" said she.

In the lower hall Flora joined them. Baron glanced at her mischievously. "I've been learning a little something about the dark deeds that are going on around me," he said.

And Flora, as she preceded the other two into the dining-room, lifted her face slightly and laughed in a manner so musical and mellow that Baron looked after her in amazement.

He felt Bonnie May's hand tugging at his, and looking at her he perceived that she had laid one finger across her lips in warning.

He understood. He wanted to laugh, too. But he realized that he did not know how; and that, moreover, this was not the proper occasion.

There was a very pleasant old garden at the rear of the Thornburg residence—a fairly roomy region of old trees and vines and rustic seats and dreams. In the midst of this sylvan scene stood a very old, friendly apple-tree; and beneath this, in the evening dusk through which Baron and Bonnie May were escorted out into the garden, sat Mrs. Thornburg.

Thornburg had received them; and it was his idea it would be a fine thing for the two guests to take Mrs. Thornburg unawares. She regarded the visitors rather wearily at first as they emerged from the shadows and stood before her. Then she recognized Baron and her face brightened wonderfully. There was a child with him. . . .

She arose from her many-cushioned seat and leaned a little forward, while Bonnie May regarded her with earnest eyes.

"You see, we're here!" said Baron, trying to strike a light and cheerful note.

Mrs. Thornburg scarcely seemed to notice him. "Yes," she said dreamily. She did not remove her eyes from Bonnie May's.

It was the child who completed her scrutiny first. She glanced about her appraisingly. "A very beautiful exterior you have here," she remarked somewhat loftily.

Mrs. Thornburg smiled rapturously at this. A warm hue stole into her cheeks.

"I'm glad you like it," she said. She glanced at Baron now with joyous wonder in her eyes. "We think it's pretty," she added. "It might make you think of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tales, mightn't it?" It was plain that she was feeling her way cautiously. "We might imagine we were the children who played under the juniper-tree—though I'm not sure an apple-tree would pass for a juniper-tree."

Bonnie May nodded amiably. "Or it might remind you of a Shakespeare setting," she suggested.

The woman regarded her anew with a look of wonder, and pique, and delight; and then it was evident that she had reached the limits of her restraint. With hands that trembled she drew the child slowly toward her, until she had the radiant face pressed against her breast.

"Dear child, do try to love me, won't you?" she pleaded; and Baron saw that her face twitched and that her eyes were offering a prayer to the soft sky in which the first stars of evening were just blossoming.

Then, almost stealthily, he left them.

XVII

BARON COMES HOME ON A BEER-DRAY

THERE came a time within the next few weeks when all Baron's interests were centred in or divided by two all-absorbing subjects.

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The first of these was the strange, winged career of Bonnie May. The child obviously had been won over to the Thornburgs—but quite as obviously she had not been won away from the Barons. She came and went joyously, radiantly, with still an unmistakable preference for the mansion and the people in it.

The Thornburg automobile had been placed at her disposal, so that she had only to telephone to the Thornburg garage and a softly purring car was immediately driven up to the Baron gates. She came and went—and Baron observed and pondered.

And then a still more urgent matter claimed Baron's attention. The matter developed in a sequence of events.

Baggott's play was completed. It was accepted. It was to be produced. It was being rehearsed. Baggott took charge of the mansion for the time being. He insisted upon consulting Baron on a thousand points. He exacted a promise that the whole family would attend the *première*.

There was to be only a single performance, to be sure. But this satisfied Baggott. It would enable him to secure a copyright and to see his own work as others must see it. And it would give him a chance to obtain a real producer. This, at least, was what he hoped and believed.

And day after day the night of the great event drew near.

The very last day Baron left the mansion early in the forenoon, more for the purpose of escaping the half-insane Baggott than for any other reason. Baggott didn't really believe that Baron could help him, perhaps, but his nature demanded that he talk about his play all the time, and Baron listened well.

Bonnie May was not about when Baron left the mansion, and it was for this reason that he was coming home in a particularly eager mood late in the afternoon. He was eager to find her—to assure her that they two together were to see the first performance of Baggott's play.

He was coming home with leaping pulses—and then an accident happened.

He started to alight from the cross-town car before it stopped, and his foot struck a loose fragment of stone and he lost his balance. Thinking of the matter afterward, he decided that he could not recall an experience more banal, more needless. But he did not reach this conclusion at the time, for the good reason that his head struck the pavement and he lost consciousness. There had been just one instant of sharp agony.

He opened his eyes presently to find himself supported by two men. Every passenger in the crowded car, which had stopped, was staring at him. A crowd of pedestrians had also stopped to see what had happened. He looked dazedly at the two men who were supporting him. One was the car conductor, whose eyes expressed fear and disgust. The other man's appearance was in some degree familiar to Baron. He was gigantic, ruddy, wholly self-possessed.

Baron wondered who this man was; and then, as his gaze roved weakly from point to point, he saw a red beer-dray—and he knew. This was the beer-driver whom he and Bonnie May had watched and discussed one day from the attic window.

"He's all right," declared the beer-driver, getting a firmer grip on Baron's arm.

Baron was greatly relieved to hear that he was all right. He had his doubts. The back of his head seemed to be asleep, and there was a horrible pain in his left leg when he tried to touch the pavement with his foot.

"I'll want your name and address and the names of witnesses," said the conductor. He had produced a little notebook.

"You don't need them," declared Baron. "It was my fault. I don't want to be detained here."

"But the rules require—" said the conductor.

"Just forget the rules," advised the beer-driver, who perceived that Baron meant what he said. And in an instant Baron was feeling a new sort of embarrassment, because the ruddy giant of the beer-dray had picked him up in his arms and was taking long strides in the direction of his dray. "Out of the way!" he ordered, and people obeyed.

Baron had the helpless sensation of one who rides on an elephant. He thought

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he realized now just what it must be to perform the tasks of a mahout. "Though I don't seem to need an ankus—yet," he meditated. Baron had read his Kipling.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, speaking in a general downward direction.

"You're not troubling me," came back the answer.

The driver had reached his dray and, greatly to Baron's amazement, he put a foot on the hub of the wheel, a disengaged hand on the iron bar surrounding the back of the seat, and had vaulted into a sitting posture, carrying his burden with him. It seemed to Baron that he had been swung through limitless space, as if he had been a star held to its place by gravity. He held his hat in place as he might have done if a cyclone had seized him in its clutch. And with such attention as he could command he was observing the performance of the driver.

"Sit down," commanded that individual; needlessly, for already Baron was by his side, holding on to the iron bar at the back of the seat and feeling uncomfortably light and dizzy. His companion looked into his eyes. "A pretty hard jolt," he said, thrusting a protecting arm about his charge. "Gee-app!" he shouted, pulling the reins dexterously with the aid of thumb and little finger; and the horses began to move.

Much to Baron's surprise, the driver did not ask him where he lived, but quietly turned his horses' heads in the right direction, adjusting the brake with his foot and glancing ahead to see that the right of way was clear.

Baron's mind reverted to Bonnie May for an instant, and he remembered that she had noted how the driver had held his reins with authority and sat with his great legs planted purposefully before him. Yes, that had been precisely right.

"You haven't asked me where I live," he remarked, trying to be partly independent of his companion's support.

"I don't have to. I know."

"How?"

"I've noticed you before now. You're one of the Barons."

The injured man felt flattered. Still, he reflected, the driver might have noticed him for any number of unflattering reasons. For a moment he tried to fathom this thought: was it an evidence that the driver was simple and stupid that he had interested himself in the people who lived in his neighborhood? Was it a proof that he himself was superior that he refused to be interested in common things?

"It's awfully good of you to give me a lift like this," he remarked. He was beginning to feel a little less shaken and strange.

"Oh, I don't know. You'd do as much for me, wouldn't you?"

"Carry you around and lift you up on a high seat?" asked Baron incredulously.

The driver threw back his immense head, revealing a bronzed, bull-like throat from which a sound like thunder came. "Well, no, I guess you wouldn't do *that*," he admitted.

The horses, with their ears turned alternately toward the driver and pointed ahead, were brought to a halt in front of the mansion.

"Now, you sit up here and hold tight, and try to look as if nothing had happened," directed the driver. He removed his arm and sprang to the pavement.

"Why?" Baron wanted to know.

"I want to call your old lady out so she can see you sitting up on the seat."

Baron frowned. "Why?" he asked again.

"If I'd carry you to the door and ring the bell she'd have a fit when she came out. She's pretty high-strung, anyway." It was as if he were describing a woman of his own household instead of Baron's.

"Oh!" responded Baron. He was thinking that it was difficult to know where to expect chivalry in one form or another and that there were various ways of manifesting it. "I believe you're right," he added.

It was Mrs. Baron who came to the door in response to a ring. It is not improbable that she had been looking out of the upper window.

"Your son wants to speak to you," said the driver, dragging off his German cap and revealing a shock of dishevelled hair.

Mrs. Baron seemed to ignore the man utterly. She stood, pale and rigid, staring at Baron. She comprehended at least one thing: he had driven up to the door of the mansion on a beer-dray.

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Then she smiled ominously. "What a quaint idea!" said she, passing the driver and descending the steps. "Of course, this is one of your jokes!"

She paused then. She had swiftly become less assured in her anger.

"I've had a mean fall, mother," said Baron, trying to keep a martyr-like tone out of his voice. "I'm afraid I'll have to be carried into the house. This man was good enough to bring me home. He was afraid of alarming you. It was his idea that you ought to be notified before he carried me in."

"Oh, I didn't understand!" There was swift, childlike remorse in her bearing. "It was kind of you," she added to the driver, by way of atonement for her rudeness. She regarded him with flickering eyes. She could not help shrinking from the warm, gross bulk of the man, yet she admired him somewhat as a lamb might admire a benevolent bull that has just driven a wolf away. She went as far as the curb and looked up at Baron critically. Yes, he was seriously injured. Something told her that. A strained expression about his lips and eyes, perhaps, and his attitude.

She turned anxiously to the driver. "Do you suppose you can get him in without any help?" she asked.

"Sure!" The driver derived no joy from her sudden discomfiture—in the sudden levelling of her high spirit to the lowly plane of a fearful mother. Perhaps he did not realize that she had been wrathful toward her son and rude to him. "You go and push the door open and get things ready." He approached Baron and held his arms up.

Baron put his hands on the immense fellow's shoulders, and again he experienced that sensation of being swung through space. In an instant he was being borne up his own front steps.

"Can you carry him up-stairs?" inquired Mrs. Baron dubiously.

"Why not?" And up the stairs the driver proceeded without the slightest evident effort.

At the top Mrs. Baron led the way into Baron's old room—now Bonnie May's. But the driver paused on the threshold, leisurely casting his eyes over the evidence of feminine proprietorship.

"You'd better let me take him to his own room, mother," he declared decisively. He seemed quite unconscious of bearing a burden. He was woodenly indifferent to Baron's efforts to get down.

"But that's up another flight," was Mrs. Baron's faltering response.

"That's all right. You see, I'm used to delivering beer barrels, and they always find they save trouble if they let me put 'em just where they belong."

Baron, thinking of the difficulties which might arise when this willing and capable Atlas was gone, quite agreed with the suggestion. "I'm sure he's right, mother," he said, "if he doesn't mind."

Up another flight Baron was borne, and at the top the driver turned about haltingly, but still seemingly unaware of having his strength taxed, and called down: "You better see about getting a doctor, mother. He'll need to have himself looked after. I can put him to bed."

Baron was able to grin weakly at the driver's simple generalship—and at the fact that his mother obeyed with nervous promptitude. "That way," said he, pointing, and then he essayed a little joke. "I think you forgot to carry me around the block a time or two before you started up here, didn't you?" he asked the driver.

"Oh, it's nothing," came back the response. "If I had a twelve-year-old boy who didn't weigh more than you do I'd drown him."

With this the attic room was entered and Baron was placed carefully on a chair. Then his shoes were removed with caution, and before he quite realized what had happened he was in bed.

"I wish I had your strength," he said, feeling that such service as he had received ought to be acknowledged somehow.

"What? Oh, you'd better leave that to me. I need it and you don't. I guess that's about the only thing I've got."

"No, it isn't. You've got the right kind of a heart, too."

This created instant embarrassment. By way of escape from praise the big fellow whispered loudly: "Say the word and I'll jump out and get a bucket of beer before the mother gets back."

"Beer!" exclaimed Baron. He had al-

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ways associated beer with festive occasions, and he was quite sure the present moment was not a festive occasion. "I don't believe I care for any beer—just now." He believed he had achieved a commendably diplomatic stroke by adding the two last words. He was prompted to add: "But if you're sure your horses won't get restless, I'd be glad to have you stay until mother comes."

The driver sat down, selecting a straight-backed chair and holding himself so upright that he made Baron think of a huge, benevolent heathen god. He had dropped his cap on the floor beside him, and his hands were clasped about his capacious stomach. There was now a restful placidity as well as extraordinary power in his presence.

"And it isn't just your strength that I envy," said Baron, catching the luminous blue eyes of the driver for an instant, "it's the generous way you've got of treating a fellow as if he were a brother!"

This, too, created great embarrassment. The driver's face flamed and he struggled to get away from anything resembling praise. "Yes, sir!" he exclaimed, as if he were merely continuing, "that bay horse would stand in his tracks until I came back even if the owner of the brewery tried to drive him away."

Baron laughed. "Well, I won't say anything more to your credit if you don't want to hear it," he said. But after a moment's silence he went on, more seriously than he had yet spoken: "But do tell me, for my own good, how you manage to feel so well disposed toward people—toward everybody!"

"Who, me? Oh, I just drink a bucket of beer every time I get thirsty, and every time I begin to feel mean I go out and dance with the girls pretty near all night. The bigger they are the easier I swing 'em." He leaned back and laughed until things in the room shook. A book fell off the table.

Mrs. Baron came in with the doctor then, and it remained for her to make the mistake which Baron had avoided.

"You must let me pay you for your trouble," she said. "I don't know what would have happened but for you."

But the extraordinary creature grasped his cap in both hands and reddened again. "Who, me?" he said. "Oh, no, mother. I make mine flirting with beer barrels." He made his exit uneasily. They heard him whistling on the stairs. In the distance the front door closed with a bang.

"What an extraordinary creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron.

"Yes," replied Baron, "I'm afraid he is extraordinary."

He was remembering something about the misleading effects of a make-up. Surely this big fellow's immense body and his rough speech were only a make-up, after all, hiding those qualities which even from the standpoint of a Baron were most to be sought and cherished! That was what Bonnie May had tried to impress upon him.

Then with sudden anxiety Baron turned to his mother. "Where is Bonnie May?" he asked.

"She went away this afternoon," was the response. Mrs. Baron avoided her son's eyes. She spoke rather guiltily.

"She went away," Baron mused disconsolately. "And it was to-night she was so eager to have somebody take her to see 'The Break of Day.'"

XVIII

BONNIE MAY SEES TWO FACES AT A WINDOW

It was at luncheon, three weeks later, and Baron was down-stairs for the first time since his accident.

"It's just like having Johnny come back from the war," observed Bonnie May as the family took their places at table. Baron, Sr., was not there. He usually spent his midday hour at his club.

"From the war?—Johnny?" replied Baron. He stood by his chair an instant, putting most of his weight on one foot.

"I mean, you can think of so many delicious things. We might believe you were wounded, you know, coming home to see your wife and daughter. As if the sentries had allowed you to come in for a little while. They would be outside now, watching. Men with dirty faces and heavy boots."

"Yes, if I had a wife and daughter," suggested Baron.

"Oh, well—Flora and I. Anyway,

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you've got a mother, and that's the real thing when there's any soldier business."

"It's a real thing any way," observed Mrs. Baron.

"Yes, of course," admitted the child. She sighed deeply. How was any one to get anywhere, with so many literal-minded people about? She remembered the man in the play who said, "If we are discovered, we are lost," and the other who replied: "No, if we are discovered, we are found."

It was Mrs. Baron who returned to prosaic affairs.

"I'm going out this afternoon," she said briskly. "I've been tied up here in the house three Thursdays. There are people I simply must call on."

Bonnie May did not know why her heart should have jumped at this announcement. Still, there seemed to be no end to the possibilities for enjoyment in a big house when there wasn't anybody to be saying continuously "You must" or "You mustn't."

She wandered up-stairs as soon as luncheon was over, and in Baron's room she was overcome by an irresistible impulse.

She heard the houseman moving about in the next room, and the thought occurred to her that she had never seen the houseman's room. She had never even spoken to the houseman. There was something quite mysterious about the fact that he always kept to himself.

Mrs. Shepard had assured her on one occasion that Thomason never had a word to say to anybody—that he was a perverse and sullen creature.

Now, it occurred to her that possibly Mrs. Shepard's estimate might lack fairness. Anyway, it would be interesting to find out for herself. It would be a kind of adventure.

She tapped lightly on Thomason's door.

After an interval of silence, during which one might have thought that the room itself was amazed, there was the sound of heavy feet approaching.

The door opened and Thomason stood on the threshold. Bonnie May had never been near enough to him really to see him before. Now she discovered that he had quaint creases about his mouth and eyes and that his eyes were like violets. It was as if you had dropped some violets accidentally and they had fallen in a strange place. There was a childish expression in Thomason's eyes, and it occurred to Bonnie May that possibly he was afraid of people.

It seemed to her quite shocking that the little man should remain by himself always because he was afraid of mingling with others.

Thomason's eyes were very bright as he looked at her. Then he winked slowly to facilitate thought. He was thinking: "She's the one who does whatever she pleases." Despite his habits of seclusion, Thomason was by no means oblivious to the life that went on in the mansion.

"May I come in?" asked Bonnie May. She did not worry about the absence of a spontaneous welcome. "It's an adventure," she was thinking.

Thomason laboriously turned about, with a slight list to leeward, and ambled to the middle of the room, where he sat down on a bench. He took up a pair of steel-rimmed glasses from which one temple had been broken and replaced by a piece of twine. He slipped the twine over his head and adjusted the glasses on his nose. It seemed necessary for him to sit quite still to keep this contrivance in place. When he reached around to his bed for a coat, which he had evidently been mending, he held his head and body as rigid as possible.

Bonnie May advanced into the room, her hands clasped before her, her eyes quite freely surveying her surroundings.

"What a quaint setting!" she observed.

Thomason jerked his needle through a tough place and pulled it out to arm's length, holding his head with painful sedateness on account of the glasses. He seemed afraid to glance to left or right. He made no reply at all.

"I've been learning to use a needle, too," she confided, thinking that he did not do it very skilfully.

Thomason held his head as far back as possible and closed one eye. He was thus handicapping himself, it appeared, in order to get a better view of the work he held on his knee.

"Would you like me to hold it while

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

Thomason jerked his needle through a tough place and pulled it out to arm's length.—Page 116.

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you go across the room to look?" she asked.

Thomason suddenly became quite rigid. It was as if his works had run down. He was thinking about what Bonnie May had said.

Then, "Women!" he muttered, and the works seemed to have been wound up again.

This was a somewhat indefinite and meagre return for so much cheerful effort, and Bonnie May decided not to try any more just then. She went to the gable window and looked out. She was almost on a level with the fourth story of the building next door, which had been remodelled for use as a boarding-house. And, looking up into the window nearest her, she suddenly became animated in the most extraordinary manner.

A man was looking down at her, and in his eyes there was a puzzled expression to match the puzzled expression in her own.

She turned with subdued excitement to Thomason, sitting on his bench near the middle of the room, with his bed and an old trunk for a shabby background. If he would only go away!

She looked up at the man in the window opposite and smiled. In a guarded tone she remarked, "It's a very nice day!" and instantly she turned toward Thomason again, so that he might believe she was addressing him in the event of his looking up from his work.

But Thomason, believing this needless remark had been addressed to him, had borne enough. He arose laboriously, grasping his coat in one hand and his spectacles in the other, and left the room. At the door there was a muttered "Women!"—and then a bang.

Bonnie May clasped her hands in delighted relief and drew closer to the window. "It's Clifton!" she exclaimed to the man in the window opposite.

"It's Bonnie May!" came back the eager response.

"Oh!" she moaned. She smiled up at the man across the area helplessly. Then she took her left hand into her right hand and shook it affectionately.

"You dear thing!" came back the word from Clifton. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, why can't I get at you?" was Bonnie May's rejoinder; and she looked down at the ground and shuddered at the abysmal depths.

The man she called Clifton disappeared for a moment, and when he stood at the window again there was some one close behind him looking out over his shoulder.

"And Jack, too!" she breathed eagerly yet fearfully. It occurred to her that some one must hear her and drag her back into the tedious realm of conventionality again. For the moment she was almost inclined to regard herself as a kidnapped person held apart from friends and rescuers.

"If it isn't the Kid!" was the comment of the second man, and his eyes beamed happily.

"You both rooming over there?" asked Bonnie May.

"Since yesterday. We've got an engagement at the Folly."

"And to think of your being within—Oh, I can't talk to you this way! I must get to you!"

"You and Miss Barry stopping there?"

"Why, you see, I'm not working just now. Miss Barry——"

She stopped suddenly, her eyes filling with terror. She had heard a step behind her.

Turning, she beheld Baron in the doorway.

"I thought I heard you talking," he said in quite a casual tone. "Was Thomason here?"

"I was talking—to Thomason. My back was turned. He seems to have gone out." She looked about the room, even under the bed. She didn't want Baron to see her eyes for a moment. "Such a quaint old gentleman—isn't he?" she commented. She had moved away from the window. She had almost regained her composure now.

Baron's brows contracted. He glanced toward the window at which she had been standing. In the depths of the room beyond he thought he could detect a movement. He was not sure.

"Do you and Thomason talk to each other—quite a little?" he asked. He tried to make his tone lightly inconsequential.

"That wouldn't express it, so far as he

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is concerned. He won't talk to me at all. I have to do all the talking."

"And do you—feel quite confidential toward him?"

"Why, I think you might feel safe in talking to him. He doesn't seem the sort that carries tales."

Baron went to the window and looked out. He could see nobody. But when he confronted her again his expression was harsh—there was an angry light in his eyes.

"Bonnie May, you were talking to some one in the other house. You were mentioning Miss Barry. You weren't talking to Thomason at all."

She became perfectly still. She was now looking at him steadily. "I was talking to Thomason until he went out," she said. "Then, as you say, I was 'talking to some one in the other house.' Why? Why not?"

The docility of the home life, the eagerness to be pliant and sweet, fell from her wholly. An old influence had been brought to bear upon her and she was now Bonnie May the actress again. For the moment benefits and obligations were forgot and the old freedom was remembered.

"We don't know the people in that house," retorted Baron.

"That isn't my fault. I happen to know two of them. If you like I'll introduce you. Very clever people." Her tone was almost flippant.

Baron was astounded. "You've found friends!" he said. He couldn't help speaking with a slight sneer.

"You don't do it very well," she said. "I could show you how, if you cared to learn—though it's rather out of date."

"Bonnie May!" he cried reproachfully.

"You made me do it!" she said, suddenly forlorn and regretful. "I didn't do anything. That's a rooming-house over there, and I happened to see two old friends of mine at the window. They were glad to see me and I was glad to see them. That's all." Her expression darkened with discouragement. She added: "And I wasn't quite untruthful. I *had* been talking to Thomason."

Baron meditatively plucked his lower lip between his finger and thumb. "I was wrong," he said. "I admit, I was in the wrong." He tried to relieve the situation by being facetious. "You know, I've been an invalid," he reminded her. "And people are always patient with invalids."

"It's all right," she said. And he had the disquieting realization that she had grown quite apart from him, for the moment at least, and that it didn't matter to her very much now whether he was disagreeable or not.

She sighed and walked absent-mindedly from the room. She remembered to turn in the doorway and smile at him amiably. But he felt that the action was polite rather than spontaneous.

And he reflected, after she had gone away, that she hadn't volunteered to say a word about the people she had talked to through the window.

XIX

A GATHERING IN THE ATTIC

WHEN Bonnie May went down-stairs and learned that Mrs. Baron had gone out calling, she entered her own room and pushed her door partly shut so that she would be invisible to any one passing. Her most earnest wish, for the moment, was to see her two friends next door. Of course, she would see them before long, but she did not like to leave the matter to chance.

There was no reason why she should not simply go to their front door and knock and ask for them. No reason, but undoubtedly a prejudice. The Barons wouldn't approve of such a thing. She really hadn't been aware of the existence of the house next door until now. She realized that there were worlds between the people who lived over there and the people who lived in the mansion. So far as she was concerned, the Barons were a family, while Heaven only knew what those other people were.

Well, she would think of some way of getting at Clifton and Jack some other time. Something would happen. And, in the meantime, Mrs. Baron was gone and there were various things which might be done now which couldn't be done at any other time.

Rummaging among her possessions in

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search of an inspiration, she came upon a hat covered with little silk butterflies. She had the liveliest appreciation of the silk butterflies, though she did not quite approve of the shape of the hat upon which they were bestowed. On the other hand, there was a hat of adorable shape which had an insufficient decoration in the form of a spray of roses which were not of the right color and which were in too advanced a stage of development.

In another moment a small pair of scissors was travelling over one of the hats with a snipping sound and a startlingly destructive effect. The snipping was not suspended until voices, subdued and confidential, arose in the near-by sitting-room.

Baron had come down-stairs, too, and was talking to Flora.

"The thing for us to do," Baron was saying, "is to go places and let him know about it beforehand. Any place at all. For a walk in the park, or to the theatre. I wouldn't be in the way. I would know what to do. And after—that is to say, when . . . What I mean is that in the course of time you could just tell mother that you've made up your mind and that it's your business and not hers. The thing is absurd. She's got no reasons. We've no right to let her have her own way entirely in such a case."

Bonnie May dropped the hat into her lap and paid no attention to the shower of butterflies and roses which fell to the carpet. Quite stealthily she went out into the hall. A moment of indecision—and then she descended the stairs to the first floor.

"There's *that* to be attended to, too," she was reflecting.

She went to the telephone immediately. She had noiselessly closed the dining-room door so she wouldn't be heard. And after very little delay she had Mr. Addis on the other end of the wire.

"It's Bonnie May," she said in response to Addis's greeting. "I called you up to tell you that you're wanted here this afternoon. It's really important. I think, honestly, you ought to come. Can you?"

"Why, yes, certainly!" came back the vigorous and pleasant voice of Addis. "Yes, I'll come right away."

In the hall she paused, thrilled by the contemplation of a good forbidden deed. Then the warm sunlight, finding its way in through the ground-glass door, enticed her, and she went out into the vestibule. There she stood looking out on the street.

Clearly, fate was on her side.

Almost immediately two immaculately dressed gentlemen, moving with superb elegance, passed the gate.

Bonnie May ran down the steps, calling to them. "Clifton!" was the word which rose above the chaos of street noises. And "Oh, Jack!"

The two gentlemen turned about, and at the sight of the child they became far less correct in their general deportment. Happiness made them quite unconscious of self.

Very shortly afterward a little girl was sitting between two altogether presentable gentlemen on the top step in front of the Baron mansion.

"Of course we shouldn't," admitted Bonnie May. "We never sit on the front steps. I mean the Family. But nobody will know. And, besides, I don't see how we can help ourselves."

"We don't mind at all," Clifton assured her. He looked inquiringly over his shoulder into the vestibule. "What is it—an old ladies' home?"

"Not exactly. It's one old lady's home, and you couldn't get in without a jimmy or a letter of introduction. She used to be a Boone."

"Of course, that explains it," said Clifton. "What are you doing here? Does she give private theatricals?"

"Not intentionally. No, I'm the little daughter of the house—a kind of little Eva, without any dogs or fiddles; and I have to go to bed at nine o'clock, and take lessons. It's really a wonderful place. When we all sit down to the table it—it sticks. When I get across with anything neat nobody whistles. Far from it."

Clifton and Jack accepted all this as quite definitely informative.

"Domesticated," explained Clifton to Jack, who nodded.

"How did you find them?" Jack wanted to know.

"They found me. There's a Romeo in the house who's the real thing. Love me, love my Romeo. That's how I feel about him. He brought me here."

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"But where——"

"You see, Miss Barry wished me onto one of the theatres here last spring when the going got rough. Put me down and disappeared. And he found me. I wish to goodness you and he could get acquainted. *You* know that I was a baby only a few years back. But just because I don't cry for bread and milk here they seem to think I'm Mrs. Tom Thumb come back. You could tell them."

Clifton and Jack leaned back as far as they safely could and laughed heartily. Then they drew painfully sedate faces and sprang to their feet. A soft yet decisive voice—the voice of a young woman—sounded behind them.

When Bonnie May turned around she realized that she and her two friends were standing in a line on the bottom step, looking up into the faces of Baron and Flora, who had made their appearance in the vestibule.

Flora was smiling in a pleasantly mischievous manner. Baron was regarding the two actors critically yet not with unfriendliness.

"Won't you introduce your friends?" asked Flora.

Bonnie May did so. She concluded with "Old friends of mine in the profession."

"If I might suggest," said Flora, "it's ever so much more comfortable in the house, if you don't mind coming in." She turned to Baron with slightly heightened color. Her glance seemed to say—"you can see they are gentlemen." Something of restraint passed from her eyes when Baron pushed the door open and turned to the two men who were "in the profession" and led the way into the house.

"Delighted," said Clifton, mounting the steps, followed by the other actor.

"You're very welcome on your own account," said Baron, "and, besides, we all like to do anything to please Mrs. Tom Thumb."

He glanced sharply at Bonnie May, who nodded in her best manner and remarked, with delicacy of intonation: "Caught with the goods!"

The little joke paved the way for really comfortable intercourse, and there was a highly satisfactory condition of sociability in the sitting-room up-stairs half an hour later when the street-bell rang.

It rang as if it were issuing a challenge. And the ring was almost immediately repeated.

"Mrs. Shepard must be out," said Flora. She went to respond.

It was only the McKelvey girls, after all. Bonnie May heard their gay voices in the lower hall. And it occurred to her that there was danger of certain complications—complications which might not be wholly agreeable.

She turned to Baron. "You know we've a hundred things to talk about—old times and old friends. Couldn't we go up into your room until the company goes?" She referred to herself and the actors, of course.

In his heart Baron could have blessed her for the thought. The McKelvey girls were on their way up-stairs, and he was not sure about the propriety of bringing the McKelvey girls into even a fleeting relationship with two actors whom none of them knew.

"Why, if you like," he said with an air of reluctance—which he fully overcame by the promptness with which he arose and got the child and her friends started on their way.

Flora might have decided to entertain her callers in the room down-stairs if she had had any choice in the matter. But the McKelvey girls had always felt wholly at home in the mansion, and they had begun climbing the stairs before Flora closed the street-door.

Flora paused for an instant, changing from one arm to the other the huge bunch of roses the older Miss McKelvey had thrust at her upon entering. A wan, resigned smile trembled on her lips, and then she tossed her head ever so slightly.

"Oh, what's the difference!" she exclaimed to herself, and then she followed the others up the broad flight of stairs.

Still, she was somewhat relieved to find no one but her brother in the room into which the visitors led the way. She did not know just what had happened, but she did not ask any questions. And then she heard the murmur of voices up in the attic, and understood.

She brought a vase and put the flowers

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into it. "Don't they look beautiful?" she asked. She had to lift her voice a little because both of the McKelvey girls were talking at once.

"They certainly do!" came the response in a wholly unexpected voice, and Flora turned and beheld the animated face of Mrs. Harrod framed in the doorway.

"Mrs. Shepard asked me to come on up," said Mrs. Harrod. She looked about her as if the room was empty. "Flora," she demanded, "where's that child?" She had laid eager hands upon Flora's shoulders and kissed her flushed cheek with genuine affection. She had also taken a second to glance at the McKelvey girls and say: "How-do, young ladies?"

"Child?" echoed Miss Baron.

"That perfect little creature who was here the last time I was. I did hope she'd let me in again. Such angelic manners. You don't mean to say you've let her go?"

"Oh, Bonnie May! No, she hasn't gone. She's quite one of us now. Where is she, Victor?"

Baron fidgeted. "She went up into the attic, I believe."

Mrs. Harrod made for the hall immediately. "I'm sure you don't mind," she said without turning around. They heard her climbing the second flight of stairs. "You young people won't miss me," she called back.

The younger Miss McKelvey suddenly sat up very straight. "What's the matter with you, Flora Baron?" she demanded.

"The matter?"

"The way you're looking at Victor—yes, and the way he's looking at you. What's the mystery?"

Flora listened. Up-stairs a door opened and shut, and then there was silence. "I was wondering if Mrs. Harrod would find things just to her liking up there," she explained.

"Oh! Well, if she doesn't, it will be her own fault. People who take possession of a house can't be too particular."

"I suppose not," admitted Flora thoughtfully. She was listening intently again. There was a movement downstairs. Mrs. Shepard was serenely complaining to herself of many interruptions. The street-door opened and shut and Flora heard resonant, familiar tones. Baron heard them, too.

"I'll see," Mrs. Shepard was heard to say; and then there was the sound of her heavy tread on the stairs.

Again Flora and Victor looked at each other dubiously.

"What *is* the matter with you?" demanded Miss McKelvey—the other Miss McKelvey this time.

Flora leaned back against the mantel almost limply and laughed—not the laugh of Bonnie May's lessons but the old contralto gurgle. "Nothing," she said. Her cheeks flamed, her eyes were filled with a soft light.

"Mr. Addis has called to see Miss Baron," announced Mrs. Shepard truculently in the doorway.

"I'll go right down," said Flora.

"Oh!" exclaimed the older Miss McKelvey.

"Oh!" echoed her sister.

They arose as by common impulse and stole out into the hall. "We don't care if we do," they flung back in a whisper as they tiptoed to the stair-railing. They came hurrying back with ecstatic twitterings. "You know you never entertain company in that dark room downstairs, Flora Baron! You've got to bring him up!"

Flora gazed at them in rebellious misery.

"Well, then!" exclaimed the younger Miss McKelvey, seizing her sister's hand, "we'll go up into the attic!"

And they were gone.

"Oh!" cried Flora helplessly, "it shows what one criminal act will lead to!"

"There was no criminal act," retorted Baron. "Nothing is really wrong. Have him up!" His tone seemed to say: "Assert your right! I'll back you up!"

He went to the head of the stairway. "Come right up, Addis," he called. He tried to throw a great deal of cordiality into his voice.

Flora's hands went to her temples in a gesture of despair. "You invited him here in mother's absence—you know you did!" she cried.

"I didn't. But I wouldn't care if I had. I'd have done it if I'd had the wit to think of it. Why shouldn't he come?"

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"I won't have him come in this way. Until mother—" She slipped from the room without finishing her sentence.

"What do you intend to do?" demanded Baron.

"There's only one thing to do. I think I may be needed elsewhere just now. I'm going up into the attic."

But as she made her escape she glanced down the stairs. Somebody was coming up. There was the stubborn black hair, the ruddy cheeks, and the close-cropped black mustache——

But she was gone.

Mr. Addis mounted the stairs with the determination of one who goes more than half-way to meet Destiny.

"Come in!" called Baron. "Excuse me for not coming to meet you. You know I've got a bad ankle."

"Yes," said Mr. Addis, whose robust presence somehow had the effect of making all the aspects of the room effeminate and trivial. "You—were expecting me?"

"No—that is," bungled Baron, "we're delighted to have you call."

Addis reflected. "And Miss Baron?" he asked.

"She's up in the attic just now. There are some callers, I believe."

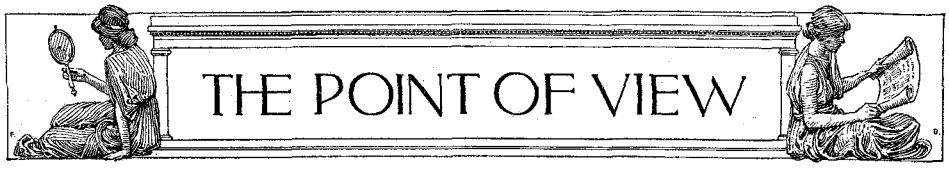
A dull flush mounted to the visitor's forehead. "I'm afraid I made a mistake," he said. He arose, casting a keen glance at Baron.

"You didn't. You didn't make any mistake at all. We won't wait for them to come down. Come, let's follow, if you don't mind."

"Follow—?" said Addis.

"We'll go up to the attic."

(To be concluded.)



WE live in an age that does not ask the blessing. To some of us, wistful for an older fashion, the world may seem to have had comelier manners in days when little children *did* say grace in every Christian kind of place. There is a spiritual *gaucherie* in our present sheepishness before the Unseen, an æsthetic loss in the fact that heads no longer bow and knees no longer kneel in instinctive reverence. It is to no grace-less age that literature owes the tender homeliness of the blessings that Herrick asked or the exquisite gratitude implied in Lamb's protest against "Grace before Meat." These were two men who always sat down with a relish to the meal of life, although the fare that was served them may look to us harsh enough. It was because he found so many things holier to enjoy that Lamb deprecated a ritual of thanks confined to "the solitary ceremony of manducation."

We to whom life may sometimes seem a bitter banquet, squalidly set forth, may sometimes, reading, envy Lamb, seeing that neither the stale boredom of the counting-house nor the acrid sting of the madhouse ever spoiled the gusto of his palate. It is with the high-heart gayety that is the finest essence of thanksgiving that he demands:

"A form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading 'The Faerie Queene'?"

A poet of to-day has echoed Lamb's desire:

> "Myriad-leaved as an elm;
> Starred with shining word and phrase;
> Wondrous words that overwhelm,
> Phrases vivid, swift, divine;
> Gracious turn of verse and line—
> O God, all praise
> For a book: its tears, its wit,
> Its faults, and the perfect joy of it."

In a time when tongue and pen alike are stiff and straitened in the utterance both of prayer and praise, it were, perhaps, an exercise enfranchising for the spirit to formulate certain graces for those books that, devoured, have become our bone and sinew and red corpuscle, but that we have received and relished with "never a civil word to

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God." The dishes named in Lamb's book-feast have been also the chief dishes of our own sustenance. We might offer this tardy grace for Milton:

"Jehovah, who dost speak by prophets, we thank thee for thy prophet-poet, for music martial with the battle-cries of hell and heaven, and melodious with the peaceful praise of earth, for manhood austere and lonely, for faith fearless in defeat and darkness; through him may we believe that genius is greatest through speaking the glory of God, that the scholar is wisest through the study of holiness; that the soldier is bravest who, unbroken unto death, serves no king but God."

To image a world without Shakespeare is as hard as to image an earth without the sun; but which one of us has ever thanked God for him? In saying grace for the king of words all others' words must stammer:

"God in man, we thank thee that to one man thou didst lend thine own creatorship to make a world; we bless thee that each one of us may enter there and, in the only poet-speech that ever made word and passion one, may hear souls speak fear, hate, love, and know each soul only our own made myriad by a poet's magic; and, looking within our own heart to find there Hamlet and Caliban, Romeo and Puck, may see, with God and Shakespeare, the universal heart, which to perceive is to pity, which to understand is to love, which to reverence is to aspire."

It should not be in the humdrum language of every day but in the woven melody of the Spenserian stanza that we ask a blessing upon our reading of the poet of the poets:

"God of beauty, we thank thee for those woods and waters of enchantment where knights and ladies ride to the adventure of a wizard's brain, where shines forever a light that never shone, where lies forever a world that never was. We thank God for one who out of the bleak stones of rectitude could build a palace of radiant righteousness, bright with beings moving forth from faerie to the harmonies of a music timed to earth's hidden heart-beats and to the pulsing of the stars. We whose lives are prose thank God that the poet's poet chose to sing in imperishable story the grace of goodness and the loveliness of love."

But would one who was himself past master in appreciation and its expression have approved these our blessings before books? One wishes that Lamb himself had set to words his gratitude for his poets. We can utter no grace he could not have bettered, except perhaps one, a grace for Elia himself:

"Father, who in love didst ordain sunshine to cheer our eyes and laughter to cheer our souls, we thank thee for that great and simple man, because his mirth was as that of the flowers, which every morning praise thee. We thank thee for wit and wisdom and whimsey, and all the sun-bright weapons thou didst give him against a darkling fate. We thank thee for one who, loving the men of the past as he loved the men of the present, is by us loved even as he loved. We thank thee for one who loved a book as he loved a man, and we thank thee for his book because it is himself."

BESIDE my open fire, there stands a little rocking-chair. It is squat and sturdy, as distinctly the child of the old-fashioned Boston rocker as the baby Peugeot is the child of the big French automobile.

The Pertinacity of Things

No time has been wasted on idle adornment. Its little frame is painted black, the seat is of fine woven cane, the rockers stop short in the back with a slant outline that is almost nautical in its rakishness, and its arms are uncompromisingly red, of a red unknown to our latter-day cabinet workers, for no natural wood, paint, or stain in our present markets could boast such a tint.

Any one with an appreciation of personality in furniture would realize at a glance that this little "rocker" was not one to be lightly set aside even in a household where there are no longer any little children. Fortunately, so generous are its proportions that its first mistress, though past the halfway house of life, can still use it when winter afternoons make tea-drinking a fireside affair, and the electric stove is discarded for a kettle that "hums on the hob."

However, useful or not, the little chair has travelled wherever we have travelled, for we are a family possessed by things. Occasionally, as individuals, we rebel, emphasize the capital "T" in things, and declare we will have no more of their tyranny, but as a family we cling to everything that has once "belonged" and cultivate a fatal propensity for increasing the belongings. We have been told by scornful in-laws that what we needed was not so much an abandoned farm

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—our ambition at one time—as an abandoned warehouse.

Unfortunately, all the warehouses we ever encountered were in good working order, and charged storage. Now, storage is an empty and unsatisfying way in which to spend money. I doubt if any woman has ever stored her belongings without starting out, almost immediately, to search for the flat that "would cost so very little more than the storage, that she could afford to have her things about her, and yet be able to shut them up, whenever she wanted to run away for a holiday," etc.

That is a well-recognized phase of the storage game. It is really an S O S call from the beloved things that still possess one, even though they may have lost their hold for the moment. For storage hurts the feelings of self-respecting furniture. There is no more forlorn group than that of one's huddled things, hemmed in by boxes that disguise books, pictures, and hangings, as they wait in the wide hall of some terribly safe and sanitary warehouse, to be checked off as per list before they are stored away out of sight. There is no more dreary, heart-breaking reading than that same list, that miscalls things, and records scratches, dents, and scars where owners would not willingly acknowledge a blemish.

Still, if your particular little rocking-chairs, tables, and footstools become too insistent, and you crave freedom for a time, store them by all means, but in the end you must be prepared to pay much more than the mere quarterly bills. Ah, those bills that seemed so small in the beginning and so soon became a vexation to the spirit and the bank account! They are so empty, those bills, of everything but figures that mount up; their total is such a price to pay for the privilege of not having one's things about one.

Temporary freedom is an empty joy if one is to suffer tyranny by absent treatment. In the end the things come out of storage, and here is the extra bill to pay. It is a moral one this time, for although you recognize the scratches, stains, and scars you were so eager to deny before, they are rarely increased in the hands of a good storage company. Your furniture has been safe enough, but it has been chilled to the marrow. It stands aloof. It positively sulks. You must be prepared to pay the price of your holiday by weeks of patient coaxing before the possessions you have inherited, or acquired, consent to rejoin the family circle.

After all, why should such circles be broken through any foolish ambition that looks toward a freedom that does not really exist? Isn't it simpler and easier to accept the little rocking-chairs of this world and settle down by the fire with them? They are very lenient, even friendly, when their owners are obedient and faithful. This little one, that sits, so placid and four-square, by my fire of pine knots in New England has shown itself just as cosey beside the sudden jets of flame from a soft-coal fire in London, and wholly unperturbed by the basket grate full of walnut-shaped *briquettes* that warmed my Paris sitting-room.

Nothing could have been more incongruous than this bit of New England handicraft in the midst of genuine Empire furniture, but nothing could disturb its equanimity. In its way it, too, was wholly genuine. Besides, it "belonged," and the stately couches and desks of Napoleon's day were merely temporary, as far as I was concerned, as it very well knew.

The little rocking-chair and I understand each other perfectly.

The Singing Phrase

"AND dying, remembered Sweet Argos." There was once upon a time a little lame boy (so ran the tale I read in a magazine some years ago) whose imagination was strangely fired by that phrase. Now, why did those words mean so much to him? There is no deep significance in them that they should have been so vital. One might, of course, claim that the writer of the tale has pictured a false situation. But I know they are words of record for this reason: I have forgotten all but the barest outlines of that story; my most painstaking efforts fail to recall the magazine in which it appeared or give back to me the source from which the phrase came. The one thing that still clings is the phrase itself, "And dying, remembered Sweet Argos."

Those words sing themselves over and over in my mind. And that, I think, is the secret. It was not the meaning but the music singing through the phrase that soothed and rested the little lame lad and helped drive away his pain.

How many such phrases and sentences there are in literature that lay hold on our affections and memories more because of

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their musical quality than because of their sense. They echo in our minds like the fragment of an old tune, some chance word calls them to the surface, and we say them over and listen entranced to the music they make without thinking much about their meaning.

"We shall start up-river when the tide turns," said the skipper one day last summer. And straightway my mind echoed "even at turning of the tide," and I found myself softly repeating it. "Even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide."

There is no thought in that line, there is no poetry of color or emotion, but to me at least there is a strange, sweet music in the sound of those words, nay, even in the unspoken thought of them.

Sometimes the phrase that affects one thus is a line of verse, but just as often it is not in verse form. And, in either case, it is not the music of metre, the cadence of long and short syllables, that makes it haunt the mind. For on both sides stand lines of metre just as perfect, and yet we do not remember them. The ear of our mind is listening for a rhythm more subtle than that of accent or measured feet.

The Bible is full of this music. Take, for instance: "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." There is a depth of significance in that which no one who has ever toiled along the sun-baked stretches of road in a tropic country and crept exhausted into the shadow of the town wall or of some building can fail to feel. But beyond and above that meaning is a music "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"—how it echoes, how it sings and soothes!

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women"—surely the great king and greater poet who said that must have loved that phrase when he heard himself utter it. No wonder he caused it to be written down if it was as beautiful in the original Hebrew.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" I am not quite sure whether it is the poignancy of that appeal of a broodingly tender love or the music of the phrase that most endears that verse to me. But I am sure that it is pure music that lifts me up and makes me feel as if my soul (or something big and restless inside me) had the wings it has always been longing for in this: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

When I was fifteen a teacher who believed in having her pupils learn lengthy passages of poetry selected by herself forced several hundred lines of "Paradise Lost" upon me. I cannot repeat one of those to day. Yet there are two lines of "Paradise Lost" which no one asked me to learn, and which, in fact, I do not think I ever made any conscious effort to retain, that I have never forgotten. Though I live far beyond the allotted threescore years and ten (isn't there an echo of this subtle music in this accustomed phrase?) I know that the linking of the words "summer" and "day" (for instance, "a fine summer day") will start echoing in my mind the words:

> "From morn till noon he fell,
> From noon till dewy eve,—a summer's day."

There is no doubt that these lines taught themselves to me by sheer force of their haunting music. I could not forget them if I tried. Though, indeed, I suppose there is nothing that emphasizes their hold in that fact, since to try to forget a thing is the least effective way of ridding oneself of it. I think I would better say I could not forget them even if I had been forced to learn them.

Perhaps no other modern writer has so many of these haunting phrases as Oscar Wilde. Page after page is jewelled with such unforgettable cadences as: "One who trod with tired feet the purple, white-starred fields of Asphodel."

"I never can remember poetry," a phlegmatic friend told me once, anent Oscar Wilde, "but"—he finished with unwonted fire—"I can't forget that line."

There are those who will say that some rhythmical arrangement of syllables, that alliteration or onomatopœia or some other rhetorical device accounts for the haunting quality of all these phrases and sentences that I have quoted.

It may be so, but I prefer to think that it is something less tangible, perhaps some strain of the hymeneal music of the perfect marriage between the language and the thought, some faint, far-off echo of the fabled music of the spheres, the essence and spirit of all earthly music.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Lay worshippers at a Buddha shrine.
Amāravatī, second century A. D.

BUDDHIST ART IN INDIA

THE teachings of the Buddha are very plain: that suffering is inseparable from existence, that it arises from a comprehensible cause, that it can be suppressed, and that there is a "way" to accomplish this; that suffering, impermanence, and the absence of any perduring ego or eternal soul are the three essential marks of conscious being. The Buddha offers a remedy to those who are oppressed by the problem of evil: by psychological analysis he leads his hearers to the perception of "things as they really are," and announces the glad tidings that there is here and now accessible a way of escape from the quandary in which man finds himself.

The state of release is known by many names, among which the term Nirvana is familiar to Western students. This Nirvana is in no sense a heaven, to be reached after death; it is precisely that noble condition which Jacob Behmen describes as "free from all things, and that only good, which a man cannot express or utter what it is, there being nothing to which it may be compared, to express it by."

The way of the Buddha is monastic. The higher man is called upon to avoid the world of sensuous experience and to "wander alone like a rhinoceros," to work out his own salvation by the extinction in himself of all resentment, lust, and sentimentality, and by the realization of instability and non-existence. The Buddhist attitude is strictly hedonistic; beauty in life or art is merely a sensuous lure and a support of sentimental delusions. Like every other hedonistic system, early Buddhism is puritanical. On the other hand, the Buddha himself is a man, claiming no supernatural power: he speaks of the gods, but only as standing in need of release as much as men. "Be ye lamps unto yourselves" are his final words. The desire for rebirth in a heaven is "a low aim." Thus early Buddhism affords no sanction either for secular or for hieratic art.

But with the development of Buddhism as a popular cult with lay-adherents arose the wish to embellish the sacred sites and to set forth visibly the familiar stories of the Buddha's life and previous incarnations. Thus the simple Sanchi reliquary dome was ornamented in the third century B. C., or a little later, with elaborate festal gateways, crowded with edifying pictures carved in low-relief. At Bharhut, too, there is an ornamented railing with figures of guardian nature spirits. This is "early Buddhist art"; but from what has already been said it will be readily understood that it could only have been what it actually was, the popular secular and animistic Indian art of

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the day, adapted to the ends of Buddhist edification. As art it is not reflective or spiritual, but matter-of-fact and even frankly sensuous. Sometimes it is very beautiful and charming, as in the case of the lovely nude dryads of the Sanchi gates; it is invaluable as a historical document; but it awakening love. Even where the Buddha is still represented by symbols (page 127) we can well understand from the passionate gestures of the worshippers what tendencies led to the creation of an icon to replace the mere symbol; and from the Kanishka reliquary and other considerations we can safely

Standing and seated images of Gautama Buddha and a Bodhisattva.
Anurādhapura, probably second century A. D.

is an art about Buddhism, rather than Buddhist art.

It is, however, Buddhist in one important respect: that is in its constant omission of the figure of the Buddha himself, whose presence is always indicated by symbols, such as the Umbrella of Dominion, the Footprints, the Wisdom-tree, or the Wheel of the Law, for "the Perfect One is released from this, that his being should be gauged by the measure of the corporeal world."

But the material of Buddhist belief was rapidly changing, exhibiting an emotional and devotional development closely related to the familiar *bhakta* doctrine of the *Bhagavad Gita*. For the layman, and perhaps still more for the laywoman, "taking refuge" in the Buddha, the Law, and the Order, the former assumed the likeness of a personal deity approachable by worship: still more was this the case with the Bodhisattvas or Buddhas-to-be, who have not yet entered upon their Nirvana, but are ever disseminating saving knowledge and infer that Buddha images were already in use in the first and probably in the second century B. C.

The typical Buddha image is an ascetic figure seated in superconscious rapture (*samadhi*), cross-legged, the hands disposed in the "seal of meditation," and the gaze abstracted. To understand this figure we must refer to the Yoga, which is a common element in Buddhist and Brahmanical discipline. Its purpose is the attainment of a certain station of consciousness, or rather unconsciousness; the method consists in the concentration of thought upon a single point until the duality of subject and object is resolved into a perfect and timeless unity. The likeness of the Yogin is thus described in the *Bhagavad Gita:*

"Abiding alone in a secret place, without craving and without possessions, he shall be seated on a firm seat, with the working of the mind and senses held in check, with body, head, and neck maintained in perfect equipoise, looking not round about him;

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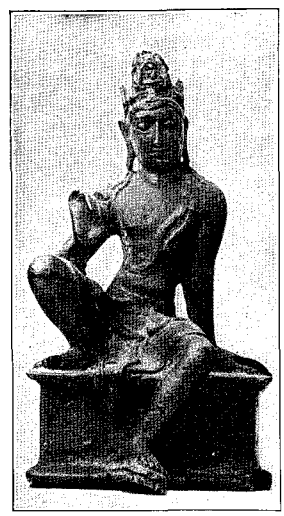
so let him meditate, and thereby reach the peace of the Abyss; and the likeness of one such who knows the boundless bliss that lies beyond sensation and is grasped by intuition is that of a flame in a windless place that does not flicker."

It was thus that Gautama sat beneath the Wisdom-tree on the night of the enlightenment. When the need of cult images was felt, no other form could have been found so plainly representative of "Him-who-had-thus-attained"; and beside this seated image (page 128), which constitutes the highest expression of Indian plastic art, the standing figures of Buddha and of the Buddhist gods, however gracious, are of secondary importance.



Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva.
Ceylon, eighth century A. D.

We meet, nevertheless, with standing images of extraordinary beauty; and of these, it is again at Anuradhapura, and also at Amaravati, that we find the finest examples, the prototypes of innumerable later repetitions. It is, moreover, in these Southern primitives (page 127), far more than in any of the Northern types, that we recognize the expression of that powerful creative impulse which reappears in the classic Chinese sculpture of the Wei and T'ang dynasties.

Bodhisattva, perhaps Avalokitesvara.
Ajantā fresco, sixth to seventh century A. D.

I have not so far spoken of the abundant Buddhist sculpture of Gandhara on the northwest Indian frontier (first to third century A. D.). This is because Gandhara art scarcely belongs to the direct stream of Indian development; it is a local phase of Græco-Roman art patronized by Scythian kings. It is true that by this route innumerable Western formulæ have found their way into Indian art: even the standing Buddha image seems to be founded on a Roman prototype. But we cannot recognize any original creative imagination. The listless and effeminate gesture, florid composition, and realistic detail are all remote from the austere integrity of early Buddhist thought. The whole work of the Gandhara school lacks conviction; and if it be true that a firm persuasion is required to move mountains, then we must look elsewhere for the sources of an inspiration that guided the course of Asiatic art for more than a thousand years. In northern India Buddhist inspiration was for several centuries absorbed in adapting Hellenistic motifs to its own spiritual ends rather than in direct creation.

The suave and gracious Buddhist sculpture of the imperial age of the Guptas (fourth to sixth century), is known to us by the numerous works lately excavated at Sarnath and Mathura. Magnificent colonial phases of Indian Buddhist art flourished in Cambodia till the twelfth and in Java until the fourteenth century. The direct influence of Indian Buddhist sculpture on Chinese art also dates from the Gupta period onward. Scarcely any work of Buddhist

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sculpture on a small scale is superior to a little Ceylonese bronze Avalokitesvara (page 129), which unites the grace of eternal youth with the wisdom of infinite age. By the seventh century, in India proper, however, except in Bengal and Nepal, Buddhism was everywhere yielding place to the cults and the philosophy of Hinduism.

It remains only to speak of the Indian Buddhist paintings which are so wonderfully preserved in the excavated temples of Ajanta. These temples and monasteries here are cut deep into the nearly vertical wall of a wild ravine through which a turbid river rushes in the rainy season. The temples are like apsed Romanesque churches, with a barrel-vaulted nave and aisles; the monasteries are square halls surrounded by cells. Originally, perhaps, Buddhist pictures covered every wall and pillar; now they survive only in certain places; but what remains is priceless. Ajanta painting is technically a development of that early Asiatic art of outline fresco which passed into European tradition through Mycenæ, Greece, and Byzantium; underwent a calligraphic development in China and Persia; and is preserved in India with surprising vitality until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The subject-matter of the Ajanta painting is for the most part the life of the Buddha and the stories of his former incarnations as a spiritual hero, related in the "Jatakas." In date the paintings range from the fourth to the seventh century A. D. Similar art of the fifth century is preserved in the open air at Sigiri in Ceylon, and also at Bagh in Central India, and there is older but very fragmentary work in Orissa. Some painted walls of about the twelfth century are found at Polonnaruva in Ceylon, and the Buddhist tradition was continuous in Nepal; but with these exceptions there is almost a blank in the history of Indian painting until we come to the earliest illustrated Jaina MSS. of the fifteenth century and the oldest extant Rajput work of the sixteenth.

Woman seated at the feet of the Buddha.
Tracing from Ajantā fresco, sixth to seventh century A. D.

The Ajanta paintings afford a dramatic illustration of the changes which may take place in the history of a religion during a millennium. In early Buddhism the emphasis is laid on non-existence; but the Mahayana develops a poetic mysticism which finds the meaning of Nirvana in life itself. The art of Ajanta is a perfect fusion of intuition and expression, spirit and flesh. The beauty of women is praised as if by Kalidasa himself, and yet renunciation is not denied. At the same time, we must not overlook that this is a profoundly conscious and cultivated art, "primitive," indeed, in its sincerity, but well-nigh *fin de siècle* in refinement and accomplishment; each of those poses of the hands and expressive gestures that appears so spontaneous is known by name and has its definite significance. In this respect it is closely related to the Indian art of dancing, which carries down the traditions of dramatic technique from the age of Bharata to the present day.

The decadence of Buddhist art may be studied in Ceylon up to the present day—though an original virtue of design, infinitely superior to the would-be elegance of Burmese alabasters, survives even in the most conventional works. The later Buddhist art of Bengal, on the other hand, was merged in the lyric cycle of Vaishnava mysticism. Elsewhere in India Buddhist art as a phase of religious art distinguishable from Indian art as a whole ceases at the moment of its maturity.

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY.

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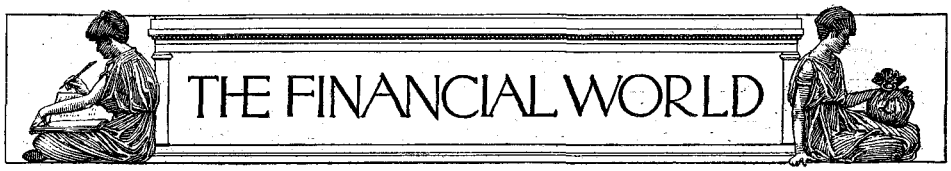

IN A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

FEW traditions are more firmly rooted in the mind, either of Wall Street or of the community at large, than the tradition of "bad business" in a presidential year. This belief might be ascribed to general principles; for capital engaged in finance or industry dislikes sudden changes in governing conditions, and such changes, whether embodied in new statutes or in new administrative policies, are often the result of a presidential election. In years when the party platforms took radically and violently opposite positions on questions of tariff or currency, there was obvious reason for hesitancy in business plans, if not for acute misgiving. But even when these concrete elements of apprehension were absent, when platforms were made up mostly of non-committal platitudes, there was still always a chance that the November vote might mean the passing from the known to the unknown in the next four years, and whatever uneasiness that undisputed fact occasioned would naturally be increased by the campaign predictions of one party as to the mischief which the other party would do if it won the election.

The Tradition of "Bad Business"

As a matter of fact, there is a respectable list of presidential years which really have been seasons of unfavorable business. Such years as 1884, the "Blaine-Cleveland contest," or 1896 and 1900, the "Bryan years," will at once occur to mind as having been marked by financial and industrial disturbance. The "Roosevelt year," 1904, was a season of trade reaction and unsettled markets. When, however, the other electoral years in the series are examined, the precedent is not so convincing.

Notwithstanding a temporary atmosphere of hesitation in several of them, most of the other presidential contests of the past generation have been accompanied with at least a satisfactory measure of business prosperity. This was certainly true of 1880, when an exceedingly bitter political campaign failed to disturb the notable forward movement of the day in American finance. It was equally true of the last presidential election; for, although the shifting of control from the Republican to the Democratic party was pretty clearly indicated from the beginning of the canvass, 1912 was a year of rising markets and reviving prosperity. The most inveterate partisan had to confess, after election, that the campaign, although foreshadowing change in the tariff and revision of the currency, had exerted no visibly bad influence of any kind on the business situation.

NOW, the difference in this respect between one electoral year and another may be explainable by the fact that the financial world was sometimes really indifferent to the result; perhaps because of its confidence in the personality of both presidential candidates, perhaps because it had no particular misgiving over the attitude of either party. The rather wide-spread belief that Wall Street, through the powerful financial inter-

High Finance Discreet

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ests associated with it, sets out habitually in the "convention period" to dictate the nomination of a creature of its own and prescribe his platform, is somewhat absurdly overdone. Such a candidate would be absolutely certain of defeat—a fact of which no one is better aware than Wall Street. The most that high finance will ordinarily do is to use its manifold sources of information for ascertaining what is the actual temper and purpose of a candidate; to throw on the side of him whom it considers the "safer man" (from the financial view-point, of course) its influence over business sentiment; in any case, not to allow itself to be placed in visible antagonism with the probable winner. But there are other reasons for the attitude of the business community as a whole during campaign time.

If it is a financial maxim that presidential years are bad years for business, it is a still better-established political maxim that a political campaign will always be colored in its incidents, and sometimes controlled in its results, by financial conditions caused by other things than politics. This certainly does not mean that an electoral contest over principles appealing profoundly to the mind of the electorate will be decided by the state of trade. "Good business" or "bad business" had little to do with the result in 1864, for instance. But even the parliamentary history of Europe will present constant references to one ministry being "swept out of power by the hard times," or another being "triumphantly returned to office on the wave of prosperity."

All this throws a somewhat obscure and confusing light on the history of past electoral contests. But two quite undisputed general principles are established by the record, and each of them has some bearing on political calculations when a new presidential canvass begins. One of them is, that the attitude of voters before and during the campaign will at least be influenced by the existence of trade prosperity or adversity; the other, that prevalence of doubt and uncertainty in business lends a spirit of bitterness and acrimony to the campaign itself.

Illustrations of these principles recur in the political history of all representative governments, though probably in none more strikingly than in that of the United States. There is abundant reason for believing that even 1896, the year of the "free silver campaign," would have been a period of severe trade reaction, without any political dispute whatever. The panic of 1893 had been followed by one year of financial prostration, by another year with a false start of recovery, then by a third year when the full sweep of forced liquidation controlled the markets. To that rule of after-panic sequences our economic history provides no exception, and the historical fact undoubtedly is that the prevalent business depression of 1896 was as much cause as effect of the violent political agitation.

It may be said with equal certainty that the financial unsettlement of 1900 was primarily a result, not of the electoral campaign—whose results were plainly enough foreshadowed—but of the Boer war, the blockade of the Transvaal gold mines, and the financial unsettlement of Europe. The successful election in 1884 of a Democratic President, for the first time since the Civil War, had many purely political causes, but the dissatisfaction and unrest in business circles, culminating with the Wall Street panic in the spring of the presidential year, had an undoubted hand in the result.

WHAT is sometimes even more strikingly in evidence—the so-called "Wall Street view" of presidential candidates—has often been deeply colored by these influences; at

(Continued on page 56, *following*)

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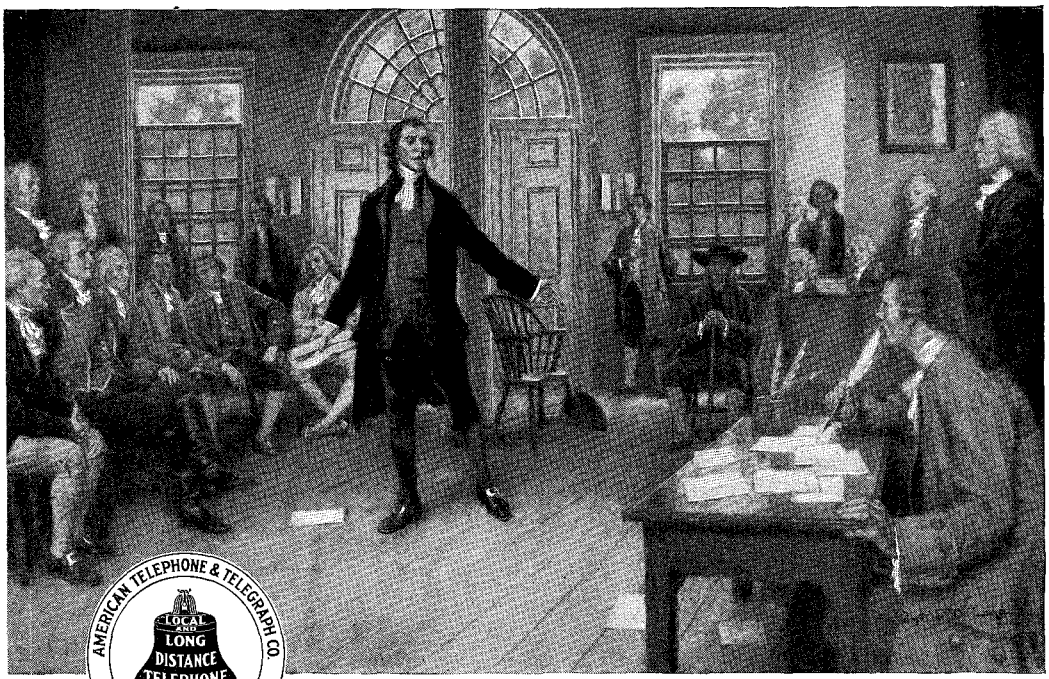

Patrick Henry Addressing the First Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 1774

One Nation; One People

WHEN Patrick Henry declared that oppression had effaced the ɔundaries of the several colonies, he ɔiced the spirit of the First Conti-ɛntal Congress.

In the crisis, the colonies were illing to unite for their common ıfety, but at that time the people ɔuld not immediately act as a whole ɛcause it took so long for news to ıavel from colony to colony.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 132)

times, indeed, with a curious inconsistency. The Wall Street which marched in the Cleveland campaign processions of 1892 had no word except denunciation for the same public man in 1895. The panic of 1893 had occurred during the interval, and blame for most of the economic consesequences was quite unjustly heaped on Mr. Cleveland's shoulders. The course of our subsequent political history might have been something very different had the Harrison administration relinquished office in March, 1897, instead of March, 1893.

How the Wall Street View is Colored

Nothing could exceed Wall Street's enthusiasm over Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy of 1904, when the return wave of prosperity, after the previous year's reaction, was beginning. In 1907, however, it was President Roosevelt who, if Wall Street's opinion were to have been adopted, was primarily and individually responsible for the great October panic, and who was execrated as such an unpleasant achievement would deserve. The absurdity of that contention is nowadays recognized by everybody; but such impressions are usually potent, if they attach to a given candidate or a given party in an actual campaign.

WITHOUT, then, assuming for a moment that prosperity or adversity in trade is likely to be more than a contributory influence in the present campaign—even if it has sometimes been a very potent influence—the question of present and prospective business conditions in the contest of 1916, and of their possible effect on political sentiment, becomes at least a matter of interest. In such an inquiry, as in all attempts to appraise the economic situation since the war began, some peculiar difficulties arise.

Differing Views of East and West

That the United States is now and for twelve months has been remarkably prosperous, nobody now denies. Yet the surrounding circumstances, even the active causes, make it singularly difficult to classify that prosperity and predict its character or duration,—not only as regards the period after the European war is over but during continuance of the war. It is not only that our financial and industrial situation is in itself something wholly unprecedented in economic history, but that it is so peculiarly associated with the war as to render more difficult than on any previous occasion the identifying of it with home political conditions. During recent months the trend of opinion commonly expressed in business circles would appear to leave it in doubt whether American prosperity is more bound up in returning peace or in continuing war. In a matter in which that intangible factor known as "business sentiment" plays so great a part, it is not easy to say what would be the political influence even of peace negotiations during the progress of the presidential campaign.

At every turn these inconsistencies in the popular point of view confront the thoughtful observer. Mr. Wilson has admittedly kept the United States out of the war, and, as a rule, a financial community will lay the greatest store by that achievement, even when the restless and impulsive West might have been insisting (as it did in 1898) on a bellicose policy. What we have seemed to have before us on the present occasion, however, is an Eastern financial community whose criticism of the "notes to Germany" had been unsparing and a Western community

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which asked, first of all, that the United States be kept at peace.

The Greatness of Our Prosperity

THE fact is undisputed that, measured by the usual criteria of financial or industrial prosperity,—exchange of bank checks at the clearing-house, gold importation, production of iron and steel, surplus reserves in bank, grain production, export of merchandise, railway earnings,—the country has been moving forward on the crest of a wave of all but unparalleled prosperity. We have raised two grain harvests of a magnitude never approached in our history, and have sold them at prices regulated by a foreign demand probably never approximated. Not all these elements of good fortune will be repeated in another year, whether the war continues or not. But the wealth which the American community has accumulated as a result of its individual good fortune remains a tangible fact, no matter what happens in the trade and production of this and the next twelve months.

Partly because of the homeward drift of European reservists formerly busy in our industries, and partly because of the abnormal stimulus to production in the munition and other industries, labor is in full employment, at possibly the highest wages in our history; and labor fully employed usually means highly profitable domestic trade, especially when supplemented by successful seasons on the farms. The soundness of a country's financial situation, the prospect for its continued soundness, are usually indicated by the ability and willingness of investors to put their money into the investment securities of that country—especially stocks or bonds of its railway companies, whose future earning power will depend necessarily on the country's trade prosperity. Judged by that test alone, the present position is striking.

(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

The sale to the American markets, during 1915, of not less than a thousand million dollars of American securities previously owned in Europe had been highly serviceable in offsetting, on the international balance-sheet, England's enormous purchases of our grain and war munitions. The Chancellor of the British Exchequer had declared to Parliament that the securities of no other country in the world provided so sure and ready a market; the Exchequer itself, in order to continue providing this valuable asset for the balancing of American exchange, offered some months ago an actual premium to English holders if they would surrender American securities in response to the government's urgent solicitations.

What logically followed was that the English holder, believing in this country's financial outlook, and reckoning that investments which his government prized so highly were a good place in which to keep his private funds, ceased to respond to the request that they be exchanged for cash or British war bonds. Thereupon, having failed to induce the sale of such securities, the British treasury took measures to compel it. In May, on top of the already quite unprecedented tax on general incomes, Parliament decreed an additional tax of no less than 10 per cent on incomes derived from American securities. The point of this absolutely novel episode lay in its proof, first, of the confidence entertained by the foreign investor in our enterprises, but, second, in the assurance that the American investor, holding similar views regarding them, would continue willingly to repurchase the securities. Had the view of our own financial community regarding the future of American business enterprise been despondent, one may imagine what outcry would have followed on our own markets when they learned of the coercive measures whereby England was forcing its in-

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vestors to "unload" on us. Instead, he announcement was received with he indifference born of confidence.

SUCH, then, are the facts which first impress the mind in asking whether this presidential year will continue to be marked by American prosperity. There are offsetting considerations. In response to the very facts of a greatly increased labor cost, an abnormal demand for numerous staple products, and ocean freight rates on foreign goods five or ten times the normal figure, prices have risen so extensively as to create new problems in the cost of living.

High Prices and New Living Problems

All statistics prove this. The well-known Sauerbeck "index number" of average commodity prices in England was calculated in May at 134¼, as against 82⅜ when the year began. The violence of that advance has been largely caused by economic conditions peculiar to the European markets; but it has had abundant reflection in the American markets, for which *Bradstreet's* gave an average of $11.76 last April, comparing with $9.77 a year before and $8.66 in July, 1914. This explains the paradox, familiar to every one in his personal acquaintance, of one group of people speaking enthusiastically of the "business boom," while another group excuses its personal economies on the ground of the "hard times."

There is one remaining consideration of which much will in all probability be heard in the progress of the presidential campaign—the argument that, as a result of the tariff-reduction of 1913, if not of other public measures for which the present administration was responsible, American trade and industry had fallen into dulness and reaction before the war broke out, and that those conditions would have continued and been emphasized but for the wholly abnormal influences arising from the war. The

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

assertion that the legislation of 191 was followed by trade reaction is itsel quite undisputed. Whether it will b possible to ascribe that fact to th tariff legislation is a question for th hustings.

Whatever might have been th financial consequences of a cut i import duties under ordinary cir cumstances, the economic world look nowadays on the markets from No vember of 1912 to July of 1914 fro a point of view which leaves the in fluence of altered tariff schedules a minor consideration. We know to-da that the bursting of the Balkan thun dercloud was instinctively accepted by the financial community of Europe as the warning of the far greater com ing tempest; that capital, the world over, began instantly to run to its hiding-place and business enterprise to put its house in order.

Many phenomena in the world's finance of the eighteen months preceding Germany's ultimatums—indeed, a good part of the story of the markets during the entire period following Germany's threats at France in 1911 and England's retort of the same year to Germany—are now an open book to students of economic causes. There are left the arguments that industrial depression would have continued until now if the abnormal European demands of war-time had not supervened and that removal of those influences with the ending of the war will cause its reappearance. Yet the one assertion has the controversial disadvantage always attaching to predictions of what might have been but for something else that has been; and the other is bound up in the vastly more complicated question of the whole world's economic situation after war.

SUCH would appear to be the facts of the American financial situation in its possible bearing on the political campaign. When all is said, no one is

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ikely to contend that these conditions, whether good or bad, will be the controlling influence. The most that could safely be ventured, even in conjecture, is the suggestion that the influence of home prosperity or adversity might tip the political scales if the electorate's judgment were otherwise equally balanced. Home financial conditions would at the present moment scarcely seem to be a possibility as a dominating issue. We shall be living, during all the political campaign, in an era of sudden and dramatic events of world-wide scope, when the larger political horizon is full of immediate possibilities, from the effect of which the United States itself cannot escape.

Prosperity Might Tip the Scales

The military campaign in Europe may create an unforeseen situation long before election day. The sea-fight of May 31 may be repeated on a much larger scale and with much more decisive results. The attitude of our government toward Germany, so long as Berlin's reiterated promises of May 5 regarding the conduct of submarines are kept, is plain enough; but the personal attitude of the American electorate as a whole will have to be disclosed by the electoral canvass. No one can safely predict what part the question of "German relations" will actually play in home political sentiment; whether the so-called "German-American vote" really constitutes a solid and formidable faction, or whether the claims or threats ascribed to it represent the effrontery of a negligible group, which merely masquerades as spokesmen for the rest. No one can yet be wholly sure how far either party will be able or willing to utilize the international controversy with an eye to that supposed constituency, or what would be the result to the political fortunes of a candidate who attempted, however indirectly or adroitly, to appeal to it on that basis.

(Continued on page 62)

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The
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Published in the interest of harmony, efficiency and economy in building.

485 Fifth Avenue, New York

(Continued from page 61)

SUCH considerations as this migh bring the electoral campaign itsel to a blaze of political excitement. Yet on the other hand, it may turn ou that our own political campaign wil itself be wholly dwarfed and superseded by the news from Europe. We may be on the verge of a peculiarly interesting political and psychologica experiment. Since July, 1914, a lon succession of events and controversie of domestic interest, which in ordinary times would have absorbed the com munity's attention, has been com pletely obscured by the European wa news. One need only call to mind th general public's apathy toward suc usually engrossing matters as th woman-suffrage votes, the Chines revolution, the South Pole discoveries —even the Mexican imbroglio, which the politicians have found extremely hard to keep in the foreground of political "issues," and the news of which, in fact, has not been able to maintain its place even on the first page of the newspapers.

War Event May Dwar the Campaign

The advance of an army into Servia, the torpedoing of a passenger steamer, an attack in force on the Verdun trenches—any event of the first importance, connected with the war—was enough to divert attention immediately and permanently from any other field. The absorption of the American mind in a presidential campaign is usually complete. But if Germany were to break through in the West, or if the long-awaited "Allied offensive" were to be undertaken and maintained, or if the fighting in Asia Minor were to take a critical turn, or if Berlin were publicly to sue for peace, we might see even a presidential conflict fought out under conditions in which the voters had to confess that their real interest was entirely occupied with something else.

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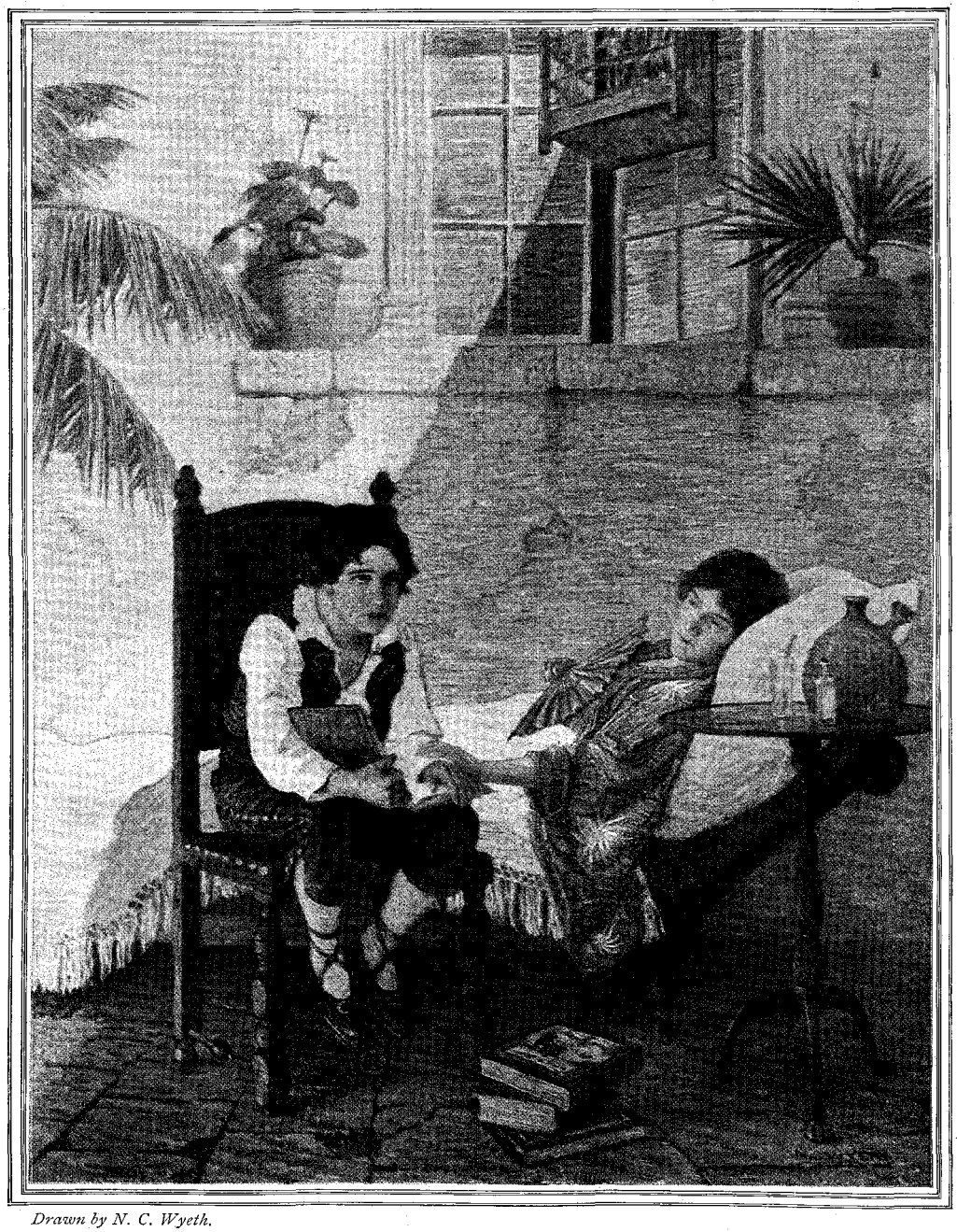

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

HE WAS A FINE BOY—AN IMAGINATIVE BOY, WITH GREAT DREAMS IN HIS HEAD.

—"Chavero," page 149.

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